TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

TW
K

June, 1968

35¢

ARIZONA IN THE '50's

JAMES H. TEVIS LIVED
IN A PARADISE OF DEVILS

"SOME DAY WE WILL
GO DOWN TOGETHER,
THEY WILL BURY US
SIDE BY SIDE.
TO A FEW IT MEANS GRIEF,
TO THE LAW IT'S RELIEF,
BUT IT'S DEATH TO . . ."

(SEE PAGE 14)

WYATT EARP'S LETTERS TO BILL HART

SAND DUNES OF GOLD • INDEPENDENCE DAY MURDER

KNIGHTS OF THE WAGON YARD | THE APEMEN OF MT. ST. HELENS

DID EDISON GET "TURNED ON" IN WYOMING? | FORT LANCASTER - LOWER ROAD TO THE WEST

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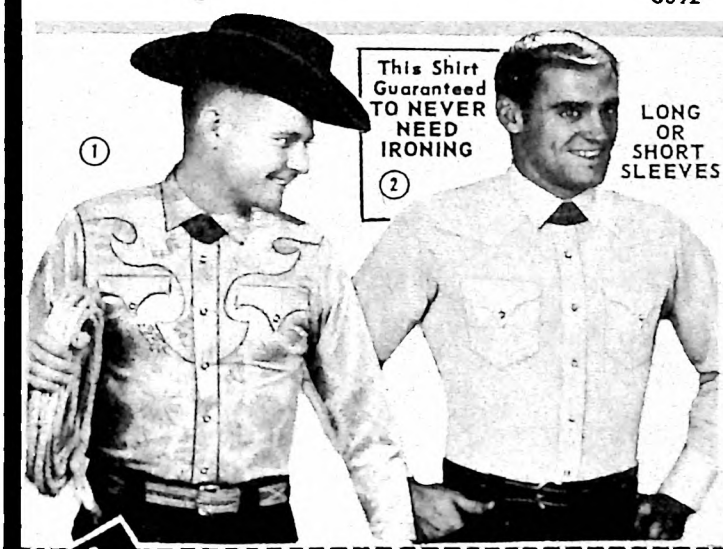

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

EDITORIAL 3

TRULY WESTERN 4

ARIZONA IN THE '50'S ..... By James H. Tevis 6

"IT'S DEATH TO BONNIE AND CLYDE" .... By William Cx Hancock 14

SAND DUNES OF GOLD ..... By Bill Richardson 18

WYATT EARP'S LETTERS TO BILL HART ..... By Tom G. Murray 20

DID EDISON GET "TURNED ON" IN WYOMING? ..... By Agnes Wright Spring 22

KNIGHTS OF THE WAGON YARD ..... By J. F. Heaps as told to Olevia E. Myers 24

INDEPENDENCE DAY MURDER ..... By George A. Thompson 26

THE APEMEN OF MT. ST. HELENS ..... By Ted Stokes 31

POINT OF ROCKS ..... By Ike Osteen 32

FORT LANCASTER—LOWER ROAD TO THE WEST ..... By John Wallace 37

WILD OLD DAYS 38

THE HERMIT OF RUBY CITY ..... By Raymond Thompson 42

TRAILS GROWN DIM 47

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 64

TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Darwin Van Campen

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Get Up and Go!

READERS are always sending us little "things" that they think we might like to read. Mostly, we do, and as I pointed out once before, we could publish a separate magazine of these tidbits. I have kept a couple for nearly a year because something else always seemed to get in the way and, as you can see, both are timeless. I like them and I hope you do. The first one is reproduced exactly as it was sent in, puntuation and all. To us here at WP, they are both "sleepers." Most of the old ones are pretty well circulated but for a year I have made copies of these and sent around to various people and one of our authors sold a short poem to a national magazine from the "Get Up And Go" piece.

The first one is not exactly "Old West" in nature but it actually dates back a little farther and certainly could apply to the pioneers of the period that we are covering.

Found in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore, dated 1692, and reprinted in *Forward Day by Day*, issued by Forward Movement Publications, Cincinnati, Ohio:

Go placidly amid the noise & haste, & remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortune of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. . .

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the Noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

THE NEXT ONE has "Author Unknown" written at the bottom and I wish to heck I knew who sent it in since I'd like to give him credit. It was passed along in a foot-high stack of mail to me without the letter and we never could find out who sent it in. So, without further drum-beating here is GET UP AND GO!

How do I know my youth has been spent?
Because my get-up-and-go has got up and went.
But in spite of it all I am able to grin,
When I think where my get-up-and-go has been.

Old age is golden, I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder as I go to bed.
My ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
My eyes on a table 'til I wake up.
Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
But I'm happy to say as I close the door,
My friends are the same as in days of yore.

When I was young, my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels right over my head.
When I grew older, my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night thru.
Now I am older and my slippers are black,
I walk to the corner and puff on the way back.

The reasons I know my youth has been spent,
My get-up-and-go has got up and went.
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin,
Of all the places my get-up-and-go has been.

Since I've retired from life's competition,
I busy myself with complete repetition.
I get up each morning, dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the "obits,"
If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed!

NOW for a quick round-up of some things you just *can't* miss in this issue. We think you're going to really enjoy "Arizona in the 50's." For one thing, it took place back when Tucson was described as the paradise of devils—and for the second, it was written by a man who was there on the spot, James Tevis. From the time he arrived in Arizona Tevis was rarely out of sight of the Indians, some of whom hated him fiercely. Tevis always believed the only reason he lived through those days was because he never showed fear—which was quite a trick whether a man was blessed with a good stout set of "unshakable" knees or whether he was brave on tizwin (as Tevis frequently was).

Also, don't miss reading about a typical horse trader's life in Indian Territory on page 24. That was quite a place sixty-five or seventy years ago—a place of uncommon people and uncommon sights. Not long ago I was reading an item from a February 1, 1901 Denison, Texas newspaper (a town just a hop and

(Continued on page 61)

APPROVED for VETERANS
FREE FACTS mail coupon on how to become a,
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To guard and protect our forests, fish and wild game, Game Wardens are empowered to enforce the Conservation Laws and arrest violators. Positions of prestige and authority! Other exciting activities include supervising fire patrols and reforestation projects, banding wildfowl, inoculating wild game against disease, etc.—a never-ending campaign of protection for our great national resources.
THRILLS AND ADVENTURE
Every day is a new adventure for the man in Forestry & Wildlife Conservation. You may hunt mountain lions, coyotes and wildcats—parachute from a plane or land in a helicopter—aid animals marooned by fire or flood—or save the life an an injured hunter. Adventure, public service and good pay—almost like a vacation with pay!
GOOD PAY! SECURITY! NO LAYOFFS!
Although not connected with the Government, we show you how to seek out exciting job openings in your state and other areas. Age limits 17 to 45, sometimes older on luxurious private Game Farms & Hunt Clubs. Many accepting applications now! Most Conservation Careers combine permanence with fine starting pay and regular advances. No layoffs because of slow business. No worry about your pay check. A pension may assure you a good income for life. Living costs are low, too!
VACATION JOBS— a wonderful way to get started! Make valuable contacts and "learn the ropes." No special training or experience needed. Students can prepare now for next vacation period.
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A national weekly news magazine recently stated that according to government studies and forecasts job opportunities in the outdoor field are due for rapid increases in the years just ahead. Estimates range as high as 500,000 new jobs by 1980 in operation and management of public and private recreation areas. Special skills and training will be needed by people to fill sub-professional jobs. North American graduates are working right now in outdoor positions of responsibility in almost every State. You, too, may already have the basic talents for an exciting outdoor position. Find out all about it now. Mail the coupon today!
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If you're an outdoor man at heart, get the facts on exciting career opportunities in Conservation for you. Send for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT", including 20-Page Conservation Career Fact Book, self-scoring Aptitude Quiz, 3-month subscription to "Conservation Topics", plus exciting report "JOBS FOR SPORTSMEN"—How & Where to Get Them." No cost, no obligation, now or ever. No salesman will call. Rush coupon today!
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Double Request

Dear Sir:

I thought perhaps some of your real old-timers might look back in their memory bag and come up with some information on a couple of names for me. Does anyone remember or remember hearing of the Dee Johnson ranch somewhere around San Antonio? (South of there, I think.) He had a brother by the name of T. S. Johnson (Theodore Sebesky). T. S. moved about a lot and was in the Indian territory back in the wild days. He had a store at some time in what is now Vian, Oklahoma. If anyone can recall anything about these people, I would very much like to hear from you.

Also a note to cave lovers—near the town of Foreman, Arkansas, where I lived as a boy in the 1930s, there was an old cave located in what was called Lime Rock Hill. It had a small opening and in those days I have crawled into the opening many times but never went too far back. No one else has either. This cave, to anyone's knowledge, is unexplored.

In 1947, a group of fellows ranging in age from fourteen to fifty-five decided upon exploration. They were well equipped and were making progress when they began getting sick. Many went to the hospital in serious condition. The State Health Department investigated and diagnosed the illness as "cave sickness," a respiratory ailment.

As far as is known, no one has ever been very far back in this cave and the customary legends hang heavily around it—or did thirty years ago. It is easily accessible, located just off the highway between the town of Foreman and the Foreman Cement Company on the old Ballard place. This one is a challenge, but better do some talking around Foreman first. Two fellows I remember who went into the cave were Marcell Ballard, who probably now owns the land the cave is on, and Kenneth McElhannon, a cousin of mine, who is now game warden in Little River County, Arkansas. —Harold J. Blakely, 1319 Grayson Street, Camden, Arkansas 71701.

Cowboy Postcards

Dear Sir:

I am a reader of TRUE WEST and I wonder if any of your readers remember the old-fashioned postcards of cowboys and cowgirls in bright colors. They made them about fifty-seven years ago. I was a small girl then. They were very pretty.

The cowboys and cowgirls had on bright red shirts and blouses. There was a little bit of reading down at the bottom of the card. I would like to have some of them now if they still make them.

Maybe some old-timer will remember them and write me.—Mrs. Frank Earls, Route 1, Glendale, Kentucky.

Picture Identification

Dear Sir:

A short time ago I was given a December 1966 TRUE WEST. There is a story in it about the early day Oklahoma oil boom. There is a picture of a man standing with his team and above it reads "Freighters in Ragtown (Wirt) in the Healdton Field, Carter County, Oklahoma." I thought you might like to know I have a larger picture just like it—the man was my Grandpa Maxwell. —Mrs. W. E. McAdams, Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

Old Ads

Sirs:

Reading the December, '67 TRUE WEST, "Everybody's in the Act but Us Chickens," I got a bang out of the advertisement of the little incubator. We had one such in the early '20s, and did get chicks from it.

Digging through my old box of junk I came across this 1910 paper, and some of it might be amusing to your readers. —Leonard Sather, Rt. 1, Box 795-8, Crescent City, California 95531.

Girls in Rodeo

Gentlemen:

I am a reader of TRUE WEST and enjoy every issue it is my privilege to get. In your October issue I just read about Lorena Trickey. As to horses I was a genuine greenhorn in Pendleton, Oregon, rodeo days when Lorena rode there. Had been on a horse only *twice* before this experience.

On a dare and against my will I got a-straddle one of those sunfishin' critters. Lorena and the famous Loretta Schrimf were partly responsible for the wild ride this tenderfoot took. I was desaddled, of course, but I got in good because of my "guts" with Yakima Canutt, Hugh and Mable Strickland, Til Taylor, Lorena and Loretta. I was wined and dined and saw every day of the rodeo in style. The two pals who dared me were out in the cold . . . served them right . . . I coulda got kilt or maimed for life.

When I got dethroned Loretta Schrimf rode up, jumped from her pony, helped me to a sitting position and asked if I was hurt. I replied, "No, but damn bad shook." She had seen the horse kick back as it went over me and she thought it had kicked me in the head. Thank God those hoofs missed, but even after fifty years I can hear the "swish" of them as they barely cleared my ears (my head passed between them).

My wife has a cousin whom I also met at Pendleton at this time. She was Lila Smith then and I took a picture of her getting in a plane for her first airplane ride. Thirty-five years later I married a lady here in Walla Walla to find she is a cousin of Lila Smith Hedinger. Lila Smith was a famous relay rider in those days and I think did a little trick riding.—Ray Conger, 819 Penrose, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.

Cattle People

Dear Editor:

In a back issue were two stories that brought back fond memories. The first was "A Cowboy's Funeral."

In early June of 1912 I rode up to the JJ roundup at the dipping vats on the Muddy. Both mess wagons were there

(Continued on page 68)

1910 newspaper advertisement sent in by reader Leonard Sather. This rocker certainly could not be bought for the same price today!

Take This Rocker
For Only 50c
For only 50 cents we ship you this magnificent rocker. Only 50c down and then 50c per month—$8.85 in all for this handsome piece of furniture. It is made in American quarter-sawed oak finish, profusely carved. Upholstered in the best grade Boston leather—diamond tufted. Sanitary spring seat. Rocker is one of the special bargains we are giving. Send for bargain list today. No. A1264.
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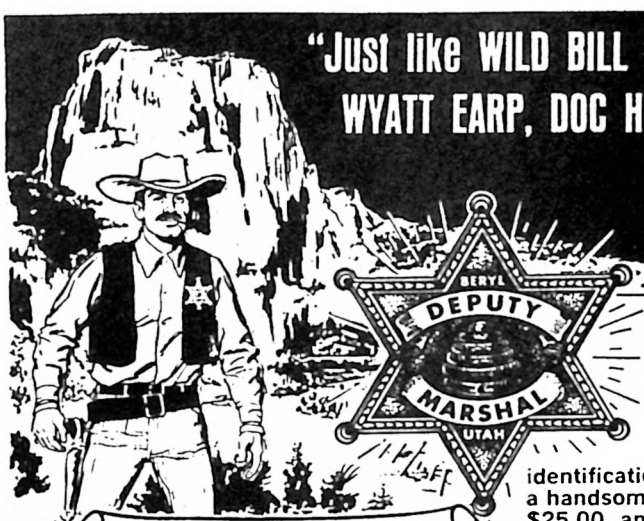

Yes! Now you can be a true Deputy Marshal, with pay, and "land baron" of the authentic west. You get a valuable Deputy Marshal kit, including a genuine Peace Officer's Badge, identification card, official scroll, PLUS a handsome honorary salary of at least $25.00 annually for as long as the next 4 years — simply for investing in a potentially highly profitable Rancho Estate in Beryl, Iron County, Utah.

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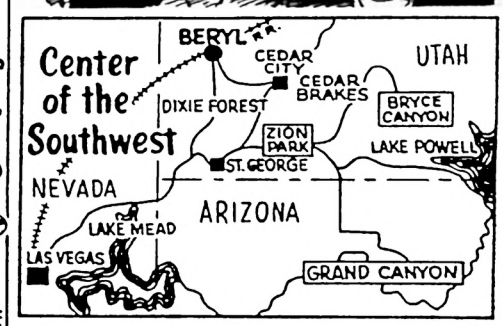

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THE BOOM IS ON in Utah's Iron County, as the population explodes westward in search of open space and clean air. One-up-on-the-public investors are scooping up previously unavailable big ranch land in this vacation paradise — at ground-floor prices. Here is factual proof that the "smart money" is buying land in this area: billionnire Howard Hughes just purchased thousands of *nearby* Nevada acres, and several Las Vegas hotels. Nevada *borders on Iron County, and is booming.* It may be Iron County's turn — and your turn — next.

NOW, THE GOLDEN WEST IS YOURS.

How many times have you seen a western movie and yearned for those endless spaces, soaring peaks, majestic pine forests, bubbling mountain streams? A place where every outdoor sport is at your doorstep? Perhaps you considered such a "get-away-from-it-all" world only a dream. *But now it can be a practical, profitable reality — in booming Iron County.* The giant corporations, responsible for the stockholders' millions, have confidence in the Utah boom. Each year, more than $100,000,000.00 is spent for building construction in Utah. The mammoth Utah Construction Company built a $1,800,000.00 plant in Iron County. The late Henry Kaiser of Kaiser Steel invested huge sums in mining near Beryl. Utah is the 7th fastest-growing state; every two years the number of homes actually *doubles!*

CLOSE TO GLITTERING LAS VEGAS.

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ARIZONA

Captain James H. Tevis

By JAMES H. TEVIS

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FOREWORD

IN THE 1850s, Arizona was little more than a name on the maps, a name which sometimes appeared on a triangular area south of the Gila, sometimes as the designation of a small Indian settlement a few miles southwest of the present twin cities of Nogales. To the average Anglo-American the region was the most outlandish and violent spot in the United States, for here, so the story went, was nothing but a barren country inhabited by a handful of depraved Mexicans and thousands of hostile, scalp-lifting Indians. But to those who knew their geography and history, it was a land of unsurpassed scenic beauty that had a history reaching back into the middle sixteenth century.

That part of Arizona which the author of these memoirs first saw had only recently become attached to the United States. In 1853, the area south of the Gila River, together with the southernmost sections of New Mexico, was bought from Mexico for $10,000,000, with a view towards providing a satisfactory link in a proposed transcontinental railroad route. A year later, under the title of the "Gadsden Purchase," the region was formally transferred to the United States government and became a part of Doña Ana County, New Mexico, with the capital at Mesilla. To the Mexicans most of this area in Arizona, from the Gila River to the southern border, and from the San Pedro River to the Gulf of Mexico, was known as the northern limits of Pimeria Alta (land of the upper Pimas), a geographical term which first appeared in the documents and on the maps early in the eighteenth century. But politically all the purchased area and the present states of New Mexico and Arizona were administered from Santa Fe as New Mexico Territory until 1863, when Arizona was given separate territorial status.

For more than a decade after the Gadsden Purchase, and owing mainly to the isolated position of communities in this Southwestern region, Arizona found itself poorly governed. Lawlessness was more than an order of the day; it was accepted as the normal way of life, a fact well attested by the author of these memoirs and by numerous other pioneers. Desperados from Texas and California perpetrated outrages upon the inhabitants, and filibusters harassed the citizens of Sonora from bases in the Santa Cruz Valley. "If the world were searched over I suppose there could not be found so degraded a set of villains as then formed the principal society of Tucson," writes a well-known traveler of the day, J. Ross Browne. Our average Anglo-American, then, would seem to have been correct in his opinions, for it did appear to be a land peopled by the descendants of Cain. But there was another side to the story.

Arizona was not so barren as commonly believed, nor were all of its inhabitants degenerate white men and hostile, predatory barbarians with a lust for blood. Captain Tevis, author of the following memoirs, might have written about the great stands of pine on the mountains, about the rich mineral deposits in the hills and along some of the streams, and about the abundant grasses as tall as a man's head in the Santa Cruz and the San Pedro valleys. He might have gone further by stating that there were hundreds of Indians who lived relatively peaceful and sedentary lives. Such was the case with the Pimas, scattered in small villages near the Santa Cruz, and with the Papagos, in the southwest corner of the region. Along the lower reaches of the Gila and the Colorado were the Yuman tribes, who also were known for their peaceful habits.

In general, the same could be said for the Hopis and their numerous neighbors, the Navajos, in the northeastern part of what is now the state of Arizona. But here the narrative of the noble Indian must stop. South of the Navajos, in the mountains and valleys, and extending well down into the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua, were the Apaches, who had been a terror both to Indians and white alike in the entire region since the seventeenth century. They were marauding nomads, identified by the several tribes to which they belonged; and in the southeast sector of Arizona, the scene of most of Tevis' early experiences in the Southwest, lived the Mimbreños and the Chiricahuas. Chief of the Mimbreños was Mangas Colorado, who had a long-standing grievance against the whites for the murder of his father. Cochise, leader of the Chiricahuas but unlike Mangas Colorado in many respects, was usually on friendly terms with the whites until 1860, when he

IN THE '50'S

"Tevis, I shall burn you alive and dance while you are burning!"

—Cochise

Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahua Apaches.

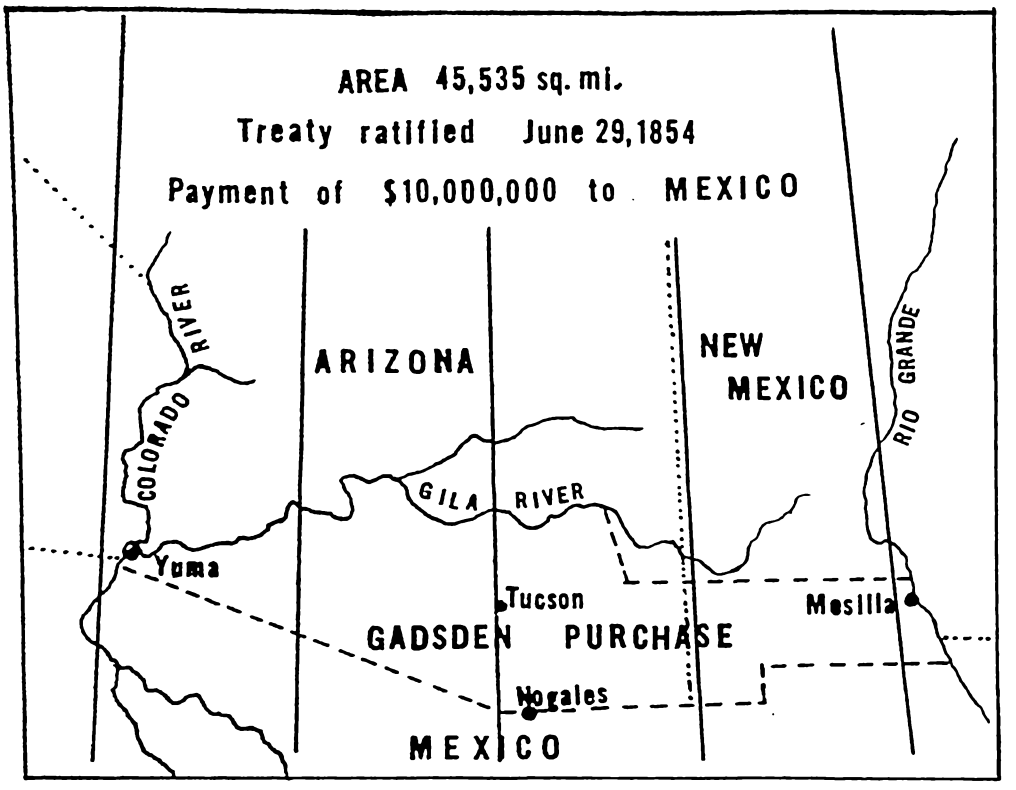
Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, Library, University of Oklahoma

went on the warpath in protest of what he claimed to be a false arrest for the kidnaping of a young Mexican boy. For twelve years thereafter, Cochise and his tribesmen gave the inhabitants on both sides of the international border a merry chase.

ARIZONA was, indeed, the land of the red man a hundred years ago, yet, here and there, along the streams and in the foothills of the southern part of the area, were found a few non-Indian communities. At the junction of the Colorado and the Gila a half-dozen cabins housed a small group of Mexicans, half-breeds, and Americans, whose principal occupation was to ferry the traveler across the Colorado. South of the Gila were three villages and two fairly well preserved Spanish missions, all of which were in the Santa Cruz Valley. At the present site of Nogales a handful of Mexicans eked out a bare subsistence from the surrounding country. Twenty or more miles down the valley was the historic town of Tubac. Founded in 1754 by Spain, as a military garrison, it had been abandoned and resettled two or three times before the middle of the nineteenth century and was again in the process of being re-established when Tevis began his Arizona career. Here resided a few hundred Pimas and Mexicans and a dozen or more adventurous Anglo-American pioneers. Nearby were the ruins of the mission of Tumacacori, founded in 1697 by the great Jesuit missionary, Father Kino. Some thirty-five miles farther down the valley was Arizona's metropolis, with a population of a little more than four hundred souls. This was Tucson, which also got its start as a military garrison, though not until 1776. About ten miles southwest of the town was the other mission of the valley, San Xavier, another monument to Kino, with the founding date of 1700. And scattered up and down the valley were a few farms and ranches, most of which were in the hands of Mexicans. Occasionally, too, a miner's hut was to be found in the hills; and at times, after the Gadsden Purchase, United States soldiers were to be seen patrolling the area from the Gila to the border. The first United States military post in Arizona, Fort Defiance, was established in the Navajo country in 1851. Five years later, in 1856, Fort Buchanan was erected on the Sonoita River, twenty-five miles east of Tubac. Thus Arizona found itself without adequate military defense, and it was not until the sixties that the War Department was given the necessary men and supplies to carry out its mission in the area.

Life was also vexed for want of good roads. When Tevis reached the territory, there were just three highways south of the Gila, which, by courtesy, could be called wagon roads. The oldest, dating from Spanish and Mexican times, followed the banks of the Santa Cruz. A second, the Devil's Highway, provided the main route of travel between the Altar Valley in Sonora and the junction of the Gila and Colorado; and many an emigrant to the mines of California perished in the arid wastes through which this road ran. The third highway of any consequence, Cooke's Wagon Road, followed a diagonal course across the region, from a point not far from modern Douglas to Yuma. It received its name from Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, who opened it up during the Mexican War. From a point on this road not far from the present site of Benson, and coursing eastward through Apache Pass, was a section of the recently established stage route for the Butterfield Overland Mail, a section second to none for Indian depredations. For this was Apache country and the land of many a desperado from Texas; and it was here that Tevis got his first impression of the rough-and-tumble life in Arizona. And it was here, too, that one of Arizona's most important military posts, Fort Bowie, was founded, though not until 1862.

Fanning out in all directions from the roads and the towns were numerous desert and mountain trails leading to mines, some of which, like the famous Ajo copper mine sixty-five miles west of Tucson, had been worked during Mexican days. But it took an enterprising "gringo," Charles D. Poston, to reveal to the world the district's wealth. In 1854, he organized the Ajo Copper Company, a venture which proved none too profitable to the owners. Meantime Poston and another pioneer, Herman Ehrenberg, had discovered abandoned silver mines in the mountains near Tubac which, for a time, were to pay handsome dividends to the stockholders of the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, also, in 1856, organized by Poston. A year later the Patagonia Mine was discovered a few miles east of the Poston holdings, by a Mexican, who promptly sold his stake in the mine to James W. Douglas and Captain Richard S. Ewell for a horse and several miscellaneous items. But the mine, later known as the Mowry Mine, was not a paying investment, and the purchasers sold out their



Map of the Gadsden Purchase.

interests in 1860. Shortly thereafter Ewell, commanding officer at Fort Buchanan, bade a farewell to Arizona, and upon the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Confederate Army. Douglas remained in the territory and became one of its leading citizens.

Copper and silver were not the only precious minerals in Arizona, for prospectors had found gold along the Gila and lower Colorado. And, in 1858, Arizona was to have its first and only gold rush, which was occasioned by the discovery of gold placers in the Gila Valley about twenty miles above Yuma. Overnight a boom town, Gila City, sprang up; and almost overnight it became a ghost town. Placer mining requires a steady and plentiful supply of water, something which the miners in the Gila Valley were not always able to find. Hence the prospectors moved to other diggings, notably to the newly opened placers in the Colorado Valley to the north of Yuma. There, in the 1860s, La Paz, Olive City, and Ehrenberg were founded with great hopes for the future; but permanent cities are not built by hopes alone. The "color" was soon washed out of the sand and gravel, and, with the exception of Ehrenberg, these towns too became specters of a happier day. Perhaps some of the former inhabitants made their way into what is now the northern part of the state. If they did they were a very courageous lot, for contemporaries looked upon that part of the territory as fit only for Indians and that strange breed of people, the mountain men.

The reader of these memoirs may question the accuracy of some of Tevis's statements. A few minor errors of fact do occur, yet they were not the results of fabrication; Tevis recorded them as he believed them to be, not as they were in the light of historical criticism. If there be exaggerations and tall tales in the book, the reader should remember that this was characteristic of the time and place. Frontiersmen were not given to understatement. Theirs was an exciting life which stirred even the dullest of imaginations.

RUSSELL C. EWING

INTRODUCTION

THE PERIOD of Arizona history from the American occupation of the Gadsden Purchase, in 1856, to the opening of the Civil War is but little understood, due very largely to the lack of definite information concerning it. A glimpse into the life of this period, as experienced by one who participated in its leading activities, is offered in the story of Captain James H. Tevis.

Captain Tevis was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, on July 11, 1835, and passed away in Tucson, Arizona, on August 29, 1905, at the age of 70. Although he was a man of limited education, he was a great reader and a keen observer, and early in life he began the custom of recording daily happenings. The diaries of those years of his youth in the fifties were lost, but Tevis later was persuaded to write a story of his experiences; and, with the assistance of his daughter, Belle Waller Tevis, the manuscript was completed in September, 1886. It remained unpublished, and with the death of the Captain, the manuscript and many letters and later diaries were left to his children. Because they wish to perpetuate the memory of their father, and feel that the manuscript contains too much valuable history not to have it made available to the public, two of his daughters have, at last, prepared it for publication. The narrative begins with his arrival in Tucson, late in August, 1857, and closes with the opening of the Civil War, in 1860, when Tevis joined the Confederate forces at Mesilla, New Mexico.

He had served for two years as captain of the Arizona Scouts, who were organized at Pinos Altos to protect women and children from attack by Apache Indians. He was attached to the Second Mounted Volunteers, under Captain Mastain, which was under Baylor's command at Doña Ana, New Mexico. Before the close of the war he was commissioned second lieutenant and was mustered out at Hempstead, Texas, in 1865, where he then was hospitalized for treatment of wounds received while in service.

He later returned to St. Louis, Missouri, with the idea of renewing his courtship with Miss Emma Boston, who now was convinced that he would settle down to a civilized life. They were married on December 24, 1866.

His first employment was as a streetcar conductor. But because he still was not of rugged health he sought indoor work and opened a bakery and confectionery.

He soon tired of his bakery and was commissioned as captain of a large Mississippi passenger steamer which made regular runs from St. Louis to New Orleans.

In 1868, he was out for new adventure and opened a large grocery and merchandise store in East St. Louis. His brother, Hupp Tevis, came from Iowa to be a member of his household and to assist him in the store.

Tevis's health still was poor, from the effects of the old wounds, and he was ordered south to a warm climate and complete rest. His brother took full charge of the business in his absence. While in Texas, Tevis visited the Sam Maverick family. Here, early in June, he received a message announcing the arrival of his third daughter. He honored Mrs. Sam Maverick by naming the child Mary Maverick Tevis.

The meeting of many old Confederate friends brought back to Tevis a longing to return to the Arizona desert some time in the future, but for the present he returned to St. Louis and resumed his business until he could close it out. Then, in 1876, he traveled overland to Empire, Kansas, where he erected a large store which was partly stocked with goods transferred from his St. Louis store. Because he was of a congenial disposition he made many friends here.

Three years later, in 1879, he moved to Austin, Texas, secured a residence for his family, and began making plans to return to Arizona.

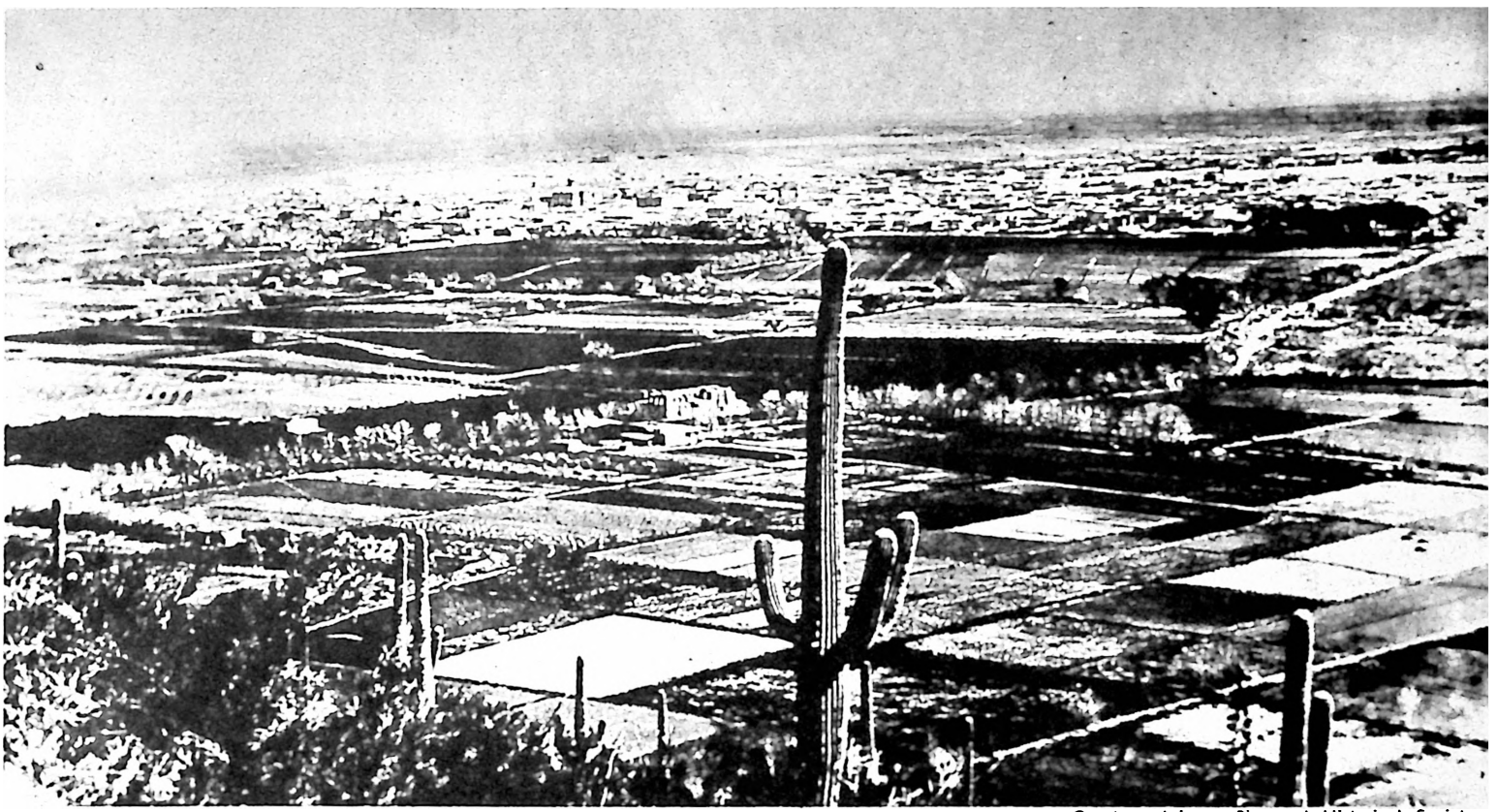
He first purchased an open buckboard, in which, drawn by a small span of mules, he traveled overland alone to Fort Bowie, where he arrived on January 1, 1880. This was the earlier site of the Overland Butterfield stage station and was formerly known as Apache Pass. It was here that he had spent the eventful years of 1857 to 1859.

Once again he occupied a portion of the old stage station and immediately erected a two-foot-high stone foundation, on which he built a two-room, boarded tent house, using one room for living quarters and the other as a "sutler store."

With his equipment he had carried his own patent on a wooden windmill. From the sales and erection of these windmills he expected to receive an income which would support himself and his family.

SHORTLY after his arrival he met Tom Riggs, a son of Brannick Riggs, who was a rancher and lived just beyond Apache Pass, at the entrance to Sulphur Springs Valley. When, later, he met the elder Riggs, he influenced him to order two windmills, which soon were erected.

His friends in Texas had given him



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Tucson, Arizona, showing irrigated fields in the Santa Cruz Valley and the old mission of San Jose, about 1870.

money with which to finance the location of mining claims, and for this purpose he employed two recently discharged soldiers, M. E. Kinchalla and Aaron Evans, to do prospect work in the Dos Cabezas Mountains. From this came the location of fifty good gold and silver claims, in what later came to be known as the Tevis Mining District.

He further added to his financial resources by patenting land fourteen miles north of Fort Bowie, at the time that the Southern Pacific Railroad was being completed eastward from Yuma, and when it was obvious that the line would be extended farther east to El Paso.

On this land he filed on a homestead in order to secure the property and to keep for himself the site of a well which he had dug there.

The well was begun in blind faith and under hazardous and uncomfortable circumstances. Traveling Indians made the work dangerous; in addition, the diggers (Tevis, Kinchalla, Evans, and Julian Navaretta, who, although only a boy of eighteen, was a former government packer) had to come the fourteen miles from Fort Bowie by buckboard with a day's supply of water and food. They returned to the fort every night because of the Indian danger.

Tevis had held the constant dream of a townsite on the land which he was homesteading, but he needed the assurance of water at the spot where he and his companions were digging. A few months after the men had begun to dig, the Southern Pacific moved in a gang of track layers and carpenters to erect a telegraph office, freight house, depot, and hotel. It was about this time that signs of water were noticed at eighty feet, so Tevis sent for the Texas friends who had financed his mining ventures, and despite all dangers, he and his workers settled by the new well before the Texans could arrive.

The men who came from Texas in 1880 to inspect their mining claims included General Hardeman, Major Dunn, and Lieutenant John Hancock. Their inspections so pleased them that they organized a mining company with General Hardeman as president; Captain Tevis, vice-president; Lieutenant Hancock, secretary; and Major Dunn and Robert Patterson, directors. Tevis gave the ground for a large mill building and offices from a portion of his homestead, which had by now been granted to him. He also donated to the railroad the right-of-way through his land.

The company was organized under the name of the Cochise Mining and Milling Company, with offices in Teviston, while the mines were located about sixteen miles south of Teviston and several miles west of Fort Bowie, in the Dos Cabezas Mountains. But early in 1881 the Indian attacks became more intense, and Hardeman, Dunn, and Hancock returned to Texas with their families. The mines continued to be worked by Kinchalla, Evans, Navaretta, and others. Business was carried on among the officers by correspondence until 1883.

The company had been in operation for only a few months, when a manager was brought in and immediately given the combination to the safe. His term of office did not last for long. In July, 1881, some months after his arrival, there was a sudden outbreak of "food poisoning," helped by a poison which an army surgeon, called for the emergency, diagnosed as strychnine. Four men died; Tevis and Kinchalla nearly died, but eventually regained their health. Coincidentally, at that time, the manager, the company funds, and the Chinese cook disappeared.

Hancock appealed for a post office to be established on the homestead land, so the mail would not have to be carried the fourteen miles daily from Fort Bowie. The new post office was first housed in a boarded tent house and later moved into Tevis' store building when that structure was completed. Hancock named the new post office Teviston, in honor of his friend. In January, 1882, William Martin, of Chicago, was appointed the first postmaster.

One day, late in 1881, Superintendent Bean, of the railroad, arrived and, approaching Captain Tevis, said, "I want to discuss the naming of the railroad station. What do you think of Bean City?" Tevis laughingly replied, "Damn it, man, we have beans three times a day, every day of the year, and are damned tired of even the name Bean. What is the matter with the same name as the post office, Teviston?" Bean angrily turned away and said, "Just for your damned impudence, I'll call it Bowie Station, after Fort Bowie." So both names were used until 1910, at which time the town assumed the name of Bowie.

The company was completely dissolved in 1883 because of the combination of high costs of operation, Indian attacks, and the previous disappearance of the company treasury. Tevis then reclaimed his land and took over the mines.

The Tevis family, consisting of Captain Tevis' wife, five girls, and one boy, arrived on the very first Southern Pacific train which ran from Deming to San Francisco, in January, 1882, and were completely settled in their new five-room house within a few weeks.

The Tevis well supplied water for all of the families in town, and water from it was hauled and stored in barrels for a week's supply. This well later was abandoned, so that the railroad could draw water from its wells without having to compete with the Tevis well for the underground supply. Tevis, in return, received from the railroad all of the water which he could use.

Tevis was a very busy man, with the

time given to his mining interests and to his store, which he later sold to Solomon Wickersham and Company. Late in 1883, he enlarged his store building into a hotel, because the railroad hotel, depot, and other railroad buildings had previously been destroyed by fire. Later, a new railroad hotel was erected, and Tevis took over the management, from which he resigned when he received an appointment from the governor to serve as commissioner of the mineral display at the Louisiana Exposition in New Orleans.

During his absence, the family remained at the home, which was known as "The Gardens," from the fact that Tevis was fond of experimenting with growing varieties of trees, fruits, and flowers. Before leaving for the Exposition he gave the ground for a school site; and the school building, a portable type, was donated by the Southern Pacific Company. The railroad carpenters and painters worked on Sundays and after hours to complete it by May, 1885.

Captain Tevis was an active member of the Fifteenth Legislature and formed a great friendship with Governor Irwin. Because the Governor was from Iowa, where the Captain had spent many of his childhood years, he was entertained by the Tevis family at "The Gardens."

James Henry Tevis passed away in Tucson, Arizona, on August 29, 1905, at the age of 70. His wife, Emma Boston Tevis, followed his death by seven weeks, and both were laid to rest in the family plot in the Bowie cemetery.

BELLE WALLER THUMM
MINNIE TEVIS DAVENPORT

OUT FOR ADVENTURE

AFTER SERVING one year in Central America under the famous filibuster, General William Walker, I returned to Iowa. The same year, 1857, with twenty-four adventurous comrades, each man owning his wagon, mules, and supplies for the journey, I took up the line of march for Arizona.

Our route lay through Kansas, Indian Territory, and northwestern Texas, via Fort Belknap and the head of the Concho River. At the latter point we had our first fight with the Comanches.

As it was a little over one hundred miles to the Horse-Head crossing on the Pecos River, we concluded to rest a couple of days at the head of the Concho, and while there we enjoyed all the fresh fish we could eat.

On the evening of the second day, about four o'clock, we filled our water kegs, hitched up our teams, and started on our journey. We had not proceeded over a half-mile when we saw an Indian apparently driving a band of ponies down to water. We thought we were in luck and would do away with the single Comanche and take the stock, so we started after him; but when we got within six-shooter distance of the horses, an Indian raised up on each horse, armed with bow, arrows, and shield.

They had either been walking in a stooping position on the opposite sides of their horses, or were hanging on them, each with one arm clasped around the horse's neck and one leg across his back, so we failed to see them. But when they raised up on their horses with a yell and gave us a shower of arrows, we found this was not quite so good a picnic as we first imagined, and we had a running fight for five or six miles.

We traveled all that night, the following day and night, and until noon of the third day, when both men and animals gave out, for none had had a drop of water for thirty hours, and it was on a dry plain in the month of July.

Courtesy Texana Collection, University of Texas

General William P. Hardeman, friend and mining company partner of Tevis.

Along the Pecos River there was no timber, as is usual along streams, and we thought we would have to cross the next mountain before we came to the river. Discouraged, we came to the conclusion that we could never reach it, so we gave up in despair. However, when we stopped, Lawyer Young, a Virginian, said, "Boys, I will take all the canteens and go as far as my horse will carry me, and then I will strike out until I find water; so keep up courage until I get back."

One of the boys killed a jackrabbit and drank the blood; another beat his nose against the wagon tire until it bled, and he drank his own blood; I had some pickles in a quart jar, and I poured the vinegar off into a cup, put some sugar in and drank it; but in a couple of hours I was nearly crazy, and the whole party was in about the same condition.

Just three hours after Young started, he returned with every canteen filled with water. He sat on his horse with a canteen in one hand and a six-shooter in the other. "Now," said he, "just six swallows for each man, and the first man who attempts to take more, I will knock down with my six-shooter."

A few minutes after the first dose, we took another, and then he told us it was not four miles to the river, and we hitched up and drove on.

Just as we got within a few hundred yards of the river the mules smelled the water, and they started for it. My team was in the lead, and I did not try very hard to stop it, letting them plunge into the river, and throwing myself in also. I drank like a horse.

At this place the bottom of the Pecos is quicksand, and my mules and wagon began to sink. We had to drive a team to the opposite bank and hitch onto my team and pull them out. We all drank too much water, and I suffered a few hours afterward in consequence.

We camped there for several days, feeling almost afraid to leave water, but we were compelled to leave, as there was no wood for fuel. We had been using buffalo chips, but they were getting pretty scarce around camp.

In a couple of weeks we came into the Rio Grande Valley and followed up the east bank of the river. We camped one week at El Paso, or Franklin, as it was then called. Fort Bliss, with four or five companies of troops, was situated a mile or so below the town, on what is now known as Governor Magoffin's home place. In the town of Franklin the following named whites resided: Old Man Gillick, Henry and John Gillette, Ben and Nim Dowell, Henry Cuniffe, Joseph Schultz, and a man named Arnold (later), of the "Diamond Swindle" fame. There may have been others, but if so, I do not remember. (In 1872, diamonds and rubies, allegedly from Arizona, were exhibited in New York and San Francisco. Shortly thereafter vast sums of money were invested in Arizona diamond field stocks, and reputable individuals like the California banker W. C. Ralston and General G. B. McClellan were among those who invested money in the enterprise before learning that they were victims of a hoax.)

We left Franklin for old Fort Fillmore, situated about forty miles higher up the Rio Grande. We found no inhabitants between Franklin and Fort Fillmore. (Fort Fillmore was a six- or seven-company post in New Mexico. In those days, all the country west of the Rio Grande to the Rio Colorado was called Arizona. But after the Civil War that part of Arizona lying east of Steins Peak Range to the Rio Grande was added to New Mexico.)

Mesilla was then on the west side of the Rio Grande, about six miles from Fort Fillmore, but in 1861 the river changed its course. I was in Mesilla at the time, and the following incident occurred:

It was a dry season. Everybody was hoping for rain, and I remember the priest passing up the street carrying an image of a saint in his hands, followed by about one hundred men, women, and children, all chanting. They went to the head of the dry stream-bed, or acequia, near the little village of Picacho, to hold a service appealing for rain.

Now, whether there was any virtue in the service or not I cannot say, but I know it did rain and continued raining until the banks overflowed. The Rio Grande rushed into the acequia, deserted its old banks on the east side of town, and to this day flows in the old acequia on the west side.

THE POPULATION of Mesilla at this time was mostly Mexican. About twenty Americans, I think, lived there. Bucho and Company and Thomas Bull kept stores. Sam Bean kept the hotel, and John Sled had the tenpin alley. Cochran Brothers were trading, also. Poker Jack and Barnes were freighters. George Fraser, George Achenback, Charlie Brown, Sam Dillaplane, George Caldwell, Adolph Lee, Sherrod Hunter, and Black Bill were among the residents there.

We camped at Fort Fillmore, and about half of our boys went over to Mesilla and stayed all night. The next morning I saddled my horse and rode over to Mesilla. Entering the town by the way of the plaza, I saw some Mexican grape and fig venders sitting under a solitary cottonwood tree which stood in the plaza. A little boy who had just arrived from Texas had bought some grapes, and Black Bill had taken them away from him.

The little fellow said, "You are a coward to impose upon me in this way, you would be afraid to do that to a man."

Black Bill replied, "Bring on your man and see how I will treat him."

Courtesy National Park Service

The Tumacacori mission, founded in 1697 by the great Jesuit Missionary, Father Kino.

The little boy said, "I have no friends here, I am alone."

I spoke up and said, "I will be your friend."

Black Bill looked up at me in a scowling manner, saying, "You sickly looking tenderfoot," and came up to jerk me off my horse, with one hand on his six-shooter and with the other reaching out to take hold of me.

I carried a pair of the old-style army dragoon six-shooters, and when he reached to take hold of me, I jerked one out and hit him over the head with it, and he dropped like a shot beef. I got down and had pretty nearly finished him when the crowd came out of the hotel and took him in and washed the blood off.

I remained outside, talking to the boy, when one of my party came out and told me to be on my guard, as Black Bill was one of the worst desperadoes in the territory. I was satisfied that he was a coward, or he would not have treated a boy in the manner he did, and that I must be careful not to give him a chance to shoot me in the back. Every one of the old residents expected that, as soon as Bill could properly stand on his feet, he would deliberately kill me; and they said so to members of my party who were in the hotel saloon. My friends told them that I had seen some very desperate service in the last year in Walker's Army, and that I could take pretty good care of myself.

After talking to the boy awhile and telling him not to be uneasy, I tied my horse and walked into the saloon. Four or five games of monte were going on, and betting was pretty high. I stopped at one of the tables and looked on, and while I was standing there, Bill came in at the far door of the barroom with his head and face plastered up and bandaged. I backed against the wall, thinking that now would come the tug-of-war, when Bill called out, "Where is the man that beat me over the head with a six-shooter?"

I answered, "I am here, and do you want any more?"

He said, "No! I want to shake hands with you for teaching me a lesson. I will call it square and set up drinks for the crowd." He came up to shake hands with me, but I thought that was a trick of his to take my hand, in order to have me in his power, so I told him why. He called upon all the old residents in the room to vouch for him, that when he pledged his word he never broke it, and they all said that was the fact. Then we shook hands, and all took a drink. Black Bill was my staunch friend until he was killed by the Indians.

We remained in camp at Fort Fillmore about a week. The second night after our arrival, there was a dance, and all the Americans attended. Just about midnight, one of the señoritas, who could speak a little English, told us we had better go home, as the Mexicans were angry and were going to fight us.

I said, "All right, we will be on hand when the fight comes off." We Americans numbered about a dozen, all of us had six-shooters and knives, and there were about fifty Mexicans.

The dance was held in a long adobe building with a door near the end where the bar was. Since there were no windows, this door was the only entrance to the building.

After each dance, one had to take his partner to the bar and treat her. The door was guarded, and at one o'clock a Mexican sang out, "*Levántense Mexicanos, y pelear con los Gringos.*" ("Get up, Mexicans, and fight with the Americans.") The fight began, but the six-shooters in the hands of the Americans proved too much for the Mexicans, who were driven pell-mell out of the building. Only two were wounded on our side, but two of the Mexicans were killed and several wounded.

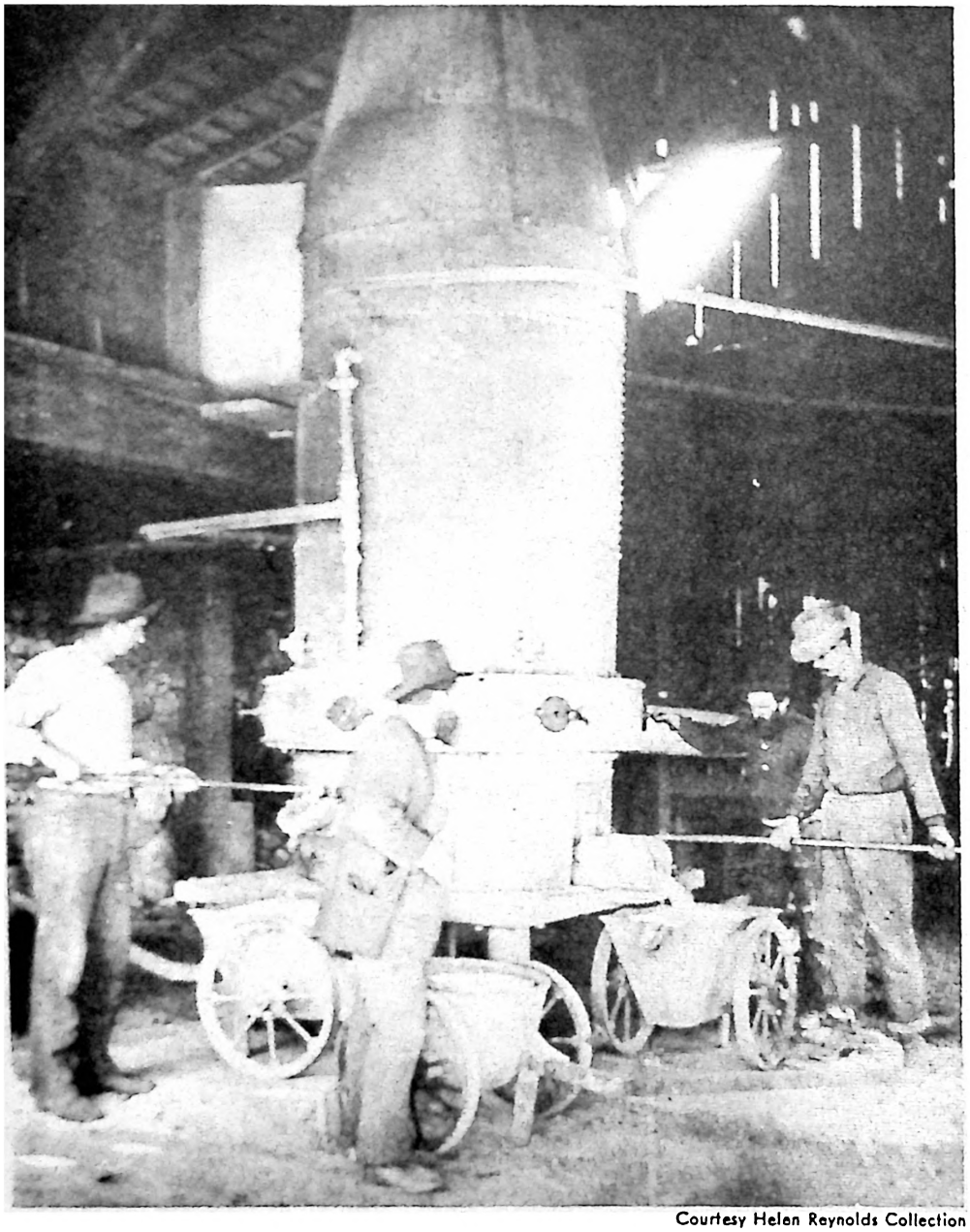
We all went to the hotel, and shortly afterward the Mexicans, strongly reinforced, corralled us in the hotel and kept us there until information reached Fort Fillmore. The commanding officer sent Lieutenant Lord with his company of dragoons to our relief. At sun-up we were all on top of the hotel roof, when we heard the charge sounded on the bugle, and a moment afterwards there came the dragoons charging across the Plaza, sweeping every Mexican out of the way. This put an end to the siege, and it was a great relief when we could come down once more to terra firma.

Señor Barela was the alcalde. He could neither read nor write, and he hated Americans to the same degree that his daughter liked them. Lieutenant Lord went to him and told him that if he allowed one American to be harmed, the artillery would batter the place down. This had a tendency to cool the ardor of the old Mexican, and the remaining few days we stayed there all was quiet.

Tucson was our destination, and we began preparing for the move in that direction. We went to Picacho and camped there until 4:00 p.m. The first water we could get would be at Cook's Spring, seventy miles distant, and after leaving Picacho we would see no inhabitants except Apaches until we reached Tucson, and they seemed to be as plentiful as mescal stalks. It took us fifteen days to make the trip. We camped on the Santa Cruz River, just outside of Tucson, near old Alf Friar's alfalfa field.

ON SEPTEMBER 28, 1857, when I went into town, the first man I met was old Mose Carson, Kit Carson's brother, and since I was from St. Louis, where his wife resided, we soon became well acquainted. He told me that, as his wife and I were from the same place, he hoped that I would make something of myself. We would sit for hours under the shed in front of the adobe hotel, and he would advise me as to how I should do while in the territory, in order that I might have the benefit of his long experience.

[In 1858 the adobe hotel was named the Cosmopolitan and was located in the block which was (and is) enclosed by Main, Ott, and Pennington. The Overland Mail Station and corral were located on the southwest corner of Main and Pearl Streets.]



Courtesy Helen Reynolds Collection

Men drawing the slag at the Columbia Copper Mine, Santa Rita Mountains, Arizona.

Uncle Mose loved to trap, but the Arizona otter and beaver skins did not command so high a price as those trapped farther north. In the early days, all the streams in Arizona had beaver and some otter, and they seemed to be very plentiful on the Gila and San Francisco Rivers. Uncle Mose proposed that I go with him on a hunting and trapping expedition while we were camped around Tucson. I was much elated with the idea, as it was the height of my ambition to be the companion of an old trapper and guide like Mose.

We struck out on our trip down the Aravaipa Canyon to the Gila River, then up to the San Francisco. We had good luck and lived like two kings. Deer, turkey, and fish were plentiful, and so were bear and mountain sheep. I don't think that I ever enjoyed anything more in my life than that excursion. Every night, after we had eaten our supper, we would lie down before the campfire and Mose would narrate his frontier experiences. I notice that whenever he would mention an incident with which his brother Kit was connected he did not seem pleasant, and I asked him the reason. He said, "Jimmy, you know the people make a devil of a fuss over my brother Kit as being the great guide that led Fremont over the trail to California. Now I will tell you all about it. I had been over the trail before, but Kit never had, and one evening Kit came to see me and said that Fremont wanted him to guide him overland to California, and that he would take the position if I would go along and do the guiding, and then we would divide the pay equally between us. Well, I agreed to it. Kit and I slept together on the trip, and every night I would have to tell Kit about the route ahead, so that when Fremont would inquire about the route ahead, he was able to give him some idea of it."

He told me of how, when the Indians were about to get the best of the expedition, it was he who saved it. An Indian girl who knew Mose came into camp and told him that a large band of warriors was going to attack them in the morning before they got up, and for them to get away. After she left, Mose went to Kit and Fremont and told them that they must take sticks of wood and cover them with blankets, and put their hats at one end to represent sleeping men with their hats covering their faces, and that the men should take a position so that they could deliver an effective fire into the Indians, and then charge them when they attacked the camp.

The entire camp was on guard all night, and just before day the Indians crawled into camp and commenced, as they thought, the massacre of the entire party, when a deadly volley was poured into them by the whole force. Then followed a charge and a hand-to-hand encounter of the most desperate character. When Old Mose had emptied his gun and six-shooters, he used his gun as a club and laid the Indians out right and left. They retreated, leaving many warriors dead on the field. The punishment inflicted upon them was so great that the expedition was not molested any more by that tribe. Mose said that Kit and the others did some of the best fighting that he had ever seen.

AFTER the arrival in California, everyone was talking of Kit Carson, the great guide, and not giving any credit to Mose who, in reality, had done the guiding, and it naturally made him feel sore when he spoke or thought of it. Thus, night after night, I would lie and listen to his Indian tales.

Our sojourn on the San Francisco was destined to close very abruptly. One afternoon Uncle Mose came into camp a little earlier than usual and said, "Jim, would you like to have an Indian fight?"

I replied, "I would just as soon, provided there are not too many Indians."

"Well," said Mose, "you will wait a damn long time before you get a fight with just the number of Indians you want, and I guess you will get a fight with them before you get off of the river, with a damn sight more of them than you care about, for they are here, and a lot of them, too. The river bottom is covered with tracks."

I asked him, "Do you think they know we are here, and, if they do not know it, had I not better put out the fire so they will not see the smoke?"

He said, "Make the coffee, for you may not get another chance for some time to come, and the smoke will make no difference now, as they are sure to see our trail."

The horses were brought close to camp, and the coffee made. Although I was a great coffee drinker, for some reason I did not seem to want it. Old Mose saw I was not drinking my coffee nor eating my supper, and he said, "You drink your coffee and eat your supper and never mind the Indians; it is time enough to stare your eyes out when they are here, and I will keep a lookout for them."

I said, "Uncle Mose, would we not better pack up and get out of this?"

He looked at me and asked, "How far do you think we would get if we were to start now? It is near sundown, and no moon tonight, so we would get about a mile out and be no better off. If only the red devils let us alone until daybreak, we will not allow grass to grow under our horses' feet."

When supper was eaten and things were packed away, darkness began spreading over the valley. Uncle Mose took up his gun, saying, "If I am not back in five minutes, saddle up the horses. I am going up the river bottom a little way and will be back soon."

I don't think that he had left camp over a minute before I commenced saddling the horses and had them saddled before he returned. He said, "I have not

been gone five minutes," and insinuated that my minutes were a great deal shorter than his. He pitched in and helped me pack up; and when it was done, he started down the river bottom, leading his horse and telling me to follow. We groped our way down the dark river bottom for about a mile and then halted. He said, "This will do, we will stop here and get a good night's sleep, and we can stand guard one at a time, and we will tie the horses close to camp."

We unsaddled and staked the horses; then, spreading our blankets, we lay down. I wanted to smoke very badly, and Mose took a blanket and threw it over my head and held it up in the center with the point of his gun and said, "Now fill your pipe, light it, and be quick about it, so we can get this blanket off and have a clear sweep, and when the blanket is thrown off, you hold your hand over your pipe so no spark will get out of it, and I will tell you, while you are smoking, my reasons for leaving the old camp and only coming so far and for not leaving it until after dark.

"If we had stayed there, they probably by this time would have located the camp, and if they did not get us they possibly might get our horses. But by our leaving after dark we will fool them, for, if they were watching us until dark, they would feel sure that we did not suspect them being near, and it would be no trouble to steal our horses. But now, when they slip into our camp, they will find us gone, and will have to wait until daylight to find the trail; and before they find it we will be gone. Now, one of us must lie awake, and the other may sleep."

"I will take the first watch," I said.

"All right," said he; and in five minutes he was snoring and sound asleep. It was past midnight when he woke up. "Why didn't you call me at twelve?" he said.

"I was not sleepy, and you seemed to be sleeping so soundly that I did not want to call you," I replied.

"Go to sleep," he ordered; and, after turning over a number of times, I did manage to go to sleep, but it was a disturbed one. I dreamed the Indians were all around us, and was awakened by Uncle Mose shaking me and whispering: "The Indians have followed us and are now crawling up to our horses." We took hold of our ropes and pulled our horses close enough so that we could see any object that crawled up to them. We lay there on the ground, facing opposite directions, and had occupied that position for about fifteen minutes, when I was startled by the sharp report of Uncle Mose's rifle and by a noise through the bushes as if a lot of horses had stampeded. The Indians had all broken and run, except for one who lay within ten feet of us, groaning in death's agonies. Uncle Mose said, "Send a few bullets in the direction of the noise to keep them going, for we will have to pack up and get out of here, so as to have a clear field to fight in when daylight comes, for they will make it warm for us tomorrow."

WHEN we got our animals saddled and packed, ready to leave, the Indian had ceased his groaning, and before we started, Mose went and got an arrow out of his quiver. We took an opposite direction from the one the Indians had taken, but we could not travel very fast, owing to the darkness. Just as we emerged from the river bottom and ascended to the tableland, day began to break; and as it got lighter we traveled

Mangas Colorado, Chief of the Mimbreños Apaches.

faster, and when the sun was about two hours high, we arrived upon the summit of a barren mountain where we could see for about a mile back over the trail we had traveled.

We went a few yards farther into a low sag, where we would be out of the sight of any Indians following our trail. When we halted, Uncle Mose took the arrow he had gotten out of the Indian's quiver, examined it, and said, "These are not Francisco's Indians. They are Mangas Colorado's, and have come from the Santa Lucia Springs and are hunting."

I asked him, "How can you tell the difference between the arrows of one tribe and those of another?"

He pointed to the arrow point which was of copper and said, "Mangas Colorado's tribe have copper arrowheads, and the arrows of Francisco's tribe are pointed with flint. But it is much better for us that it is Mangas' warriors instead of Francisco's, for in that case we will not have over thirty Indians to fight; where if it had been one of Francisco's warriors we had killed, we would have had two or three hundred warriors on our trail. This is a good place to give them a setting-back, and we will wait for them here. I will crawl up where I can look back over our trail, and you go down into the sag and make coffee, but don't let the smoke rise so the Indians can see it. You need not fry bacon, we will eat it raw."

It was no small task to make a fire out of brush and dry grass, and keep the smoke from ascending above the ridge where Mose was lying, but by perseverance I accomplished the feat and took coffee, bread, and bacon to Mose. "Now," said Mose, "while the coffee is getting cool, you go and put meat, flour and coffee into our saddle bags, so that if we lose the pack animals we will still have enough with us to last until we reach Tucson. Don't put all of one kind on one horse, but divide the grub equally, so if one of us gets left, the other will not suffer from hunger."

I went and did as he directed and could not help thinking about his remarking, "If one of us should get left," and I wondered how I would ever be able to reach Tucson settlement if Mose should be so unfortunate as to get left. I began to wish I had never come on the trip with the great trapper and guide, and it was so provoking to see how coolly and calmly he took everything, and I felt ashamed that I could not face matters with the same calmness. My reverie was broken into rather abruptly by Mose calling to me, "Come and eat your breakfast, if you want any. The Indians are on our trail, but I do not think there are more than fifteen or twenty." I crawled up to get a look, and he said, "Stop where you are and eat your breakfast; you will have time, and then, if I am not mistaken, you will have a chance to see and probably feel Indians."

I quickly finished my breakfast, and Mose said, "Jim, you must learn always to eat heartily when you expect work with Indians. After this, I will expect you to do so. You tie the drinking cups to our saddles and pull up some of that low brush, and hand it to me with a few stones."

He took the brush and stones and set them up about a yard from him, so they resembled a short growth of brush.

"Now you can crawl up behind that brush, and don't raise your head above the top of it until the fight begins. Then knock it away and lie flat and pump lead into them as fast as you can, and if you do as good shooting with your six-shooters as your boys give you credit for, there will be fewer Indians to go back from here after the fight is over.

"How far can you hit an Indian with your six-shooter?" he asked.

I told him, "At any distance under one hundred yards."

He said, "All right, as they are moving up I will have to let some of them get within twenty-five yards' distance, so the main body will come within your range. And Jim, bring one of the canteens here so that, if we have to clean our guns, we will have the water handy."

In front of us were plenty of rocks for the Indians to get behind, and they could keep up the fight for some time by closing in on us by degrees, leaving one rock and taking position behind one nearer us.

IN THOSE DAYS guns had to be loaded at the muzzle and capped, and it took some time to load and fire. After firing several times, the guns would become so dirty that we could not ram a ball down without cleaning them, hence his reason for wanting the canteen of water close and ready for use. But while we had those disadvantages to contend with, the Indians were at a greater disadvantage, for they had no firearms, but only bows, arrows, and lances.

When the brush was set up, I crawled up and peeked through and saw the Indians all within two hundred yards of us, and there seemed to be more than twenty. I wanted to fire upon them, but Mose would not consent. I told him that we could massacre them with our rifles, as they did not have a gun and could not harm us until they got to within one hundred yards. He told me to wait until he gave the word, and then to light in and make every shot count.

In the meantime, the Indians kept on the trail. Three of them were about twenty-five yards in advance of the band which was coming up the hill with a flank movement, and all of them were close enough for my six-shooters. Mose whispered to me, "Cover the third Indian who is along with the advance, and keep him covered, with your finger on the trigger, ready to fire when I give the signal."

"One, two three—fire!" he said; and

(Continued on page 28)

"IT'S DEATH to BONNIE and CLYDE"

By WILLIAM CX HANCOCK

Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker

Photos Courtesy The University of Texas Press, Taken from ASSIGNMENT HUNTSVILLE by Lee Simmons, Copyright 1957.

Editor's note: This story has been in our files for eight years, tagged "Run in 1974" which would have been forty years after the last gun sounded. Back in 1960 when the manuscript was bought, it seemed too "recent" to print even if it did portray the biggest manhunt the Southwest has ever seen. The story would still be aging in the files if Bonnie and Clyde hadn't suddenly ridden out of "The Bog" for an early resurrection. Our account will vary somewhat from the movie version—which is why we tore up the tag and are publishing it now.

IN THE last stanza of her final ballad—which laments she compulsively mailed in to the press for the sake of her "public"—red-haired Bonnie Parker predicted:

Some day we will go down together
And they will bury us side by side.
To a few it means grief,
To the law it's relief,
But it's death to Bonnie and Clyde.

She was crystal gazing near the end of the Barrow gang's two-year-and-two-months terror reign in which they scourged nine states, leaving behind a gory trail marked with endless violence, robberies, kidnappings, and thirteen corpses. She missed *only* in that her bullet-riddled body would be interred in the dusty Fishtrap cemetery in West Dallas while Clyde Barrow's shot-splintered bones would moulder in the weedy old French cemetery in "The Bog"—pitiable West Dallas swamp which spawned criminals and mosquitoes with equal facility.

But no such morbid thoughts troubled the popular twenty-year-old waitress in the winter of 1932 when she teamed up with the flashy Clyde Barrow, just two years her senior. Clyde had been paroled from the Texas penitentiary by Governor Ross Sterling in spite of the fact that less than two years of a fourteen-year sentence had been served and that he had proved to be a troublesome and unrepentant convict—even deliberately chopping off a big toe to get out of work on the prison farms.

Clyde and "Buck" Barrow

Courtesy Paul Northe

The 1934 Ford V-8 death car.

Bonnie and Clyde added a third member to their partnership in crime in the person of eighteen-year-old Raymond Hamilton, destined to became a daring bank robber. Clyde was hardly free of his prison odor before he and Raymond began appearing on Dallas police blotters for burglary and armed robbery. They quickly reached the point of no return when they cold-bloodedly murdered John N. Bucher, sixty-one-year old Hillsboro, Texas garageman in connection with a trifling stickup there. A $250 reward was placed on Clyde's head—evidence of his progress up the seamy ladder of crime.

The pair cooled out for a spell then recruited some confederates on August 1 and lifted the payroll of the Neuhoff packing plant in Dallas. A police captain and a sergeant practically stumbled over the gang as they pulled this job but failed to follow through. A few minutes later the robbers roared past the cops in a black V-8 Ford sedan—the Barrow Gang trademark—and thumbed their noses as they escaped into Oklahoma.

They attended a country dance in Stringtown, Atoka County, where they got liquored up and so riotous that Sheriff G. C. Maxwell and Deputy Eugene Moore tried to arrest them. The lawmen were promptly murdered for their efforts but wounded two members of the gang so severely that they were subsequently captured.

Clyde and Raymond got clear. They proceeded to play hide-and-seek with the police of Oklahoma and North Texas, wrecking or abandoning cars and stealing others as though they were enjoying the game. They even waked up farmer John Redden late at night near Clayton, Oklahoma, stole his car and kidnapped his nephew as a hostage. They finally shot their way back into Dallas through a police cordon.

THE TWO hoodlums "borrowed" another Ford of the type they favored, picked up Bonnie Parker, and lit out for Carlsbad, New Mexico where they holed up and proceeded to have a merry time. The setup aroused suspicion and Deputy Sheriff Joe Johns investigated, finding the gang asleep. He incautiously awakened them, totally unaware of the identities of the dangerous felons with whom he was dealing. The gang disarmed and kidnapped him and headlines the next day proclaimed that his headless body had been found along the El Paso, Texas highway. This proved a yet unexplained mistake as that night John walked into the police station in San Antonio to announce that he had been released unharmed outside the city.

This bombshell set off an intensive manhunt in the San Antonio area but the slippery Barrow Gang merely shifted operations to Southeast Texas for a spell. They pulled the auto switcheroo and showered an inquisitive deputy sheriff in Wharton with lead. They veered to West Texas and robbed a supermarket in Abilene. Three days later in North Texas Clyde stuck up a suburban grocery in Sherman. A clerk named Howard Hall was a little slow in handing over the money and received such a brutal pistol whipping that the dazed lad staggered into Barrow who blasted him to death with four shots from his automatic pistol. Clyde whirled to shoot the other clerk but his gun jammed so he took to his heels and jumped into a black V-8 Ford with Bonnie at the wheel and they raced away in their usual cloud of dust. An additional reward of $200 was placed on Clyde's scalp for this murder.

Somewhere along the way Clyde had become fiercely jealous of Raymond's increasing attentions to Bonnie and the two outlaws had a bitter falling out. Raymond thereby formed his own bank robbing team while Clyde and Bonnie for the next few months merely beckoned to waiting and willing confederates in The Bog when they required additional firepower for a given job. On November 17, 1933 Texas authorities finally got around to revoking Clyde's parole.

Raymond was arrested in Bay City, Michigan in late December and returned to Texas jurisdiction where he received the whopping prison sentence of 263 years for his exploits—an assessment said to have disappointed him because it was slightly short of a record in penal history for the Southwest. As the prison gates closed around him he expressed regret for having broken with Barrow.

"Clyde won't leave me to rot on no prison farm," he boasted. "When he springs me, we'll team up again and all hell will never catch us." Time would prove him partly correct.

Meanwhile elements of the Barrow Gang celebrated year's end by robbing the bank of Grapevine, Texas. A stool pigeon informed police that gang members would appear in The Bog at the home of Hamilton's sister on Saturday night, January 7. Five rather inexperienced deputy sheriffs secreted themselves at the address. Somebody in the household placed a red lamp on the living room table which unknown to the cops was a signal to the gang of ambush.

Left front: Captain Frank Hamer, who carried sixteen slugs in his body as souvenirs of his Ranger service, is pictured with officers who worked with him on the Barrow case.

A black V-8 Ford raced up out of the night and slowed in front of the house, cruising back and forth before halting with motor running. Clyde emerged from the vehicle with a sawed-off 12-gauge automatic shotgun cradled in his arms. He knew cops were inside the house but had developed such a paranoic hatred for lawmen that he seemed eager to shoot it out with them at any time. Bonnie crystallized this mania when she stated in one of her ballads that:

There are lots of untruths to our writeups
We are not so merciless as that.
But we hate all the laws,
The double crosser who draws
The stool pigeons, spotters and rats.

Clyde walked up on the front porch and blazed away at the deputies, dusting them in general with buckshot and eventually killing investigator Davis. Covered by rifle fire from the waiting automobile, Clyde ran to it and jumped in and the vehicle roared away into the blackness from which it had come. The sheriffs of Dallas and Tarrant counties offered $400 in additional rewards for the murderers. Clyde was now front page stuff so the heat sent him and Bonnie into hiding in Joplin, Missouri.

Main building of the Huntsville penitentiary, Texas.

IN LATE MARCH, twenty-eight-year old brother Buck Barrow got pardoned from the Texas penitentiary by Governor "Ma" Ferguson. He and wife Blanche joined Bonnie and Clyde in

Bonnie Parker, the diminutive, red-haired, freckle-faced bank robber.

The Barrow Gang. Left to right: Clyde Barrow, Joe Palmer, Raymond Hamilton and Henry Methvin.

Joplin. Police discovered and surrounded the hideout on April 13 and a bloody gunbattle ensued. Bonnie stood toe-to-toe with her man and sprayed the cops with sub-machinegun fire. The gang shot its way out of the trap, killing a detective and a constable in the process.

The Barrow Gang was extremely well armed, having plundered the National Guard Armory at Ranger, Texas and stolen a number of BAR's (Browning automatic rifles—the high-powered 20-shot official army sub-machinegun), numerous automatic shotguns, a large number of .45-calibre automatic pistols and much ammunition. The surplus they had cached with relatives for future reference. One could hardly turn around in North or East Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, or Louisiana without touching a Parker or Barrow or Hamilton relative. One thing of which the people of The Bog always had an excess was kids, and these people were much intermarried.

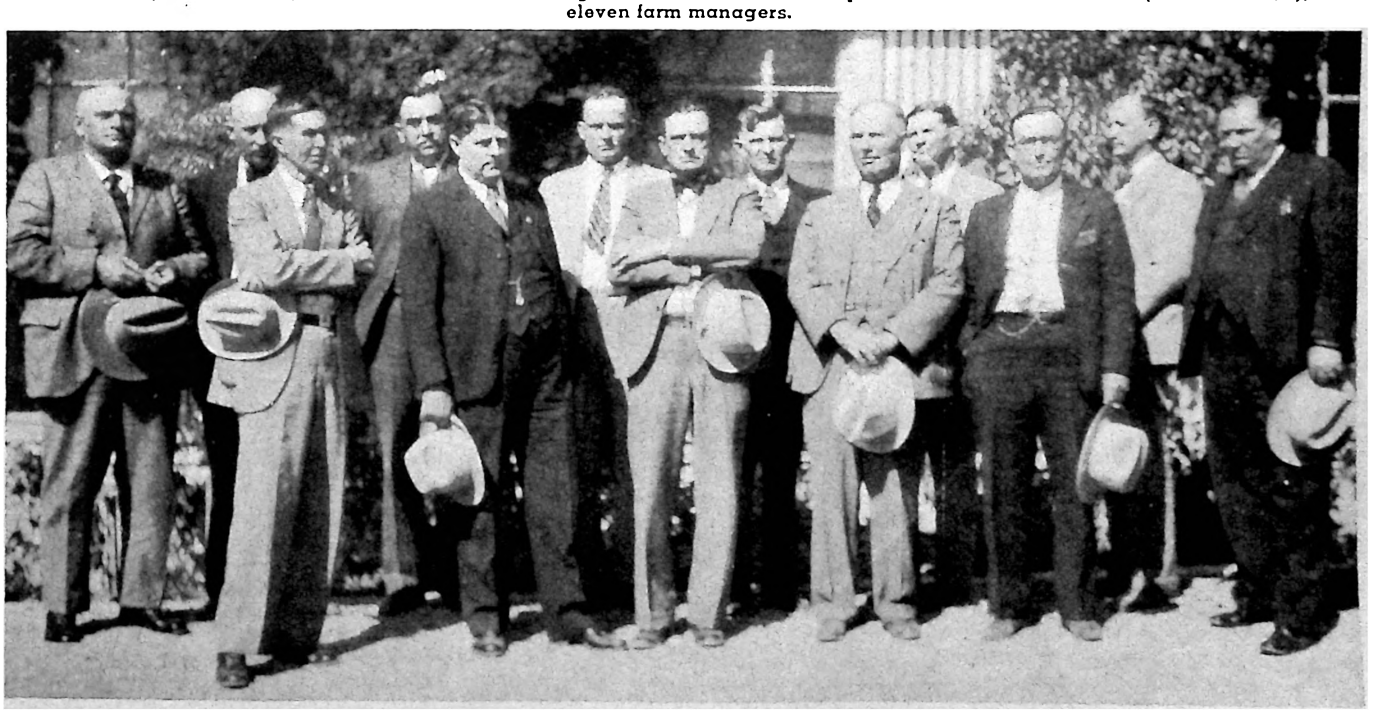
An additional $1,000 reward was offered for Clyde for the Joplin murders but the gang disdainfully continued its depredations in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas then holed up in the swamps of the Black Lake country in Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana. Funds began to run low by late April so they moved back into action. Needing a new car for the coming campaign, they drove into Ruston, Louisiana around midday where Clyde calmly took possession of and drove away the vehicle of his choice while owner H. D. Darby and friend Sophie Stone looked on. The two outraged citizens pursued the thieves in Miss Stone's car—a mistake in judgment as they quickly learned. With characteristic speed-demon technique, Clyde outdistanced them, pulled onto a a sideroad, let them pass then overtook and kidnapped them. Bonnie joined the party and the frightened couple was taken along as far as the outskirts of Magnolia, Arkansas. They were well treated, and reported that their abductors considered the whole thing a huge joke.

THE MAY ISSUE of a national detective story magazine added a $100 reward to the price on Clyde's head—an action said by his friends to have tickled his vanity no end. The gang celebrated this recognition by robbing a bank in Indiana, wounding two women bystanders in the ensuing gunbattle with police. The outlaws gaily ducked and dodged the cops of the Midwest, wrecking cars and stealing others until they disappeared into a void in the Southwest.

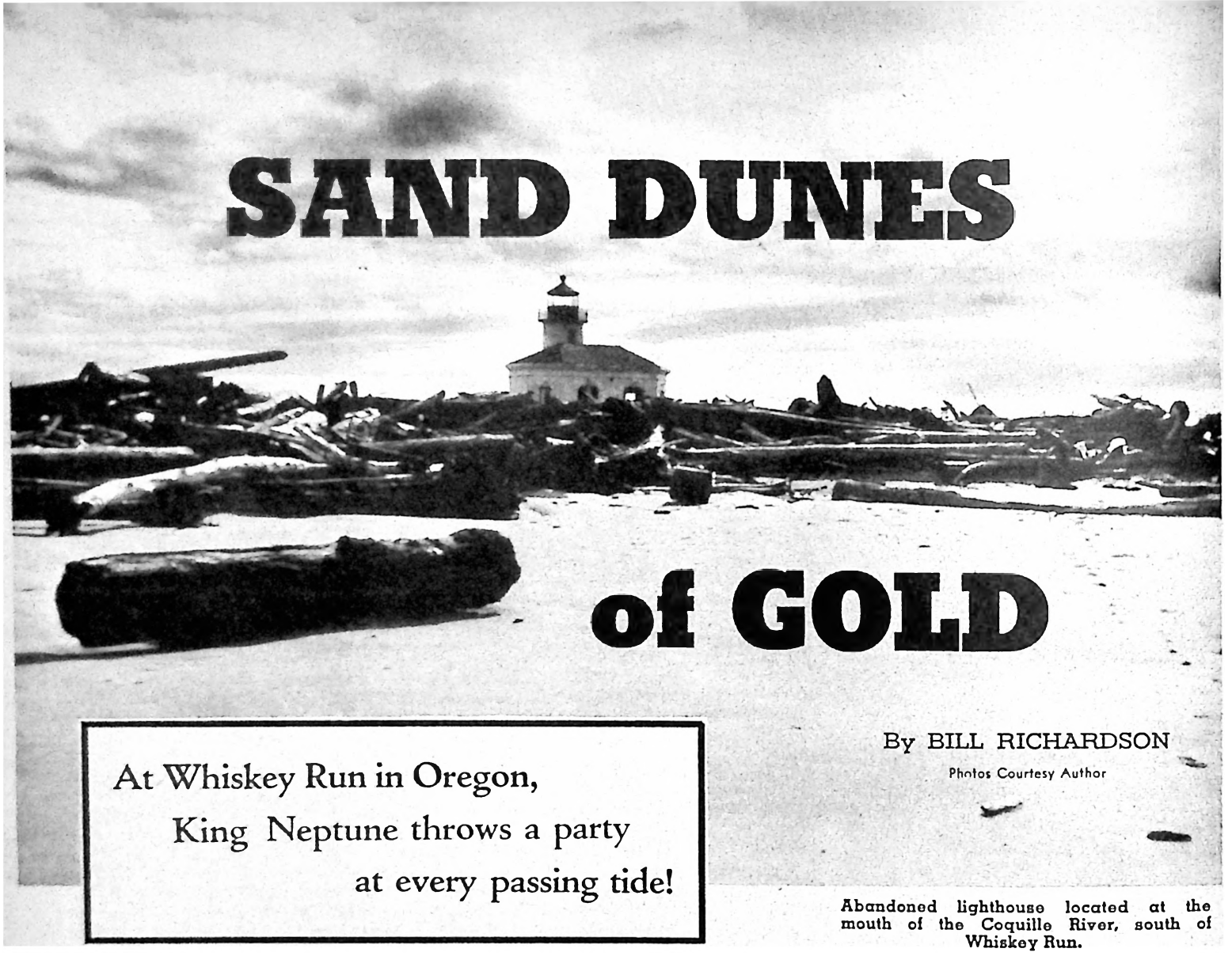
They reappeared on the night of June 11 when Bonnie and Clyde and Buck, while racing down the highway roaring

(Continued on page 56)

Lee Simmons (third from left), at one time General Manager of the Texas Prison System, with Warden Waid (fifth from left), and eleven farm managers.



SAND DUNES of GOLD



At Whiskey Run in Oregon,
King Neptune throws a party
at every passing tide!

By BILL RICHARDSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Abandoned lighthouse located at the mouth of the Coquille River, south of Whiskey Run.

THE BLACK SANDS which spread over the Oregon beaches more than 100 years ago, long enough to make a few dozen men very wealthy, and then capriciously disappeared, are believed to be showing once more at many places along the coast.

It all began when two half-breed Indian brothers who learned to pan gold in California were prospecting just 5½ miles north of the mouth of the Coquille River. Every prospector learns early in the game that his pan must be kept clean and free of rust. Maybe the brothers were merely using the sand to clean their pans, or it may have been plain curiosity. We can imagine their surprise, however, when a 2½" pile of sand in their gold pan worked down to almost a half-ounce of pure gold on the bottom! During the next ten years it is recorded that more than $100,000 was taken from this one claim alone, individual pans yielding from eight to ten dollars each.

The chances of keeping their find a secret were good, providing their gold wouldn't have to be used for supplies. A tribe of Coquille Indians was located some distance away at the mouth of the Coquille, and it was almost fifteen miles to the north where the Cowes (Coos) Indians were encamped. But to be on the safe side they decided to stake a claim every 300 feet on each side of where the little stream of Whiskey Run empties into the Pacific Ocean.

The beach proved to be an excellent source of razor clams, offering up all one could eat for ten minutes' digging. Giant steelhead and salmon were in abundance in the nearby river, and venison was plentiful on the bluffs above. Whiskey Run gave them the necessary water needed for panning without the nuisance of racing after the ocean as the tides moved in and out. There was no real need to go after supplies.

Their discovery of the rich black sands was made in February, 1852, and although the winters in this region are mild, daily doses of rain and grey skies became increasingly depressing to the prospectors' spirits. They worked $40,000 out of their claims before Captain Smith from the military post at Port Orford included in one of his official reports in 1853 that "gold has been discovered in the black sands at Whiskey Run."

That did it! One of history's strangest gold rushes was on! The name, Whiskey Run, didn't live long enough to be officially recorded as the name of the town which sprang up. "Randolph" was chosen by a Dr. Foster and Captain Harris. Each day brought newcomers as word of the strike got around, and soon almost a thousand prospectors were working claims which stretched along the beach for twelve miles. Each man claimed 300 feet of beach along the ocean, and 1,200 feet back toward the bluffs. Later, some of the bluff claims proved to be good producers, too.

THE EARLIEST RECORDS at the Coos County Courthouse in Coquille, dated 1867, contains various transactions among the prospectors. Instead of the usual legal and detailed location descriptions generally found on mining claims, these records contained such terse identification as: "300 feet commencing at the south end of Hinches' claim, formerly Evans', and running southerly, following the angles of the lead. (signed) M. M. Bates, Hinches Mining District."

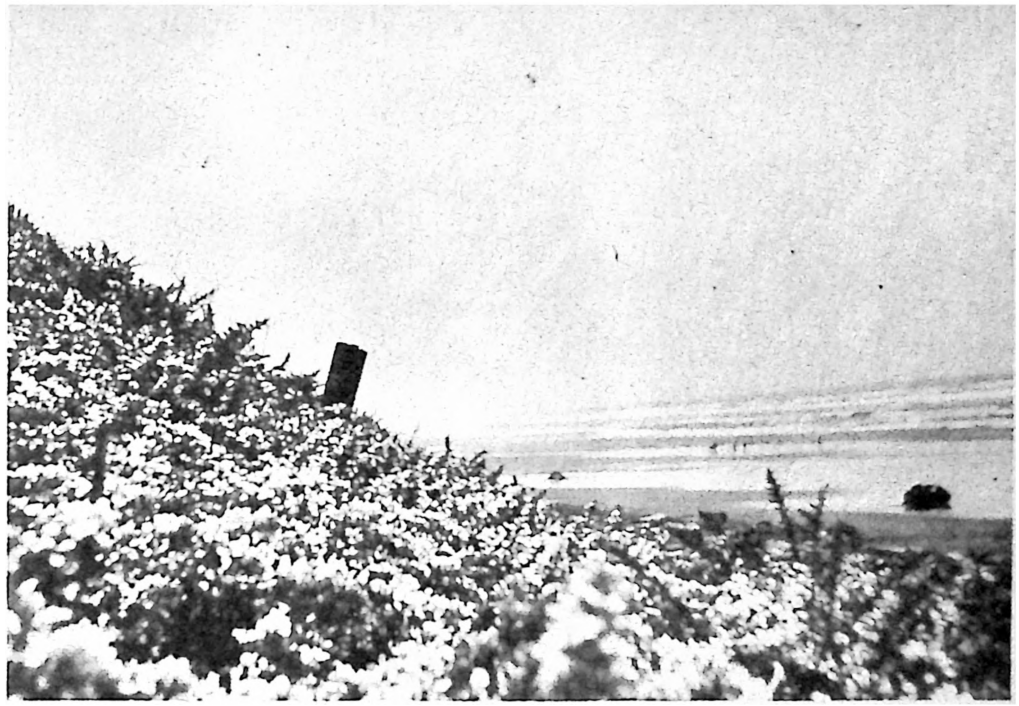
Randolph supposedly was located on the bluff above the richest claims, but today thorny Irish furze makes it next to impossible for anyone to search for existing ruins or evidence of the former townsite. The first houses were just saddle blankets thrown over a bush, but because of the abundance of rainfall in this area, it wasn't very long before

miners' shacks and cabins, however crude, were built. These were constructed of anything that would at least partially keep out the wind and constant rain; only the two stores in the town resembled anything like a conventional building.

EARLY SETTLERS told of the nightly sight of bonfires stretching along the beach from the Coquille River to Three Mile Creek, as miners worked their claims when one of the low tides would allow them access to the sands. Today one of Oregon's newest and most complete state parks, Bullard's Beach Park, is located a little over two miles from Whiskey Run. A short walk over the sand dunes, now planted with dune grass, will take the curious over many of the early claims.

The early prospectors' equipment consisted of sluice boxes with copper plates coated with quicksilver on which they would catch the fine "flour" gold. Twice in every twenty-four hours when the tide was low, the prospectors would set up their sluice boxes, working with ocean water (except those whose claims were close enough to use the creeks.) As the tide would bring the water farther and farther inland at each change, the miners had to pack up everything and move it back to the bluffs to wait until the next low tide would permit them to set up their equipment once again and begin their strange mining of the rich sands.

In some places the black deposit was three feet deep before the gravel bed was reached and the holes dug by the miners were empty only as long as the next tide, when the ocean would generously redeposit more gold-bearing sand. One Joe Crowley of Randolph loaded a mule with all the gold the animal could carry and quit the diggins', believing like the rest that this bonanza would go on forever, and he could always come back for more if he needed it.



Except for this claim stake, an abundance of thorny shrubs hides all traces of the once booming mining camp.

When Oregon was still a territory, it was customary for miners to assemble to agree on rules for the regulation of their rights in any given area. These rules, or laws, were strictly obeyed, and applied to the mining district as formed by the miners. The name given to the district in which Randolph was located was Hinches Mining District. Each claim was 300 feet in width along the ocean's edge, but the length varied, being the distance between the ocean and the sandy bluffs, with most of them running 1,200 feet.

Business enterprises to supply the miners soon began to flourish. "Poker" Winsler ran a mule team freight outfit from Port Orford, about fifty miles to the south, and the Coos Bay Company was formed which cut a trail through manzanita, rhododendron and thick underbrush and swamp from Empire City on Coos Bay to Randolph on the beach. This became known as the Randolph Trail and it was built with the dream of being the thoroughfare which would supply Randolph with the machinery, whiskey and other necessities that all were sure would be needed in quantity to build the town into the metropolis it promised to become.

Today, the shallow black sands are a far cry from the 3 foot deposits worked by the Randolph prospectors in the 1850s.

ACCORDING to their official publication, *The Ore Bin* (June, 1963), the Oregon Department of Geology and Mineral Industries states that the original discoverers, the two halfbreed Indians, worked their ground for two summers without news of their find getting abroad. After word got out, the rush started and they sold out to McNamara Brothers for $20,000.

Legend tells of two men named Groulleaux who quit their claims at Randolph and, fearing robbery, hid half of their new wealth someplace along the Randolph Trail. Taking the balance of the gold, they spent the following years enjoying European tours and other luxuries. One of these brothers died before he could return to Coos County, but the other returned twenty years later, only to discover that he was unable to recognize any landmarks or the cache's hiding place. Like many other lost treasures, it has never been found.

(Continued on page 45)

Two-gun Bill Hart poses with his likeness in bronze. This three-feet-tall work is signed "Cristadora" and is in the author's collection.

Wyatt Earp's Letters

—written at a time when the sun was setting for both . . .

By TOM G. MURRAY

Photos Courtesy Author

THOUSANDS of words have been penned about the famed Wyatt Earp; much fewer have been written by him. In fact, I had seen none at all until I came across the Earp letters at the William S. Hart Ranch (now a park and museum) in Newhall, California. There are about two dozen of these historic letters written by Wyatt Earp to the late movie idol, William S. Hart. Most of them are in long hand but a few are typed. The Earp letters reveal his politics and his anger over what he called the many untruths which were in print concerning his colorful life.

On November 13, 1928 Wyatt Earp wrote, "Here is something that will make you laugh. I picked Smith (Al) for the winner of the election; just in my mind, you know, so it didn't cost me anything—no new hat to buy nor any peanuts to roll along the thoroughfare with a tooth-pick nor anything else to make me wish I hadn't. It just furnishes my friends a lot of fun by guying me. Hoover will make an excellent president, and the nation will have no regrets at having chosen him."

On November 16, 1924 Earp wrote to his friend Bill, "Even the paragraph about Doc Holliday shooting a man in Los Angeles was without foundation. Holliday to my positive knowledge never had been in Los Angeles."

Published here, perhaps for the first time, are some of the most interesting letters which Wyatt Earp penned to America's favorite "strong and silent" cowboy.

Oct. 21, 1920

My Dear Hart:

I am sending you the quirt that I promised you some time ago and I am also adding a word of apology for the delay. My time has been so occupied with business affairs during recent weeks requiring my absence. I just did not get the opportunity to mail the quirt to you. Although I have thought of you. I believed I explained to you the quirt was made a number of years back in 1885 by a Mexican woman who was serving time in the penitentiary at Yuma, Arizona for the murder of her husband so you can see that a good quirt was made by a bad woman. It ought to stand hard usage and last a lifetime and I am sure it will. In your leisure moments may you occasionally remember that this is just a token of appreciation from me who hold you in deepest regards and esteem.

Your friend,
Wyatt S. Earp
4021 Pasadena Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

This interesting letter was written by Mrs. Wyatt Earp, and it shows her concern over her husband's press image.

Friday March 24, 1922

Dear Mr. Hart:

I wish to thank you most sincerely in your very kind thoughts in contradicting the nasty and ugly articles which appeared in the Sunday *Times* of March 12, 1922 regarding my husband. Mr. Earp only yesterday did learn of the unpleasant affair. I have called in the *Times* staff and have made it very plain to them that every untruth must be corrected and printed in the same sensational manner. I feel deeply indebted to you for your kindness to us. It was a mighty big thought of yours and we highly appreciate it.

I am leaving for the mines today where my husband is at present and fully acquaint him of all this unpleasant affair and also tell him your genuine kindness to him. Accept our heartiest congratulations and wishing you and your wife every happiness in the world

of which you are more than worthy. I wish to thank you once more for all you have done.

Very Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Earp

The article mentioned in Mrs. Earp's letter made Wyatt Earp mad as hell. It had at least one glaring untruth. It said that Wyatt Earp was killed in Colton, California. He was very much alive at his mine in Vidal, California. I made a copy of the article from the files of the main library in Los Angeles. Here it is in full.

LURID TRAILS ARE LEFT BY OLDEN DAY BANDITS
By J. M. Scanland

"This old type faded out with the 'round-up' of the Earp, Dalton and Evans-Sontag gangs. The Earps were not really of the western bandit type, for they usually remained in the background, while their confederates confronted danger. They were of the swaggering kind now seen on the movie stage.

"In the Earp gang were four brothers Virgil, James, Wyatt, and Morgan with J. (Doc.) Holladay and Frank Stilwell. This gang had been driven out of Dodge City, Kan. by the late Bat Masterson then Chief of Police and a noted gunman. The gang selected Tombstone, Arizona as the base of their operations.

"Soon after arrival Virgil Earp was appointed Deputy United States Marshall and Wyatt Earp Chief of Police. This gave them an advantage and being gamblers they naturally sided with their own. Trouble arose between them and Sheriff John Behan, who tried to 'clean up' the town. Trouble began when four cowboys refused to recognize the right of the Earp gang to rule the town. The cowboys were Bill and Ike Clanton and Tom and Frank McLowry. The Earps ordered the cowboys out of town and they were preparing to leave when they were waylaid and a gun battle followed during which Virgil Earp was shot in the leg, Morgan Earp in the shoulder and Ike Clanton was killed. The town was aroused and Frank Stilwell, who led the stage robberies, brought the trouble to a climax when he informed against his partners, because the Earps would not divide fairly. In a gun battle that followed, Stilwell killed Morgan Earp. A few months later another stage was robbed, and the driver 'Bud' Philpot was killed. . . .

"Stilwell after his confession had gone to Benson. As the train bearing the Earp gang entered the station, Stilwell was on the platform, Virgil Earp stepped off, shot and killed Stilwell and the train passed on. There was no arrest.

"The Earp gang then came to Calif. "Doc" Holladay located here. Virgil and Jim Earp went to San Bernardino, where one opened a saloon and dance house and the other a faro game. Wyatt Earp located at Colton where he was killed. Finally the authorities suggested that Virgil move on. He moved leaving a trail of debts. He died at Goldfield with his boots off."

THE ARTICLE must have been quite a shock to the Earps. In a later letter you'll read where Wyatt Earp did something about what he called so many untruths. In this next letter Earp tells of his joy at the birth of William S. Hart Jr. The meaning of the first part of the letter isn't clear.

Los Angeles, California
Oct. 16, 1922

Mr. William S. Hart
8341 De Longpre Drive
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hart:

After a long absence I have now returned to the city for a short stay. It must all come to you with mixed joy. I wish to make no comment because I am your friend and I know you have nothing to regret. You have hosts of friends Mr. Hart and the world thinks of you with a spirit of great loyalty [more] now than it ever has.

But I can rejoice with you in the great happiness that comes to you as a father. In this you are especially blessed. Your son is likewise because he has a good father. I say this modestly and if his purposes in life are as noble, he will be a success. It is the earnest [wish] of Mrs. Earp and myself that he shall live to be all of that.

I trust your recent illness is just of the passing sort and that you will be yourself again within a few days. Mrs. Earp joins me in best wishes.

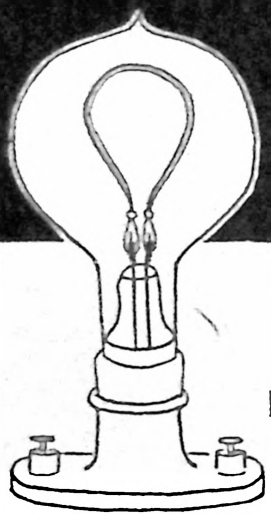
Sincerely yours,
Wyatt Earp

In the next letter Mrs. Earp tells Hart that her husband wishes to dedicate a book to him—a book about which few Western buffs will ever reach total agreement.

(Continued on page 66)

to Bill Hart

Wyatt Earp's pallbearers. Left to right: F. Dornberger, George Parsons, John Clum, William S. Hart, Wilson Mizner and Tom Mix.



DID EDISON GET "TURNED ON" IN WYOMING?

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy Author

It's said a bamboo fishing pole the inventor used at Battle Lake was the missing link in his incandescent light experiments

ABOUT SIXTEEN MILES west of Encampment, Wyoming near the Continental Divide, a side road turns off from the Encampment-Baggs road leading to the shores of Battle Lake. There a large monument stands, but no mention is made on the marker of the fierce battle between Indians and a party of American Fur Company's trappers in 1843. No mention is made of how Battle Lake got its name. Nor is anything said about the once thriving, copper-mining towns of Battle and Doane-Rambler, now ghosts.

Instead, the monument commemorates an event regarded by some as doubtful legend—but there are many facts handed down by Wyoming pioneers which give credence to the story.

Thomas A. Edison

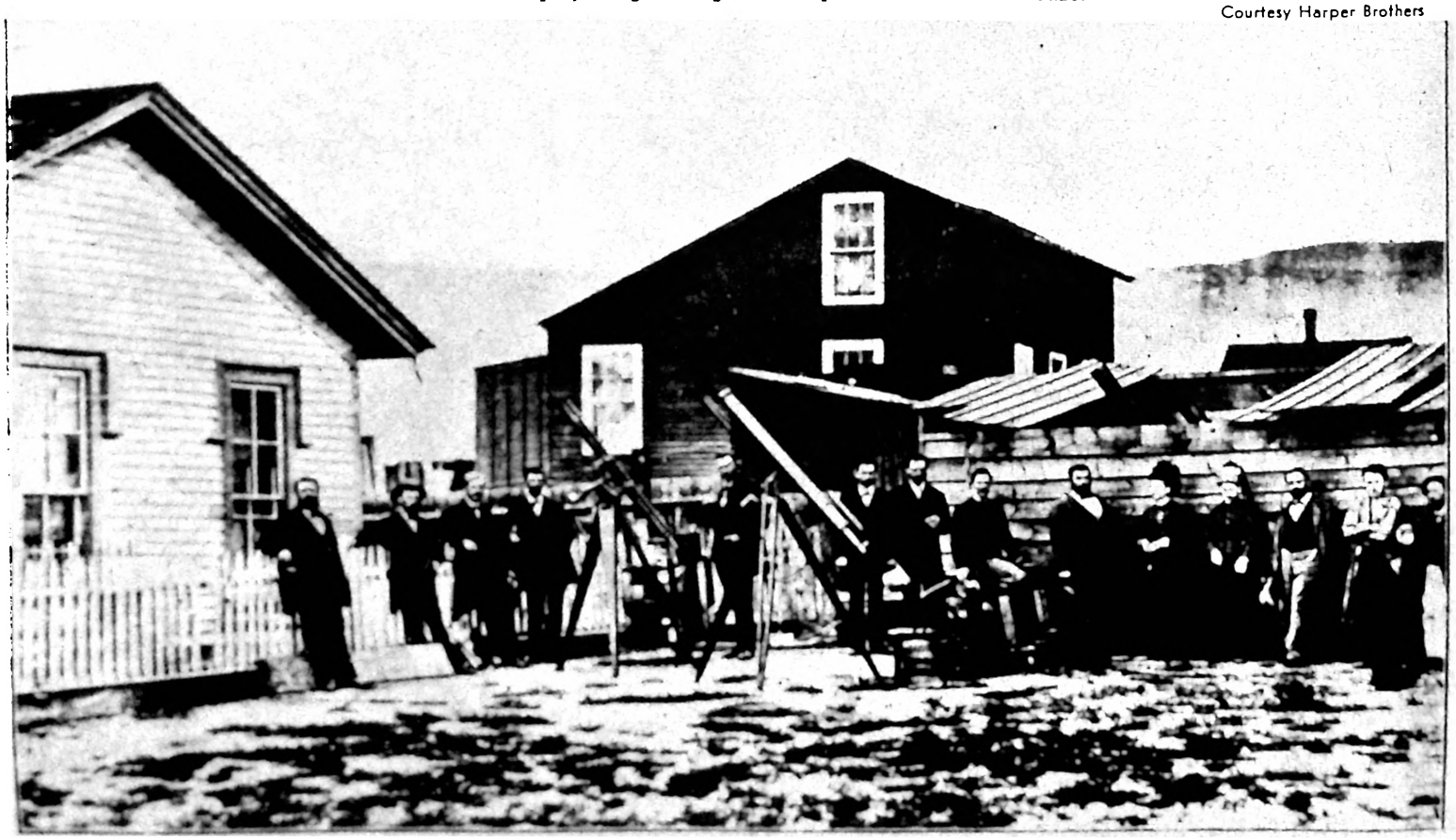
camped near this spot in 1878, while on a fishing trip. It was here that his attention was directed to the fiber from his bamboo fish pole which he tested as a suitable filament for his incandescent electric lamp. Born February 11, 1847. Died October 18, 1931. Age 84. Placed by the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, 1949.

WHEN Professor George P. Barker of the University of Pennsylvania suggested to Edison that he take a much-needed vacation and join the Henry Draper Astronomical Expedition for observation of a solar eclipse at Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, on July 29, 1878, the thirty-one-year-old inventor eagerly grasped the opportunity.

At this time Edison had his laboratory in Menlo Park, New Jersey and for sixteen years had not taken a vacation or even a period of rest. His inventions already numbered 158. Most of 1877 had been devoted to the launching of his newly invented phonograph. The work

The Henry Draper Astronomical Expedition visited Rawlins in 1878 to observe the solar eclipse. Edison's invention, the testimeter, can be seen projecting through the top of the chicken house.

Courtesy Harper Brothers



had been exciting but very exhausting.

Edison did not consider himself a scientist or astronomer, but he was eager to observe the solar eclipse in order to check one of his most recent inventions—the testimeter. This was a delicate instrument which could measure heat up to the millionth part of a degree of Fahrenheit. With it Edison hoped to measure the heat of the sun by testing the new instrument upon the corona of the sun during the two and one-half minutes of the total eclipse.

Astronomers from many nations came into the West that summer to witness this phenomenon. Some went to Colorado's high mountains. A government party was at a railway station called "Separation," west of Rawlins, Wyoming Territory. A number of people selected Rawlins because it was the highest town near the Divide (6,755 alt.), with usually clear, sunny weather.

Up to the time of the eclipse the town's chief claim to fame had been the 1874 shipment of a carload of pigment from its Red Paint mines to be used in painting the Brooklyn Bridge!

Draper's party, to which Edison belonged, arrived in Rawlins in a special car over the Union Pacific. Mrs. Draper accompanied her husband who was a scientist at the Albany Observatory in Albany, New York. His chief work had been in celestial photography. In their party also were Dr. Barker of Philadelphia, Professor Morton of Hoboken, Marshall Fox, star reporter of the New York *Herald*, and Theodore Whitney of San Augustine, Florida, a descendant of Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin.

A reporter for the Cheyenne *Leader* who visited with the Draper party while the train stopped for dinner in Cheyenne, described Edison as having "a remarkably prominent forehead and a youthful expression." He said that his complexion was dark and healthy, his hair was black, straight and very thick, and he wore a rather large moustache.

"Most people," the reporter concluded, "would take Edison for a second lieutenant in the regular service."

Rawlins was a typical railway town with limited accommodations so it was necessary for the visitors to "double up" in the small hotel. Marshall Fox and Edison were roommates. Soon after going to sleep on the night of their arrival, they were aroused by loud knocking. When Edison opened the door a tall, handsome man dressed in a western hunter's outfit and with hair to his shoulders, announced in loud tones that he was "Texas Jack" Omohundro and that he had read about Edison and wanted to meet him.

Edison admitted later that he was a bit frightened when the landlord appeared and told Jack not to make so much noise and to be on his way. It was plain that Texas Jack was "somewhat inebriated." Jack, however, left without argument, at the landlord's request, but stated that he (Jack) was the boss-pistol shot of the West and that he had taught Doc Carver how to shoot. To prove his claim he pointed at a weather vane on the near-by depot and, pulling out a Colt's revolver, fired through a window and hit it!

Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming Library

Front Street, Rawlins, Wyoming, 1883.

It was well known that recently there had been some outlaws in the vicinity. Less than a month before, Big Nose George Parrot and Dutch Charlie Burris with accomplices had tried to derail the westbound Union Pacific pay car near Rawlins. They were now being sought by the law for the murders of Tip Vincent and Ed Widdowfield whom they had killed while trying to make a getaway.

Neither Fox nor Edison slept much that night although they were assured by the landlord that Texas Jack was not one of the "badmen." In fact, he was one of the most popular and best mountain guides in the entire West. He had just brought in a party of gentlemen who had been with him on a big game hunt.

IN THE MORNING following their meeting with Texas Jack, Edison and Draper called on Nute Craig, manager of the Western Union Telegraph. Edison explained that he was an old Western Union man and asked Craig to help him. He said that he and Dr. Draper needed an office where they could do some writing and loafing. Craig was positive that there was not a vacant room in town but said that he would put a table by his side window in the telegraph office and that they were welcome to use the place.

Edison explained that he also needed a place to "set up some traps" which he had in the special car. He again was working on the incandescent light.

Craig contacted the owner of the house next to the telegraph office as he knew the man's family had gone East. The neighbor gladly gave Edison the keys to the house and told him to use it in any way he wished. A laboratory was set up in the kitchen. Next, in order to make a place for the large testimeter, Craig took the top off his neighbor's chicken house and installed the instrument in there. Edison later commented that when the eclipse approached, the chickens went to roost.

From the kitchen-laboratory windows Edison, in early morning, could see plenty of antelope on the hills not far from town. He decided he would like to shoot one, and asked Craig to buy a long range rifle. Craig bought the rifle and then took Edison to a railway cut to practice target shooting. An old fruit can was placed on a rock some fifty yards away. After missing the can twice, Edison handed the gun to Craig who put a hole in the center of the target.

"Well," said Edison, "if you can do that I can." But he missed again. Craig had to get back to his telegraph office but Edison stayed. Some time later he returned to town with the can full of holes. "Now I'm going to get an antelope," he announced proudly.

The next two mornings Edison was out early with the rifle but came back each time empty-handed. "Before I leave

(Continued on page 44)

The dedication of the Thomas A. Edison marker near Battle Lake, Wyoming, 1949.

Courtesy Vera Oldman

Around 1897, cattlemen in the Nations turned unfriendly. It was "Keep rollin', mister"--the end of the line for horse traders north of the Red

KNIGHTS of the WAGON YARD

By J. F. HEAPS
as told to
OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

Typical early-day home on wheels.

WHEN I WAS BORN we had our old wagon, which was home, parked in a patch of woods near a little creek up northeast of Barnsdall, Indian Territory. Well, there wasn't no Barnsdall then, but where Barnsdall now is. That country was all Osage Nation and just Indians lived there.

My pa, Chris Heaps, was a horse trader—horse jockeys people called 'em. He had married my ma at Wichita, Kansas in 1882. She was the daughter of Doctor Barrow of that city. Ma had a pretty good education but Pa could hardly write his name. He could not figure anything with a pencil, but in his head he could get the answer quick. He could trade horses and come out ahead about anytime he could find a man with a horse he wanted to trade, and sometimes one that did not even want to trade until he listened to Pa tell all the fine qualities of the nag he had for swapping. Pa was a regular whiz at getting hold of an old horse, doctoring it up and starting out to look for a buyer.

His regular trips started out from Coffeyville, Kansas, across the wide unfenced prairies, to the Indian Country. We'd drive to around Bartlesville and Pawhuska (the Osage Indian Agency), then on over to the Grayhorse Indian Trading Post. We'd ford the wild Arkansas River at some unmarked crossing and go on over to Pawnee, Stillwater and Guthrie. From Guthrie, the first capital of Oklahoma, we'd drive way down southeast to Holdenville in the Creek Nation in order to make the big horse races the Creeks held there every year. From the races, where Pa always made a lot of good swaps with the fullbloods, we'd head northeast for the tough old river town of Eufaula on the South Canadian River.

Leaving Muskogee, the seat of government of the Five Civilized Tribes, we'd start a swing a little to the west, heading for Claremore (the Will Rogers country). We hit Claremore in time for the big strip payment—in '97 I believe it was. Then we'd drive almost due north to the Henry Starr country of Nowata, Indian Territory. From there, just a couple of hard days' driving brought us back to Coffeyville, Kansas to spend the winter. We'd be just about nine months of the year making our regular rounds.

Time I was big enough to remember, Ma was pressing Pa pretty hard to stop and settle down somewhere—anywhere—so we kids could get some schooling. The oldest, now about nine, had never seen the inside of a schoolroom. Ma had taught him and the next child, a girl, to know their letters and some stuff, but she was sure worried about them getting an education. I was fourth in line.

About the first real clear memories I have are of riding in the old covered wagon and making camp at night. The older kids had to rustle up firewood. After Pa opened up the grub box on the back of the wagon, he generally left the rest up to Ma. Pa would always get busy taking care of the horses. Along with the team used to pull our home-on-wheels, Pa always had several trade horses following the wagon. He'd tie a good lead pony to the tailgate and the rest of the horses would follow, never getting far behind.

Ma had to kindle up a fire, get out the old iron skillets and Dutch oven and cook every meal on a campfire. Sometime for tables we had a couple of wooden boxes like Arm and Hammer Soda came in, but most of the time we just spread an oilcloth down on the ground to lay things on and hunkered around that.

Ma never liked that kind of living at all and along with my early memories of riding in the wagon and making camp, I remember Ma talking to me—almost every night it seemed—about Pa settling down and sending me to school.

THE LAST ROUND we made was in '98. Everything seemed to go wrong on this trip and Pa was upset the whole year. Ma kept saying. "Now maybe you'll settle down and get the kids in school."

Pa would get aggravated and storm at

her sometimes, "I ain't got no book larnin,' but I'm doin' all right. You ain't went hungry yet, have you?"

Ma never answered him back, but I bet she thought about all the meals she had cooked bent over a campfire and all the babies she'd had in that old covered wagon, sometimes on the prairie with no one near, sometimes in a wagon yard, or just wherever we happened to be.

Anyway, on that last trip, when we'd only been out three or four weeks, we were camped over on Bear Creek near Perry, Indian Territory. As usual, Pa was fooling with the ponies while Ma got a fire going. While she was busy with a million other things, like getting out the pots and pans, peeling spuds and stuff, looking after the new baby and trying to keep an eye on me as I skipped rocks in Bear Creek, the fire got out of control. First thing we knew it was roaring across the rich range land and the whole Bear Creek bottoms was afire. Pa and Ma tried to fight it for a short time, but did you ever see a prairie fire with a brisk wind blowing?

Well, Pa saw that no hundred men could stop that fire, so he started kicking the campfire around, scattering the burned wood all over so's no one could tell there'd been a campfire there. All the while he was hollering for us kids and Ma to get the stuff loaded in the wagon.

"Close the grub box! Load the kids! Get in! Get in!" he was yelling. While he was giving orders he was throwing the harness on the team and we pulled out of Bear Creek bottoms in nothing flat, with Pa fair leaning over the dashboard flailing the horses and most near dragging the pony tied to the tailgate.

In the glow from the raging prairie fire I could see the horses following behind the wagon—half-scared, tails flying and eyes rolling as they crowded close behind the lead pony, knowing well that danger was all around. As I said, Pa was in front, leaning over the dashboard, whipping the frightened team into a gallop, while Ma, in the spring seat beside him, hung on to the new baby for dear life. We kids laughed and thought it was funny when we hit Bear Creek so fast the water splashed clear up in the wagon. But Ma said to Pa in a scared voice, "Chris, if we break a wagon wheel we're not going to get away."

Pa slowed down some then, but he kept fussing at Ma for letting the fire get away from her. "They'll run us plumb out'en the Territory if'en they catch us," he kept saying. "They won't never let me back on the range."

It was years later before I realized Pa was running because the angry ranchers might have resorted to violence at the burning of hundreds of acres of rich range land. The ranchers did not care much for horse jockeys anyway.

MORE DAYS followed of jolting across the prairies, through bottoms, across steep gullies and fording unnamed creeks and well known rivers, but we crept steadily on southward toward Guthrie. One night we made camp in the Cimarron River bottoms. While Pa and Ma went about camp duties, me and Sister went down as usual to skip rocks in the water and just fool around as kids will. It was getting almost dark under the big, thick trees along the river when Ma called us to supper.

We started to the wagon, and were stopped dead in our tracks by what we called a ghost. It looked to us like a man on a horse with a white sheet wrapped around him. He just sat there and we, after a second, took off like a pair of scared jackrabbits back to the wagon. With both of us talking at once, we tried to tell Pa what we'd seen. He looked sort of funny but went on eating his supper. After a bit he blew out the lantern and we all went to bed in the wagon. Pa had not much more than got his overalls off when the horses began to snort and paw and act funny like horses will when something is around—like maybe an animal or a man on the prowl.

Anyway, Pa jumped up, put his overalls back on, hitched up the team and started another night drive, but this time we didn't go lickety-split like we did from the fire. In fact, I remember that Pa just sort of shook the lines and in a very low voice, started the team. He drove "soft" until we got out of the Cimarron bottoms, then he whipped up the team and made good time. I don't know how long he drove that night for I went back to sleep.

At Guthrie, we stayed in the wagon yard. Every little town (although there weren't many) had a wagon yard. You'd pull in, pay a quarter for a night's camping and had the use of a big shed for shelter in case of rain. You'd sleep as usual in your wagon or on the ground, but the wagon shed was nice for resting from the sun. The womenfolks could cook there, too, in bad weather. Usually there would be at least one more horse jockey in the wagon yard, and the women could visit and wash and patch, while Pa and the other horse traders hunkered down in the shade of the building with their old Barlow pocketknives whittling away at any available piece of wood or stick. Tobacco juice flew from their working jaws and made big splats in the dust—or mud as the case might be. Pa never stayed long in a wagon yard, as he said too much competition was bad for business.

Pa never varied his route. From Guthrie he'd head southeast some 150 miles toward Holdenville to make the race, as I have said, then on to Eufaula. That Creek Indian town on the banks of the South Canadian River was wild and rough and ready. Six-guns hung on the hips of every rancher, and a saddle gun was standard equipment on every cowpony. If you were a stranger in Eufaula country, you kept your mouth shut and your eyes open and you walked light.

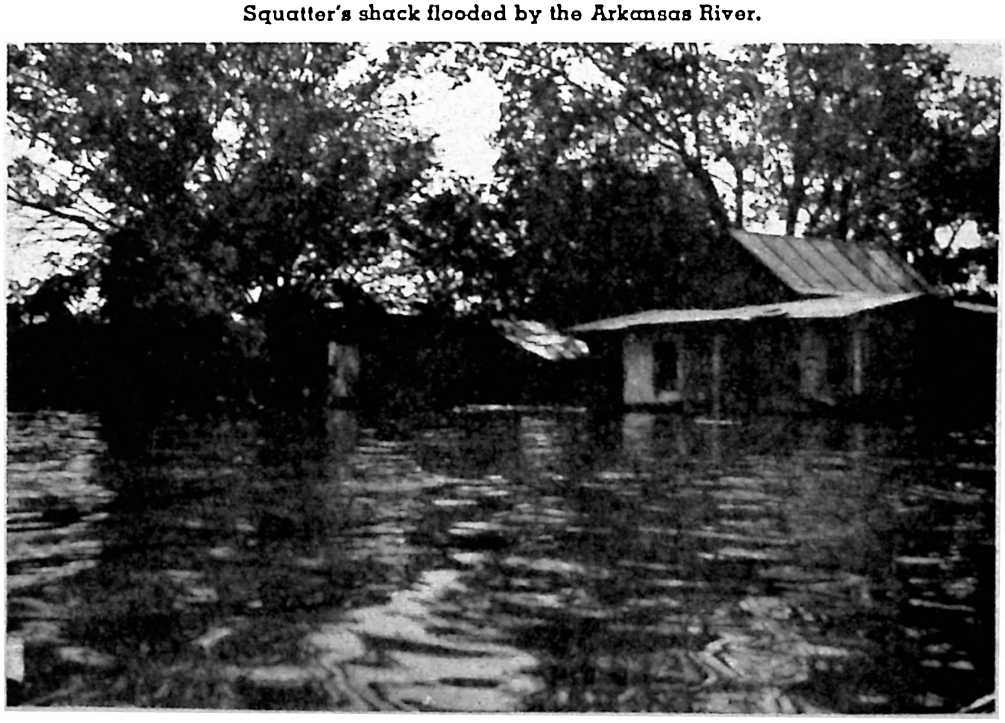
At Muskogee there were several wagon yards and considerable horse trading went on. Lots of Indians were always there, as they came on all kinds of business and were always good for some kind of a swap on saddle ponies.

We'd usually get back to Coffeyville just as the snow began to fly for the winter. At Coffeyville we had a cabin to keep house in, and Ma just loved it. It was just one room, so if the weather was not too bad, the older kids slept in the old wagon.

ON THIS, our last trip through the Nations, Pa stayed several days at Guthrie. There were five other outfits like ours camped in the wagon yard. Seemed as if the whole range was sick of horse jockeys, according to reports of the traders who'd come in from different directions. Some had been run out, some told to not come again, and some had been threatened with burning of their

(Continued on page 46)

Squatter's shack flooded by the Arkansas River.



This Fourth of July was celebrated by the muffled sound of a fife--and a drum--and an axe!

INDEPENDENCE DAY MURDER

By GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

FEW CRIMES contain the elements of jealousy and revenge so completely as the Fourth of July murder which occurred at Park City, Utah in 1880. It is a Cain and Abel story of a boyhood friendship destined to end in tragedy.

The Provo Valley of Utah Territory where Fred Hopt and Johnny Turner grew up during the 1870s was a quiet farming area settled by Brigham Young's Mormons. Young Hopt and Turner went to school together, were involved in the same boyhood adventures, and shared the same interests as they grew to manhood. There was one difference between the boys, however, and it was one which was to lead to violent death for both of them.

Hopt, a farmboy, was reared with little restraint and was allowed to run wild and free; Turner, who was the son of the county sheriff, grew up in a disciplined household as a quiet, steady youth. Maybe it was because there were so few boys of their own age in the valley that two youngsters of such different backgrounds and natures should become close friends.

Although they were constant companions, and were always together when any pranks were played, somehow it seemed that it was always Hopt who got caught, whether stealing watermelons or playing hookey from school. And later he was the one who got barred from church dances because of his rowdiness. It wasn't that Hopt wanted to get in trouble any more than Turner did, but trouble just seemed to follow him. His wild and reckless ways eventually caused him to run afoul of the law and it became Sheriff Turner's duty to arrest his son's best friend.

Hopt was arrested several times for minor offenses while still in his teens and as a result a shadow was cast over the boys' relationship. Hopt became known as a trouble maker while Turner was thought of as that "nice young man." Still, they remained friendly and were often seen together.

It was only natural that when young Turner grew up he would help his father as a deputy. And one day in the spring of 1880 the time finally came when duty required Johnny to assist in arresting Fred Hopt. He did so with extreme reluctance.

While Hopt was in jail he brooded over what he considered the injustice dealt him. It seemed to him that Johnny Turner got by with things he himself would be picked up for and he became jealous of what he believed was Turner's immunity to arrest. It seemed also that Turner managed to get everything he wanted while he couldn't seem to get anything. Everyday Hopt watched from his cell window as Turner drove past with his fancy new wagon and team. He recalled that when he had run barefoot as a boy, Turner had worn boots; and later when he had to ride bareback, Turner had a fancy saddle.

Hopt gradually began to blame his friend for every one of his troubles, and as the days passed he plotted ways to get even. It wasn't long until he had a scheme, not only to get revenge, but to obtain Turner's new wagon and team as well.

DURING the 1870s a number of booming new mining camps had sprung up in the mountains of Utah and Hopt and Turner as boys had often talked about going on a prospecting trip to one of them.

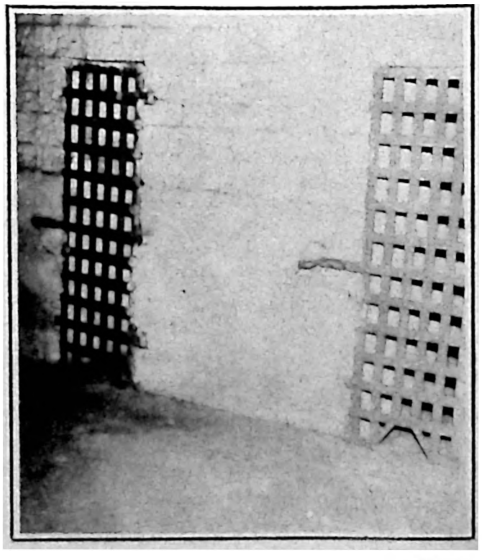
When Hopt was released from jail in June (1880) he began to urge Turner to go with him to Park City, a wild silver camp in the Wasatch Mountains. Hopt said he had a friend there who would help them locate a claim. At first Turner declined, but Hopt kept reminding him of the plans they had made together and the chance that they might strike it rich. After repeated urging Turner finally agreed to the trip.

They would take Turner's new wagon and team to carry supplies and borrow a second wagon and team from Turner's father for camp gear. One wagon was loaded with prospecting tools and a large quantity of grain for the horses, while the other wagon was used to carry bedrolls and camp equipment.

They left Provo on the 2nd of July, 1880 and followed the Provo River to Heber Valley where they made camp for the night. The following day when they arrived at Park City, they were met by Jack Emmerson, a dull-witted youth who apparently knew Hopt. Local miners had started early to celebrate the 4th of July holiday and the camp was in a festive mood. Emmerson had no trouble persuading the would-be prospectors to stay in town for the dance that night and the celebration the following day.

Park City had twenty-nine saloons on its main street and the three youths began making the rounds of all of them. The boisterous mining camp was a far different place from the little farm town

Jails cells of Park City where Emmerson was confined.



of Provo. As the evening wore on and the trio went from saloon to saloon Hopt began to turn ill-tempered. Soon even the usually friendly miners avoided him. Late that night, after Emmerson had passed out, Turner returned to camp alone while Hopt continued his rounds of the saloons and dance halls.

It was during the early hours on the morning of the 4th when Hopt staggered into a saloon with his shirt front splattered with blood. His hands were shaking and he appeared dazed when a bartender who had seen him earlier in the night asked him what had happened. Hopt answered that he had been in a fight and that he had hit a no good s—o—b.

After brooding for several minutes over his drink Hopt surprised the bartender by asking him if he had ever killed a man. When the bartender answered, Hopt said that *he* had killed someone, that he had killed an innocent boy! The tired bartender passed the remark off as just the ramblings of a drunk but later had good reason to remember Hopt's strange words.

Park City, Utah, circa 1880.

THE SUN was high the following morning when Emmerson walked into camp and found Hopt still asleep on the ground where he had fallen the night before. When Emmerson aroused him and asked where Turner was Hopt answered that he had gone on ahead but would meet them along the trail in several days. Hopt seemed anxious to leave town immediately and just as soon as he got on his feet, he and Emmerson hitched up the teams, threw on the camp gear, and started out along Silver Creek to the Weber River.

As the two wagons moved down through the foothills during the hot afternoon Emmerson began noticing a strange odor coming from his wagon. Near the mouth of Echo Canyon, just past the present-day town of Coalville, Emmerson halted his team and pulled back the canvas covering. He was sickened by the unexpected horror hidden underneath. Turner's body lay crumpled among the prospecting tools, his head split open and his face covered with gore. A bloodstained ax lay across his body. Emmerson would have fled in terror if Hopt hadn't leaped from his own wagon and stopped him. For a moment Emmerson thought he would be killed also.

Emmerson wasn't too bright in the first place so it didn't take Hopt long to convince him that the killing had been in self-defense during a fight. Hopt needed someone to drive the second wagon and by giving Emmerson part of the money he had taken from Turner's body he bought an ally. After seeing the way Turner had been axed, Emmerson was probably afraid not to help Hopt anyway, and when he was offered a share of the money the sale of Turner's property would bring he agreed to join in the conspiracy. After removing Turner's boots, which Hopt gave to Emmerson, they hurriedly concealed the body in a crevice at the foot of a rockslide and covered it with stones.

They drove through Echo Canyon into Wyoming, camping along the way, until they reached the little town of Piedmont where they sold Turner's grain to a local feed store. On the following day they sold the wagon and team, which Emmerson had driven, to a livery stable in Evanston. Their anxiousness to sell aroused suspicion in the buyer, and Hopt was forced to take much less than the property was worth.

When Emmerson saw how little his share of the money from Turner's death amounted to, he decided to part company with Hopt in town where it was safe rather than continue on alone with his unpredictable confederate. By then Emmerson was thoroughly afraid of Hopt and wouldn't turn his back on him for fear of being killed, as he suspected Turner had been.

After some heated argument Hopt continued eastward with the remaining team and wagon.

ON THE 15th of July Hopt arrived at Green River, Wyoming where he sold the second wagon and team to a local stable. Just by chance an acquaintance of Sheriff Turner was in Green River and recognized the horses Hopt sold as being the sheriff's property. Although he was unaware of the murder of his friend's son he suspected that the horses and wagon were stolen and immediately sent a telegram to Sheriff Turner at Provo.

For some time Sheriff Turner had been uneasy about Johnny. He had received no letter since his son left home and his feeling of something being wrong was heightened by the telegram from Green River. He knew that Johnny had taken enough money and supplies to last several months and had no need to sell the wagon and team. So not knowing what had happened but fearing the worst he went to Park City where he met William Allison, an old friend who was then sheriff of Summit County.

After listening to Turner's story Sheriff Allison quickly volunteered to join his friend in a search for Johnny. They began by tracing the boys' movements in Park City during the 4th of July celebration. Sheriff Turner's worst fears seemed to be confirmed when the bartender Hopt had talked to recalled his strange statement that he had killed an innocent boy.

The two lawmen were preparing to leave Park City for Green River when news of the discovery of young Turner's body shocked the town. An old miner named Len Phillips had been prospecting in Echo Canyon near the place where the body had been concealed. Coyotes had pulled the corpse partly from its place of burial and the sight of a human arm protruding from the rocks drew the miner to the grisly discovery.

The body was returned to Park City and just as soon as Sheriff Turner could make arrangements for its shipment to Provo he and Allison began their search for the boy's killer.

A description of Emmerson had been obtained in Park City, and a search for both him and Hopt was begun as soon as the sheriffs reached Green River. Hopt had not been seen for several days and no one seemed to know anything about Emmerson. Telegrams with their descriptions were sent to law officers in the surrounding counties, and a $1,000-reward offered by Sheriff Turner helped insure that every effort would be made to locate the suspects.

On July 24, just three weeks after Johnny's murder, Hopt was arrested in Cheyenne by City Marshal T. J. Carr. As soon as this news reached Turner and Allison they hurried to Cheyenne where they were met by Marshal Carr and taken to see Hopt. The sight of the killer was too much for the grief-stricken father and he drew his revolver and made a lunge at Hopt. It was only through Sheriff Allison's swift action in grabbing the gun that Hopt was spared from paying for his crime then and there.

When Hopt was confronted with the evidence, including the unexpected finding of the body, he confessed to the killing,

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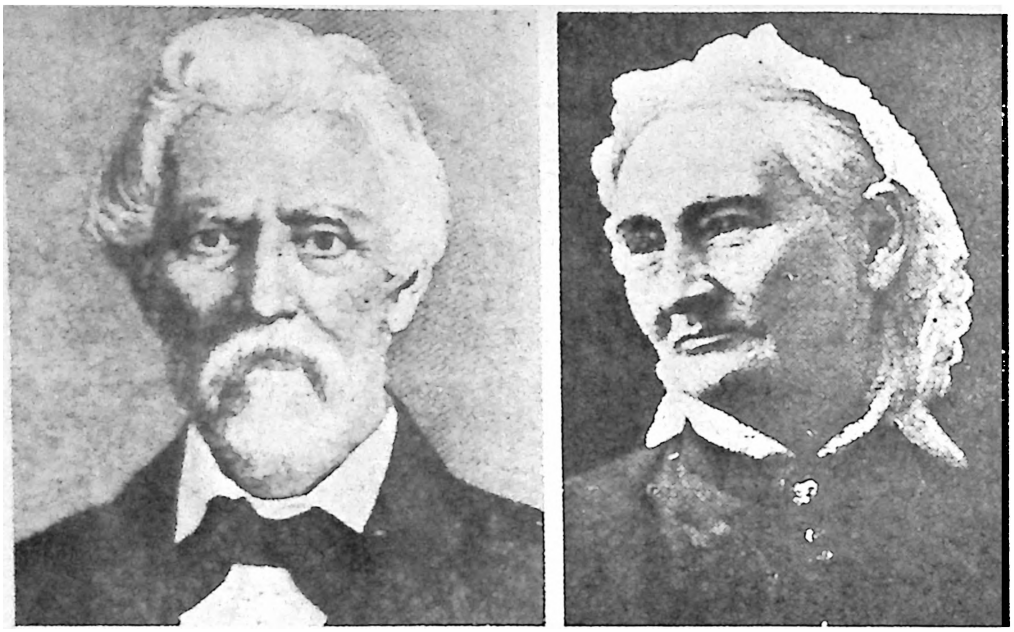


Frontier Times (Old Series) Photos

Samuel Augustus Maverick and his wife Mary. Tevis honored Mrs. Maverick by naming his third daughter after her.

Arizona in the '50s

(Continued from page 13)

with the report of our guns, the two Indians dropped, and the rest of the Indians took cover behind rocks. As soon as I had fired, I dropped my gun and raised one of my six-shooters; and before the third Indian, who was in advance could take cover, I fired, and he dropped.

Old Mose yelled out, "Good boy! Load up that empty chamber and keep your six-shooters loaded, for fear of a charge by the Indians, and in the meantime we will use our guns every time the Indians show themselves."

We did not have to wait long, for after that first surprise, they began to close in on us by jumping behind rocks nearer to us and flanking us on both right and left. Every time an Indian would leave his position to take another, we would blaze away at him.

Men who have fought Indians know how hard it is to hit one when he is jumping from one position to another. It is like trying to catch a flea, when you go to put your finger on him, he is not there. When an Indian is not behind shelter, he never remains a moment in the same position. He is first up, then to the right, then down, then to the left, and at the same time he will keep three arrows flying in the air, which makes it very unhealthy for his enemy. The only way to fight him is to cover a point with finger on trigger, and when he darkens the sight let her go; and you will be sure to hit him. But it is no easy job, and it takes a man with considerable patience to hold his gun in a fixed position, when a few feet to the right or left the Indian is in full view. But if you move your gun out of position to try and get him, you will probably miss him; and, ten chances to one, before your gun is reloaded and back in position, you will have lost your chance of killing him; when, had you remained in the first position, you would have had a splendid opportunity of killing him.

In the meantime, our position was fast becoming untenable because of their flanking us both on the right and on the left, and I suggested to Mose, while he kept up firing, that I should crawl up along the sag until I was a little above the flanking party, and open fire upon them with my six-shooters; and by that means we probably would check their advance long enough for us to mount our horses and get away.

He said, "Right, my boy! That is our only chance. Leave your gun here and use both six-shooters."

I told him to give a yell to attract the attention of the Indians, when I had crawled a little above the end of the Indian line, and that would be a signal to be up and at them. I backed down into the sag, out of sight, and a few moments later Mose gave a terrific yell, at which all the Indians turned their eyes in that direction, and I actually got within ten paces of the nearest Indian before I commenced firing. I had a down grade against their flank, with a six-shooter in each hand, and was coming upon them from an unexpected point.

They left their cover and broke down the hill, at the same time sheltering themselves behind the rocks as best they could, but while they were backing to shelter from me on the flank, Mose was doing some good work. I had driven them down nearly opposite Mose's position when he yelled, "Look out, Jim!" I jumped to one side, and a lance from the hands of a warrior came sailing through my shirt sleeve, grazing my arm. Just then, a ball from Mose's rifle laid him out.

Mose called to me, saying, "Now let us try to get away before they begin another attack." The skirmish had lasted about fifteen minutes from the time the first shot was fired, but it seemed hours to me, and I was as hungry as a wolf.

Mose said there was a trail down in the river bottom, and that if we could get down to that, we could get along faster. But I suggested that we keep as near the top of the mountain as we could, and then in case of an attack we could not be flanked. He said, "All right, my boy." We could make but slow progress, as the route was very rough, and we had to lead our horses all the way. The Indians did not follow us, but we had a hard day's travel over the mountain and did not come to any water during the day. Our canteens of water gave out in the afternoon, and our animals had had no water since the day before.

I said to Mose, "Indians or no Indians, I must go down to the water which is in plain view in the valley below us."

He replied, "All right, but we are likely to run into Francisco's tribe on the river."

"I don't care," I retorted, "maybe we can get water and something to eat before they see us."

We began wending our way down the rugged mountain, having to turn back several times and either go farther up or down to get around precipices which barred us from the river. However, we arrived at a point where upper Clifton now stands. There were old signs of an Indian camp, but no fresh ones.

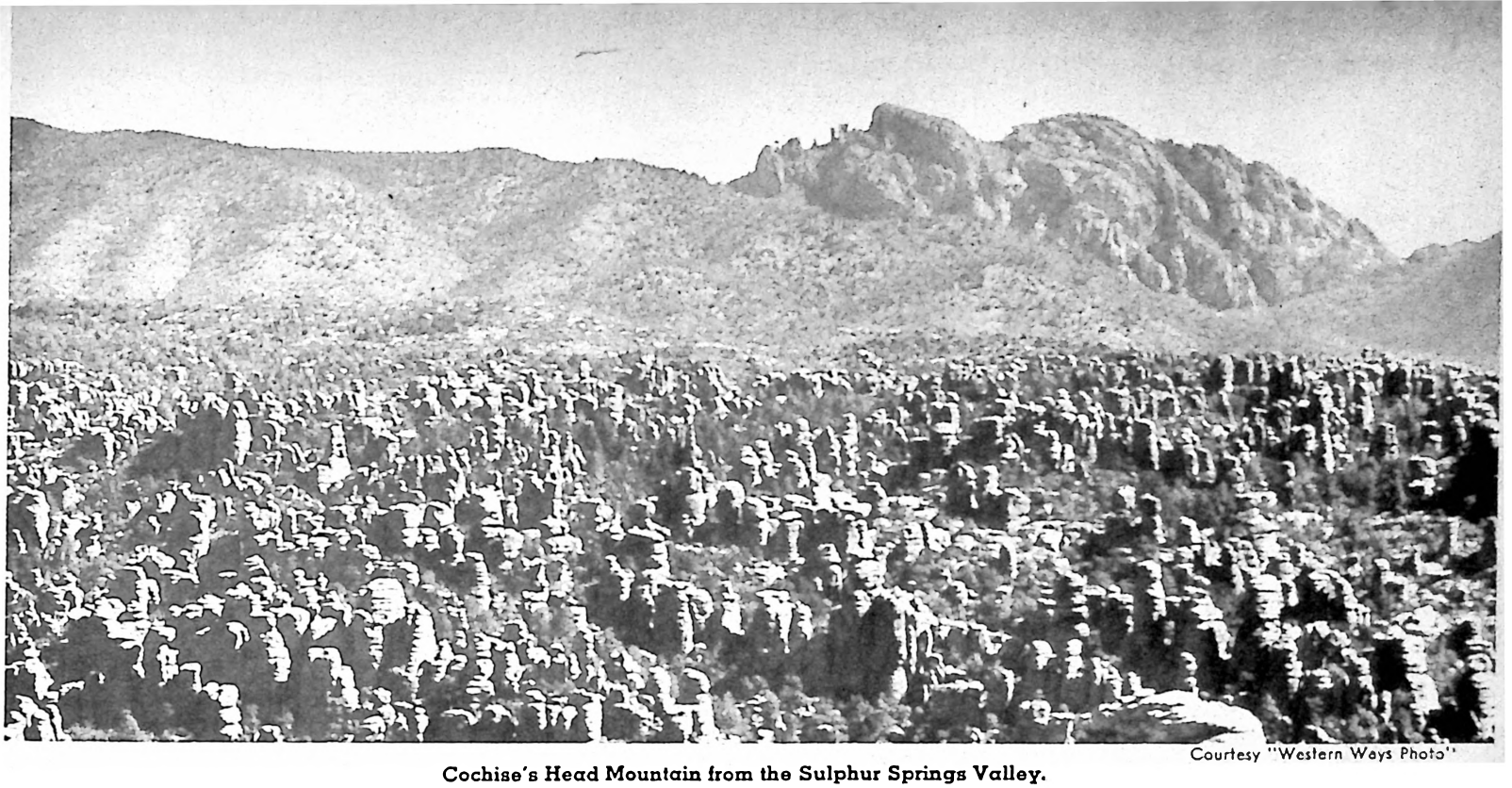
After getting a drink, filling the canteens, and watering our horses, Mose rode up the river, and I rode down it some distance, to see if there were any fresh signs of Indians. Finding none, we unsaddled our horses, piled up brush, and fixed our blankets so the light of the fire would not shine out in the darkness. We did not dare make a fire until late, as the Indians would have seen the smoke.

WHEN everything was prepared in camp, I got a fishing line and sat down on the bank and caught about a half-dozen fine salmon trout, which were from twelve to eighteen inches long. Mose cleaned them as I caught them, and in about an hour we sat down to a meal that we ate with as great gusto as any we had ever eaten. After supper we filled our pipes, lay down on our blankets, and fought the morning's fight over again in our dreams.

Mose paid me a high compliment which was very gratifying to my vanity, coming from an old Indian fighter like him. He declared I had killed a dozen Indians with my six-shooters. I said I did not know how that could be, when there were not more than twenty Indians in the fight, and I was satisfied that at least ten of them went down the mountain after the fight was over, and he had certainly killed a few. He said that we were in luck to escape being wounded by that band, as Mangas' tribe was to be feared more than any other on account of their using copper points on their arrows; and he had thought it would be all up with me when the warrior hurled his lance at me. He was afraid to shoot him, for fear of hitting me, as I was in line when he yelled at me. But he thought we had given them a good send-off and would not be bothered again with them on this trip; and that we would be in Tucson in five or six days, unless we ran afoul of some of Francisco's tribes returning from Sonora.

The next morning we struck out for the Gila River and continued down that stream for three or four days, our last stop on the Gila being near Aravaipa Canyon. The sacaton grass was very high, and near the river the undergrowth was very thick, and Mose suggested that we camp on dry sand in the river bed, as the river was very low, and only a narrow stream running close to the west bank.

During the night we were awakened by a tree falling. Mose said, "Beavers cut that tree down, for there is no wind blowing to cause it to fall." A few moments afterward I knew he was asleep, by his snoring. I soon fell asleep, but was awakened just before daybreak by the water running under my blankets. I shook Mose and told him to get up quickly, that the river was rising. He grumbled considerably, saying that the river was not rising, but the damn beavers had dammed up the river below us, and the



Courtesy "Western Ways Photo"

Cochise's Head Mountain from the Sulphur Springs Valley.

water was backing up. Our clothing, as well as the blankets, were dripping wet on the side we had lain on. Mose had taken his shoes off, and the back water had floated one of them some distance from our bed. It was quite dark, and it took some time to find it, and in the meantime the water was getting higher. As our camp was on the highest ground in the river bed, the water was a foot deep when we started for the bank, and before we reached the shore we had to wade through water two and a half feet in depth.

We sat down with the wet blankets wrapped around us until daylight, then we gathered wood and built a fire. After breakfast we spread out our blankets and camp equipage to dry. I told Mose that when he got old he must write a book about what he knew of driving a canal boat on the Gila River when there was no towpath. He gave me to understand that his shoe was no canal boat, and that he was too old for a boy to make fun of.

"But," said he, "while the blankets are drying, come down and learn something from the beavers."

Just about one hundred yards below us they were constructing the dam. Some were cutting a cottonwood tree the proper length, others were towing pieces to that part of the dam where they were required, and others were bringing mud while the rest of them were building the dam. The tree was about twelve inches in diameter, and it had leaned toward the river, and the beavers had gnawed it off at the base. We sat down and watched them for an hour. Some of them were constructing their hut about in the middle of the dam.

AS SOON AS our blankets were dry, we packed and started, with the intention of making camp at Cañada del Oro. (Canyon of Gold. Tevis and Mose followed the road from old Fort Grant, which left the mesa and dipped into the canyon about eighteen miles north of Tucson.) When we got there, we found a band of Francisco's warriors in camp, and we came to the conclusion that it would not be healthy for us to stop there. We kept on the trail toward Tucson, traveling until late in the night before we camped.

Next morning we were up at daybreak and on the road again. About noon, the Indians came up with us and followed us to within one mile of Tucson, but we managed to keep them in check with our rifles. The Indians were all mounted and frequently would dash up close enough for their arrows to reach us, and I received one in the leg, but it did not enter the flesh more than an inch, and Mose cut it out.

When we arrived in Tucson, half of my old companions had gone to Fort Buchanan, but the rest were awaiting my return. The next day, we started up the Santa Cruz River by the San Xavier Mission, stopping there long enough to admire its beautiful interior. We gave an old Indian a dollar for showing us the Mission. That was in 1858; and up to that time very few white men or relic-hunters had ever visited the Mission, and it was almost perfect in condition. A high adobe wall about fifty feet long extended west from the front of the church on a line with it. At the west end was situated the dead house, with its top walls made out of skulls. The front of the church had statues of the Apostles set in niches, and in the belfry tower hung the sweetest-toned church bell I have ever heard. Overhead, in the belfry, there were three names cut in the wall, and my boyish ambition had to be gratified by cutting my name higher up than those three, but I could not reach above them unaided. In our party was a tall Missourian by the name of John Falls. I told him what I wanted, and he said, "Climb upon my shoulders, I will hold you until you carve your name," and I did so. (In 1889, the name J. H. Tevis, carved in 1857 on the belfry, could still be seen.)

Then we went below to examine the interior. The walls were covered with magnificent scriptural paintings. The figures of Christ and his disciples were painted in so lifelike a way that the roughest pioneer amongst us experienced a feeling of awe while standing there. The old Indian brought out the church communion service and ornaments and told us that they were rarely ever shown to people. This I did not doubt, as I thought that people rarely ever came to the place. Among the articles were the crown of thorns made out of silver, a silver image of Jesus, Noah's Ark made of gold, and some fine silver bowls and urns inlaid with gold.

I will state here that all of the above ornaments were taken from San Xavier in 1859 by a man named Vicari, who came from Santa Fe, and went to Sonora to collect tithes from the different churches.

I had charge of the Overland Mail station at Apache Pass, and also had a trading post there when Vicari made his second trip to Sonora via the San Xavier Mission, and upon his return, he told me that this would be his last trip, as he was going to France. He had been very successful on this trip. He said, "Come to one of my coaches, and I will show you something nice." He opened a box and showed me Noah's Ark. I recognized it and told him so, and asked him how he got it. He told me that the last sermon he preached at San Xavier was upon "The Advancement of the Age," and that after the service he told the congregation that all of the old relics should be discarded and a modern kind put in their place. He said he would take the old articles away and bring new ones, much finer than the old, upon his return. They allowed him to take them, and I presume they are still awaiting his return, for when he arrived in Santa Fe, he only remained a few days and started back to France. Thus the Papagos of old San Xavier lost their treasure which they prized so highly.

People who visited the church, when I first saw it years ago, would hardly recognize it today, it is so changed, not so much by time as by the avaricious desires of the relic hunters. I visited it a few years ago (1883), accompanied by

Courtesy Helen Reynolds Collection

In 1857, James Tevis carved his name on the belfry of the San Xavier del Bac Mission.

my wife, Mrs. Barret, and John Crosley, of Tucson. I was so surprised at the change. The relic hunters had broken the toes and fingers off the images of the saints; and, where I had carved my name with only three others beside it, now the walls were literally covered with names and dates. The wall and dead house had disappeared entirely, and it did not seem to me that there were half so many statues as formerly.

(Often the author has spoken of an underground passage under the mission, about which Chief Escomoles told him, and which was used in case of a hurried escape from the enemy. The Apache chief offered to take him out by that passage, but my father, although adventurous, never allowed himself to be found where he could not see his way out, and for this reason he declined the Apache chief's offer. In 1889, the entrance to the passage was by the left wall as one stood inside the building and faced the main door of the mission. A very narrow stairway led down 19 steps, ending abruptly against a brick wall which cut off the outlet. This underground passageway, as I remember my father telling me, led for nine miles to some point along the Santa Cruz River.—B.W.T.)

THE SECOND NIGHT out from Tucson, our party camped at Tubac. There were about a half-dozen families living there, but no Americans. Calabasas was entirely deserted, but between there and Fort Buchanan lived the Marshall, Ward, Aiken anl Pennington families. Paddy Graden [Graydon] had a gin mill just off the fort reservation, and he made more money from it than all the ranchmen put together. When we arrived at Fort Buchanan, Captain Ewell was in command of the post. The soldiers nicknamed him "Old Baldy." He was a Virginian by birth, and when he learned I was a native of his state, he insisted upon my accepting the hospitality of his quarters while we remained at Fort Buchanan. This I gladly did. Colonel Brevort, of Missouri, was the post trader, and he did a large business with Sonora merchants. Lieutenant Lord was acting quartermaster. He was never happier than when gambling at a Mexican fiesta.

I found considerable difference between the fare set on the Captain's table and that which we dished up in camp. It was there I tasted the first vegetables I had eaten for many days. The Captain's company had a good garden and raised all kinds of vegetables except Irish potatoes, and they had never been raised in the territory. It was thought then that they could not be grown. Captain Ewell, however, kept on experimenting until he succeeded in raising fine ones. I think he was the first man to do so in the territory.

The Captain had an old Negro servant keeping house for him. I believe he called her Nancy. She belonged to the old Ewell family and was the Captain's nurse in infancy; and no mother could have had more affection for her child than Nancy had for the Captain. It was quite amusing to hear her scold him sometimes for not taking better care of himself. All guests of the Captain were well treated by her. Nancy often said she hoped and prayed to live to see the day when the Captain would take her back to good "Old Virginny" again. I think she got her wish.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Captain Ewell resigned his commission in the United States Army and tendered his services to the Confederacy, where he did brilliant service under the great Christian commander, Stonewall Jackson, and became one of his guards.

While I was at Fort Buchanan, I used to visit the drill ground daily. The Captain used to attend to the drill in person, and when vexed he was not very particular about his language and would "cuss" the soldiers very lustily; but no other man dared do it in the Captain's presence, for he loved his soldiers and, although he talked roughly to them, he always took care that they were made as comfortable as possible, and his soldiers all liked him.

IN THE latter part of 1857, a number of recruits were sent out to fill up the different companies, and they were being drilled daily. One day they were in the drill corral with horses which had nothing on but the bridle. The Captain made them first practice mounting from both sides of the horses while standing still, then while they were walking, which was all very well, then when the horses were trotting, which was much more difficult. There was a man among the recruits who was an educated pianist who had enlisted while drunk; and who, I presume, had never ridden a horse a dozen times in all his life before he enlisted. To him this bareback riding was too much of a circus. The drill ground was just west of the sutler's store and close to the company stables. The soldiers on guard at the stables could both hear and see all that was going on, and when this recruit had tried repeatedly to mount his horse while in a trot, and had failed each time, the Captain got out of humor and cursed him, saying, "Clear out of here! Go to Sonora! Get out of my sight! Go to the stables and take the best horse and skip! Take your horse off the drill ground this instant!"

The recruit left the drill ground, took his horse to the stable, and told the guard he wanted the Captain's race horse. The guard had heard the Captain's order to take the best horse, so he gave it to him. The recruit saddled and was off for Sonora in a moment. The Captain kept on with the drill, not noticing the man riding his horse off; and when the drill was over, we went into the sutler's store until dinner. On our way to the Captain's quarters we passed the stables, and he walked in to take a look at his pet race horse. He did not find him in his stall and asked the guard where his horse was. The guard told him the recruit had taken him out for exercise, as he had ordered.

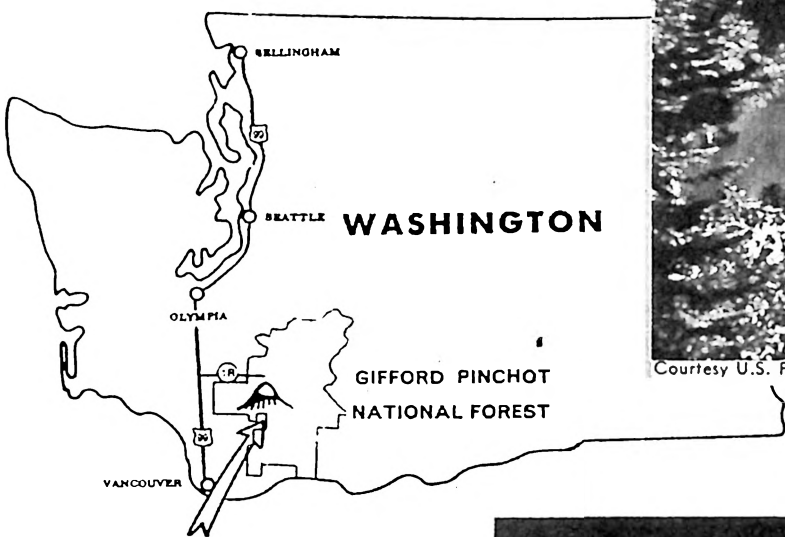
"Exercise? Hell and damnation!" said the Captain. Turning to the bugler, he cried, "Blow boots and saddles." I never saw an order executed more promptly, and in a few moments a hot pursuit began. In those days, there was no such

(Continued on page 34)

The Apemen of Mt. St. Helens

By TED STOKES

Photo Courtesy Author



Courtesy U.S. Forest Service

Spirit Lake with Mt. St. Helens in background.

If you'd rather believe these creatures are real, then just forget that boys can extend their foot size considerably by sliding in sand—and their silhouettes against the skyline can reach up mighty tall!

MOST PEOPLE have heard of the apemen on the slopes of Mt. St. Helens (elevation 9,677 feet) in the southwest part of the State of Washington. Ape Canyon can be found on current maps printed by the U. S. Forest Service.

There are folks in the Pacific Northwest, when asked if the Mt. St. Helens apes are real, will reply, "Certainly!" Chances are, I inadvertently played a part in forming their opinion.

In July, 1924, I was a teenager and spending the summer at the Portland, Oregon, YMCA camp at Spirit Lake near Mt. St. Helens. With possibly 300 other boys from Oregon and Washington, we took part in the summer program at the "Y" camp: swimming, boating, camping and hiking. It was one of these hikes that possibly tripped off the ape incident of 1924.

Spirit Lake drew its colorful name from the Indians who once inhabited this wild mountain domain. The Indians' superstitions caused them to live in fear of certain areas of the land. Spirit Lake, with its steam-like vapor, was such a place. Their legends told of demons called the Seatco, who were the spirits of departed Indian chiefs displeased because white men had been permitted to take over the country.

As punishment the Seatco would not allow the redmen to hunt, fish or gather berries around Spirit Lake and Mt. St. Helens. The legends told of warriors and maidens being seized and taken to the bottom of the lake. No Indian could be persuaded to venture near its shores.

Spirit Lake was once a forested valley, deep and mysterious. Through the years, violent eruptions of Mt. St. Helens and the resulting lava and pumice deposits blocked the valley and formed the 790-acre body of water. On the slope east of Mt. St. Helens, a canyon (Ape) was formed by the shifting land mass.

ONE SUMMER DAY in the early 1890s, some Indians brought back to their tribe a strange report. They had observed gigantic four-toed tracks along some of the forest trails. The tracks were followed but the maker could not be found. The story was discounted by white men as Indian superstition.

In 1899 a blacksmith, James Spencer, was fishing on the upper Lewis River in the region of the mountain, and his thoughts were far from phantoms. He was observing his catch. All of a sudden a queer noise came from the nearby hill slope. He looked up and what he saw drove him forever from this wilderness. Staring at him, he said, was a horrible, hairy monster, the like of which he had never seen. Nobody believed him.

Then in 1922, a group of miners returning to their cabin saw a wild creature walking on his hind feet and waving. The incident was reported to authorities. After that, as far as I know, the slopes of St. Helens were without incident until Thursday, July 10, 1924.

During the first week, we boys at the "Y" camp at Spirit Lake were led on a several days' hike to the south side of Mt. St. Helens. On the way back, we made an overnight camp. It was early evening so, for amusement, we practiced jumping from a ledge of rock down into soft sand drifts leading into a canyon (named Ape Canyon later). I was one of the boys jumping; we also rolled rocks down the mountainside. We pushed a few rocks after dark, too.

Nothing was thought of this innocent pastime, even though we messed up the sandy slope (which was in dense wilderness and at least five miles from our camp at Spirit Lake). Long imprints of our feet were left in the sand; some of us jumped barefoot. We had a lot of fun and promptly forgot the incident.

Shortly after we got back to the "Y" camp at Spirit Lake, forest rangers had strange tales to tell of apes on the mountain. The source of these tales were miners. In this almost uninhabited forest area we knew a few mines were still being worked. Earlier in the summer, we had even visited one.

(Continued on page 54)

Known to everyone who ever used the Cimarron cut-off, this old landmark has witnessed lots of trouble . . .

The Point of Rocks Ranch. All buildings except two were washed away by a flood in 1914. Left to Right: Fred Mater, two unidentified cowboys, Evan Chappee, Wood Walsh, Bob Carson, and Dave Houghton.

POINT OF ROCKS

By IKE OSTEEN

Photos Courtesy Author

The cowboys, while staying at headquarters, slept in the bunkhouse only during winter weather. Left to right: Five unidentified cowboys, Sam Thompson, Guy Tipton, unidentified, Charley McNeal, Charley Gilbert.

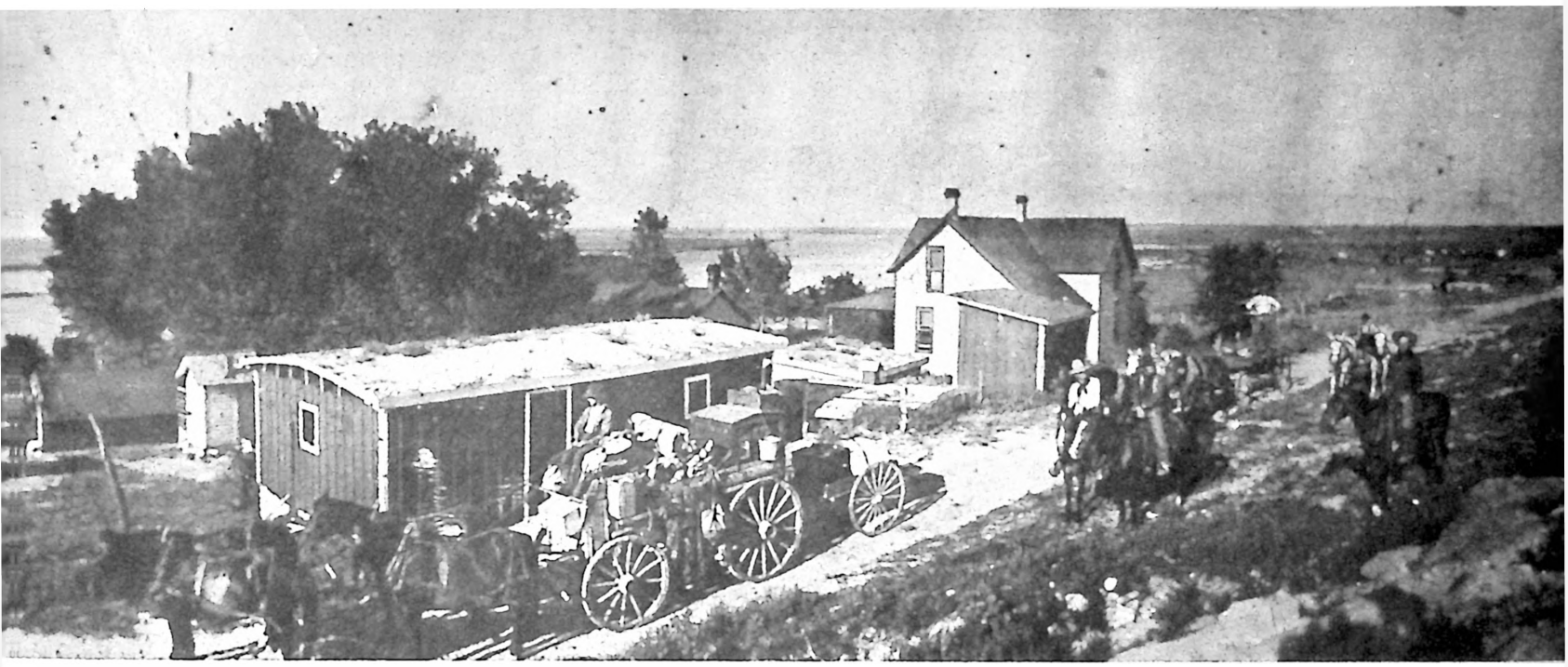
A HARD GENERAL RAIN hit the Cimarron River watershed on April 30, 1914, inundating northeastern New Mexico, southeastern Colorado and the western portions of Kansas and Oklahoma. As the muddy waters began to move eastward, they swelled over the banks of the Cimarron Seco at Folsom, New Mexico, and raced eastward to Kenton, Oklahoma, where roiling Carrizo Creek was dumping debris, including huge cottonwoood trees, into the channel. The build-up continued throughout the night, the water level rising as countless small streams and tributaries poured into the rampaging river.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Perry Brite noticed murky water spreading beyond the Cimarron's banks. Soon it had risen enough to threaten her chickens, and she rushed out to get them. Before she could get back into her house, a devastating wall of water swept her off her feet. Gasping, she splashed toward the house, but as she opened the door, another wall of water struck, throwing her inside and across the room. She saw her old Home Comfort Range turned completely upside down in one swift moment. Her small daughter was asleep in the bedroom; before Mrs. Brite could reach her, the child had drowned.

An older daughter, Madge, was upstairs screaming for help. Perry Brite, who had just raced up to the ranch house, called to her to jump out the window. Just as she jumped and her father reached to catch her, another huge wave hit them. Both went down and were separated. Brite managed to come to the surface and struggle to safety, but his daughter's body wasn't recovered until the waters started to recede. The two girls were buried on the "81" Ranch below the Brite home in caskets made from freight wagon sideboards.

The flood virtually destroyed Brite's Point of Rocks Ranch, originally established by John W. Beaty at the site of a famous old camping spot on the "Cimarron Cut-Off" of the Santa Fe Trail.

Settlement, which had been so long coming to the verdant Cimarron Valley, had been wiped out by Mother Nature's



Chuck wagon loading up at the supply room, making ready to leave on roundup. The Cimarron River is in the background at left.

freakish temper. It was not the only time. Throughout its connection with the development of the West, Point of Rocks seemed peculiarly jinxed. Those living, or pausing to rest, near the Middle Spring of the Cimarron were never safe from danger.

WHAT IS NOW Morton County, Kansas was known only to Indians and buffaloes until about 1830, when some venturesome traders decided to shorten the distance between Westport and Santa Fe, New Mexico. By 1834, the Santa Fe Trail short cut was well established, and the last camping ground in present-day Kansas was at "Middle Spring of the Cimarron." The rock bluff, known as "Point of Rocks," is located one mile west of Middle Spring.

Until 1861, when Indian raids forced the abandonment of the Cimarron cut-off, hundreds of freighters, traders and soldiers watched for this ancient landmark and were guided by it to nearby Middle Spring with its life-giving water and grassy valley. But after that, the danger of massacre became so great the cut-off was abandoned, and only traveling Indian groups and white buffalo hunters camped near Point of Rocks. No one knows how many pioneers' or freighters' wagons were ransacked and burned, or how many lives and fortunes lost along this dangerous road west.

The luxuriant grass of the Cimarron Valley probably tempted many cattlemen, but none ventured to claim it until the Beaty Brothers of Manzanola, Colorado arrived with a herd in 1880. Two years later John W. Beaty journeyed to the government land office at Dodge City and filed on a quarter of land just south of Point of Rocks. Under Beaty's management, the ranch was extended west into Colorado and a line camp called "Miles Camp" was established about eight miles west of the Kansas state line. To the east, the ranch stretched into what is now Stevens County and included the "81," "Barney Cow" and "Sand Wells" locations. Northward, the ranch extended to the Sand Arroyo in what is now Stanton County.

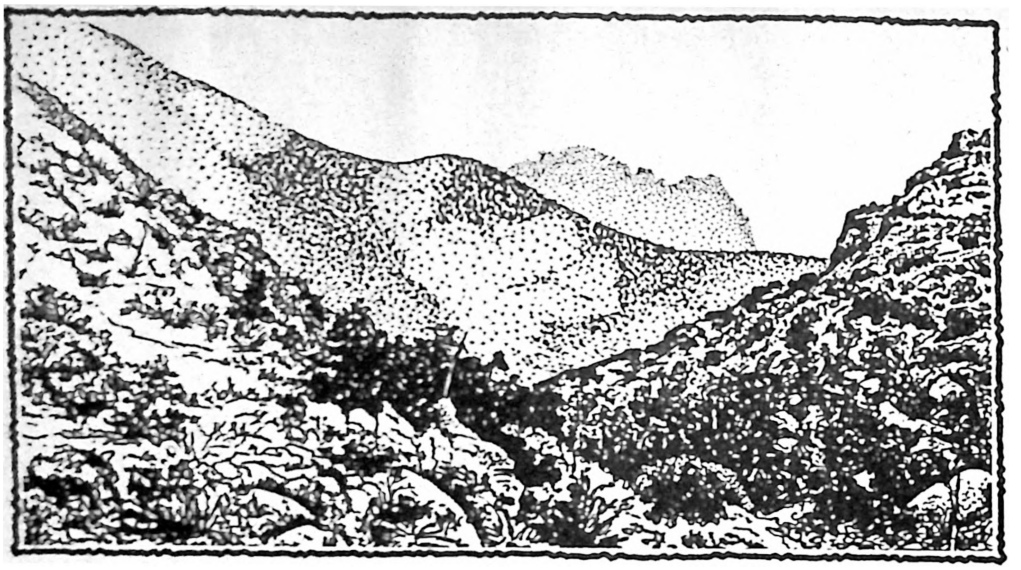
Beaty cattle grazed as far south as Beaver Creek, which flowed eastward about twelve miles north of the Texas border. Here they mixed with the cattle of the "Anchor Dee" Ranch. The Beaty Brothers continued to manage this ranch until 1898. Their brands were JO and JJ.

WHEN the ranch was sold to the Boice Cattle Company of Kansas City, Missouri, it consisted of 18,000 acres, or eighty-four quarter sections of deeded land, with other grazing rights and 12,000 head of cattle. The new owner of Point of Rocks, H. S. Boice, was an experienced cattleman who had worked with Theodore Roosevelt on a spread near Miles City, Montana.

When the need for established boundaries became apparent a drift fence

(Continued on page 48)

The cowboys found a nester's watermelon patch. Left to right: Fred Mater, Guy Tipton, unidentified, Charley Gilbert, Sam Thompson, unidentified, Wood Walsh, three unidentified cowboys, Pat Ely, and unidentified. The sign on the chuck box reads, "Two Circle brand (oo), H. S. Boice Cattle Company, Point Rocks, Kansas."



Cochise's stronghold looking northeast.

Arizona in the '50s

(Continued from page 30)

thing as troops crossing the line into Sonora, and when the pursuing party got to the line they were as far as they dared to go, and had to return. Upon investigation, strange to say, not one of the troop would admit that he saw the man ride off, and the stable guard said he thought the man was only going to exercise the horse; but from a conversation I heard afterwards, a great number of them saw him go away, and they thought it would be a good lesson to the Captain.

The man sold the horse in Mexico, got a good price for him, and went to one of the large cities there. While walking in front of a residence one evening he heard someone trying to play a difficult piece upon a piano without success. He had sufficient impudence and brass for anything, and as the door stood wide open, he deliberately went in, excused himself, sat down before the piano, and played the piece to perfection, and also played several other pieces, to the great delight of the señorita, whose place he had taken.

She was a handsome Mexican girl and belonged to a wealthy family. She had just returned from studying for two years at St. Louis, Missouri. Our recruit was a very good-looking man in citizen's clothes, but he could not speak the Mexican language. However, the young lady could speak sufficient English to keep up a conversation. After he had showed her how to play the piece she had tried so long, in vain, to accomplish, her parents came in and were delighted with his musical skill. Although her father did not take much stock in the American, he did enjoy the music he furnished. He dearly loved his child, and her every wish must be gratified. She wanted the American for a teacher, and of course she must have him. He was domiciled in the family as a teacher with a good salary, and while he taught the daughter music, he taught her to love him, as well. She, in return, made a pretty fair Spanish scholar out of him, and although the old Don saw how matters were going, he, at the same time, was powerless to stop it. At last he was called upon to give her up. Her father said he did not care for the young man's poverty if he could bring evidence of his former good character; and he said that if he would return to the United States and bring a letter of recommendation from Captain Ewell, he would give his consent. Otherwise he could not have her.

Now, the old Don expected that he would refuse to go, and that if he did go, the Captain would arrest him as a deserter and a horse thief, and that he would be sent to prison; so in the course of time his daughter would forget him and marry a Mexican colonel whom he much preferred as a son-in-law. However, the young recruit astonished him greatly by declaring his readiness to comply with his request immediately.

One morning the Captain asked me if I remembered the soldier who had stolen his horse. He said Paddy Graden had arrested him last night and brought him to the guardhouse; and he proceeded to tell me about the young man's career in Mexico. It seems as if the recruit had spent a great deal of money with Paddy Graden, and he thought that, by coming to him quietly, he would get Paddy to bring him a letter, which he then held in his hand. But instead, Graden got the guard and arrested the man, so as to get the reward for catching a deserter.

I noticed the Captain was highly incensed at Graden for arresting the man; but as he was in the guardhouse, he would have to be tried for desertion. The next day he handed me a letter to read, and I found it to be a letter of good character which the young man wanted, and it was good enough to tickle the vanity of any man who wanted to be called father-in-law. I remarked, "What the devil is the use of that letter to the poor fellow now, since he is in the guardhouse?"

"Well," he replied, "I have now done my duty as far as the letter is concerned, and it may be of some use to the man, anyway, I hope."

He sent the letter to the man by his orderly, and two days afterward the man escaped from the guardhouse and proceeded as fast as possible to lay the letter before the old Don. It is needless to say that they were married shortly, and he was a good Mexican citizen when I left the territory at the beginning of the Civil War.

DURING the time that I was staying at Fort Buchanan, Cochise's tribe made a raid through the Sonolta Valley. The Pennington family were the worst sufferers.

Tom Page and party were sawing lumber in the Santa Rita Canyon. (The lumber mill for which Page and the other men worked belonged to William Kirkland, who is of later interest, both because he was the man who raised the Confederate flag over Tucson during the Civil War, and because his daughter, Elizabeth Kirkland Steele, was the first white child born in Tucson (Feb. 28, 1861).

Page's wife, who was Pennington's daughter, and a little Mexican girl, Mercedes Dias, about ten years old, were cooking for the men who were working at the saw pits when the Indians rushed into camp and carried off Mrs. Page and the little girl.

Captain Ewell immediately ordered out a troop of cavalry to pursue the Indians, and I joined the party. We followed the trail down by Marshall's ranch and across the Santa Rita Mountains, over by the Ciénaga, now called the Pantano Wash, across the Rio San Pedro, and up the river to about where the town of Benson is now situated. There the Indian band had split, and the trails led off in several directions.

The officer in charge came to the conclusion that the Indians had gone to the Apache Pass in the Chiricahua Range, sixty miles farther east. As he had only rations enough to carry him back to Fort Buchanan, he thought it would be better to turn back, but I suggested that we could kill a pack mule if our rations gave out, and it would be a great shame to give up the trail before we had found Pennington's daughter.

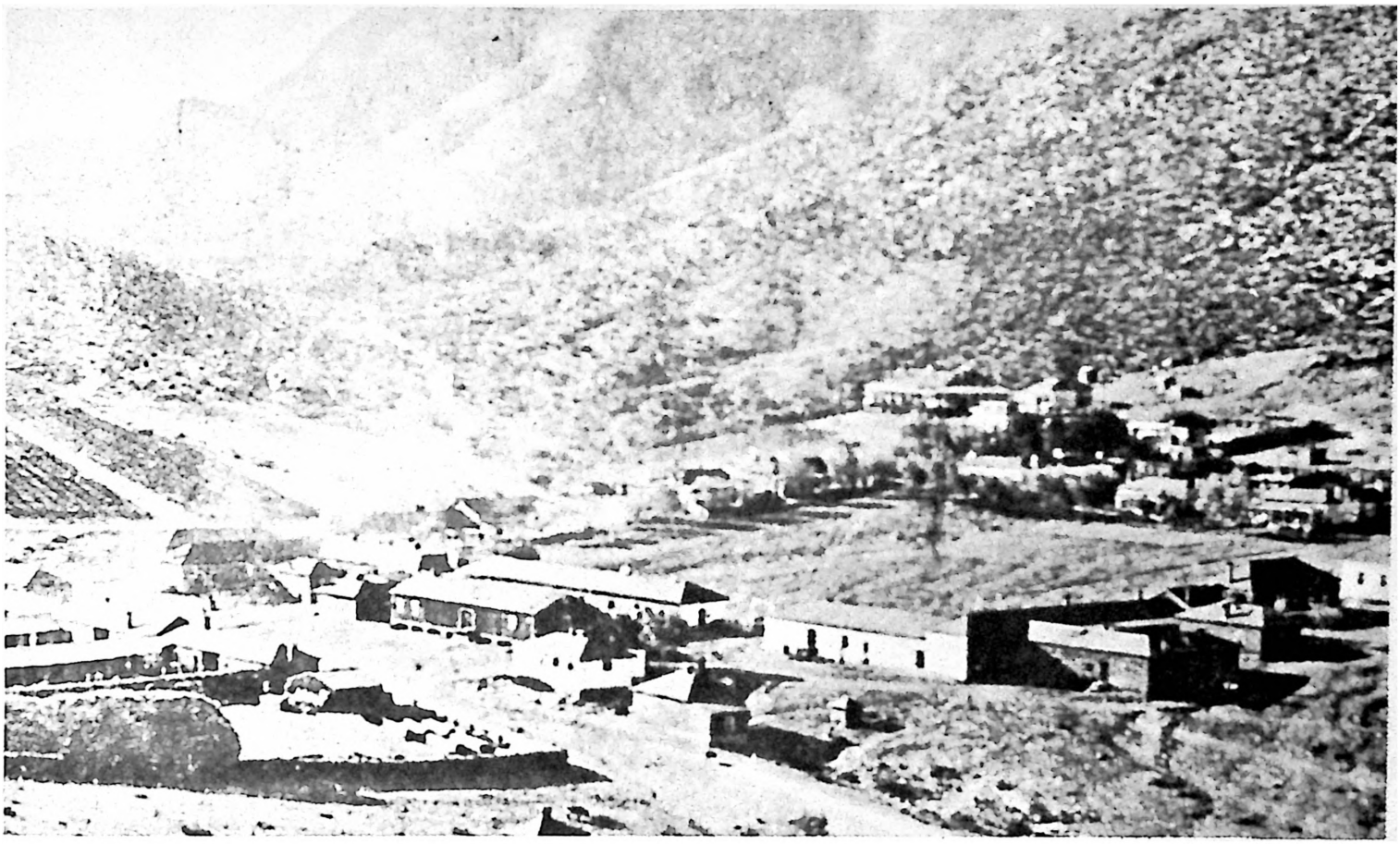
The officer said I did not know what I was talking about when I proposed to go to Apache Pass. "Why," said he, "there are two thousand warriors there, and it would take the entire command at Fort Buchanan to undertake that job. I have already carried out my orders, and now I will return to the fort."

We marched up the San Pedro to the Babocomari River and followed up that stream and passed by the old Mexican fort situated on the west side, and about twenty-two miles from Fort Buchanan. We passed by a large band of wild horses which had in it a horse called "The Phantom Steed." He was a fine animal of an iron-gray color and was never known to break from a trot into a run, no matter how fiercely he was pursued.

In after years, some enterprising genius wrote a novel and laid the scene along the "Overland Mail Route" through Arizona; and the "Phantom Steed" figured very largely in the makeup of the book.

When we reached Fort Buchanan from our scouting tour, we found that Mrs. Page was already at her home. The Indians had taken her about ten miles from camp, stripping her of all her clothing except a short gown, even taking her shoes and stockings. Then they threw her over the cliff and rolled rocks onto her and left her for dead. Then they proceeded with the little Mexican girl to the Pinal Mountains; but when northwest of the Santa Ritas, they divided. The larger part of the band struck off for Ciénaga, and thence across the Rio San Pedro toward the Chiricahua Range, but the smaller band kept the little girl.

Mrs. Page, after being thrown over the cliff and lying there for hours, came to her senses. She was very weak from the loss of blood, and unable to walk. However, enduring fearful suffering from hunger, cold, and thirst, she crawled back to camp, where she arrived the fifth or sixth day after her capture. In later years she resided in Tucson, Arizona, and was the wife of Judge Scott. In 1886,



Courtesy Maurice Kildare

Fort Bowie, Arizona.

when this manuscript was completed, the author promised Judge W. F. Scott, the husband of Mrs. Page, that while she still lived no record of her capture was to be mentioned, as she was then in poor health and dreaded any mention of her ordeal. This promise kept the manuscript from being published. Mrs. Scott died in Tucson after the author had passed on. At Fort Buchanan, Captain Ewell had some Indian prisoners. He gave a horse to a buck and told him he would give him a certain number of days to go and find the little girl. If he were not back in the given time, he, the Captain, would kill the Indian prisoners.

The warrior returned within the time set and reported that the little girl was alive, that her captors would bring her to Cañada del Oro and exchange her for warriors.

Captain Ewell put the Indian prisoners in wagons and started, via Tucson, to the point of exchange. When he arrived there the Indians told him to bring his captives, and they would turn the little girl over to him. The Captain said that he had the prisoners in the wagons, and that when he had the girl safe, he would turn the prisoners loose.

Then they said they wanted to see the prisoners. The Captain told the guard to raise one of the boards which covered the wagon and let the prisoners stick their heads out so their people could see them. When that was done, they told the Captain he could have the girl, and they set her free. She ran to him, and as soon as he got hold of her, he ordered the boards taken off the tops of the wagons, and the Indians immediately jumped out and scooted just like a bunch of quail. In five minutes there was not an Indian in sight.

The Captain made his way to Tucson as fast as possible with the little girl. She grew to womanhood and became the honored wife of Charley Shibell, and they now reside in Tucson.

NOW that our minds were relieved in regard to Mrs. Page and the little Mexican girl, our thoughts turned to the "Phantom Steed." We had told our companions about the band of wild horses, and they all wanted to go out and camp in the old fort on the Babocomari and capture the band of horses, and particularly the "Phantom Steed." All thought it would be easy to surround them by taking stands on all sides. Someone would start the band, and when it was driven near one of the stands, the band would be driven back by men on fresh horses, and those who were nearest the wild horses would continue the chase, thus keeping them running while gradually closing in on them, until they were tired out and could be lassoed.

It looked at first as if we would have no difficulty, as most of the party were experts with the lasso. When I told Captain Ewell that we were going to the Babocomari to catch the wild trotter, he said, "Tevis, you just stay here and let them go if they want to."

I said, "No, I am as anxious as any one of the party to go after him." "Well," said the Captain, "I will tell you how it will all end, for instead of your getting the wild horses, you will all come back on foot, at least those of you who are fortunate enough to live to get back. You will not be there long until the Indians will see you, and if they don't kill you, they will take your horses."

I laughed at the idea, saying, "It will break Thatcher's heart if he should lose Cole, his race horse." But I thought there was no danger of such a catastrophe happening to us. However, when we were all saddled up and ready to start, the Capain paid us the high compliment of calling us a lot of damn fools. He said he had a great notion of taking the troops and going out there at his leisure, so he could be on hand when the Indians rounded us up. Then he would not have to make a forced march to get there when we sent to him for aid.

That night we camped at Babocomari, and we were pleased with the place, which was so quiet, and all of us felt sure that there were no Indians in a hundred miles of us. Many were the epithets heaped on good old Captain Ewell for his advice. He was called an old fogey, old military crank, and an old fool. One said he guessed the Captain thought we had never seen Indians before. We would just show him that we would not only return to Fort Buchanan with all our own stock, but with the gray-horse band, in order not to be made the laughing stock of the fort. We would just always be on our guard and keep part of our horses saddled while the others were out grazing.

This old Mexican fort on the Babocomari, which is now used as a ranch, stood on the tableland about two hundred yards from the west side of Babocomari Creek and about one hundred feet above the creek bottom. One hundred yards west of the fort the second bench of tableland raised another one hundred feet, and then for miles the plain was undulating, with here and there arroyos or gulches running from the mountains into the Babocomari Valley.

The fort, which consisted of adobe buildings, covered about an acre of

ground. A wall about fifteen feet high encircled the entire fort, with only one entrance, on the east side, large enough to drive a wagon through; and the rooms for quarters were built on the east, south, and west sides of the enclosure, with lookout posts at each corner on top of the walls. The remaining part was a plaza. The first night we were there, we put on a regular guard, and, besides that, we pulled one of the wagons up before the entrance, blocking it up effectively.

NEXT MORNING early our horses were turned out to graze with mounted guard to herd them until after breakfast, when a detail would start to locate the wild-horse band. The first day we were not successful, and the party returned without seeing anything; but on the second day we sighted them near the old fort at a salt lick down the valley. Suddenly, all was excitement. Every man wanted to join in the chase, and none was willing to remain on guard in camp. You would often hear such remarks as, "What the devil is the use of anyone staying to watch camp? There is no danger from anything but Indians, and there is not an Indian within a hundred miles of the place." The result was that every man joined in the chase.

Our intention was to carry out our first plan of taking stands to run the horses down, but when they saw us they started down the valley toward the Rio San Pedro, with the gray horse in the lead, never breaking his trot, but keeping up such a gait that none of us were able to head him off. Instead of running the wild band down, we ran our own horses down and returned to camp late that night with both horses and men tired out. The result was that a very poor guard was kept that night, and the next morning all came to the conclusion that we would herd the horses all day, and the following morning would start early and take stands as we had planned, while a part would hunt up the wild horses.

So we started, and everything worked to our satisfaction and we found the band of horses that afternoon over in the San Pedro Valley. We began driving them from one stand to another, and could have herded the entire band with the exception of the gray horse we so much wanted. Every one of us turned our whole attention to catching him. Although he had been run from one stand to another for over four hours, he seemed as fresh as when we started the chase.

Just before sundown he sped up the valley, every moment widening the distance between him and his pursuers, when, all at once, he disappeared from sight, only to appear again about a mile to the east and directly opposite the point of his disappearance.

Joining him, the other wild horses struck off up the valley. It was laughable to see the faces of our men. All of us had heard of the horse as an apparition, disappearing when pursued, but always coming into view the next moment miles away. Now it seemed to us this might be true, and we firmly believed it. As we talked it over, many theories were offered to solve the strange occurrence, and all turned homeward, fully determined, ghost or no ghost, to go again and try to capture him.

Before continuing this account of our stay at Fort Babocomari, I shall tell you just what I heard about this phantom horse from old Esconoles, a medicine chief of Cochise's tribe.

He said that when he was a young man they were encamped in a natural fortress, the Dragoon Mountains, in what is now called Cochise's Stronghold. The country was very hot and dry. There had been no rain for a year, and there were only a few springs to furnish water for the tribes. The Great Spirit became very angry and knocked the people around for a few moments, making them feel as if they were drunk, and a loud rumbling noise was heard coming from the southwest. Indians who were out that day on the west side of the Dragoon Mountains, overlooking the San Pedro Valley, said that the whole earth split open from one side of the valley to the other, sending forth a blue smoke heavenward for a mile. The same day it began to rain and continued for several days. When the storm ceased, all the earth on this side of the San Pedro River had closed together again, while a crack in the earth about a mile long, five feet wide, and from ten to twenty feet deep, remained. It was into this crevice that the gray horse would go to elude those pursuing him. When he was once in it he would continue to the other end, because it was too narrow to turn in.

I believe as the old chief said, that this crevice was first caused by an earthquake. In those days the grass grew very tall in the San Pedro Valley; in fact, so tall that one could see only the heads of antelopes that roamed over the valley in large herds.

ANYONE who has ever traveled over plains or deserts in the clear air of high altitudes and who had imagined the distance to a mountain to be not far, has found that, in trying to go to it, the distance proved many times as great. This is what deceived those who went to the spot where it seemed that the Phantom Horse had disappeared. They had gone, as they thought, far beyond where the horse had disappeared, and there they had given it up, when in reality they had not gone halfway. The whole secret could have been solved had we taken his trail and followed it as far as possible.

It was late that night when we arrived at camp, and we all said that there was no use in standing guard at all. I insisted on keeping a guard, but without avail; so Lawyer Young suggested that he and I sleep in the wagon in front of the entrance and take turns standing guard, which we did.

A wagon sheet covered the wagon. At about four o'clock the next morning, as I was looking out from under the cover, I saw several Indians passing, carrying lances. They passed very quickly, and I called to Young and said, "We had better go and wake the men."

He said, "No, just wait, and perhaps we can kill one, and then they will be convinced that there are Indians in the country. If we call them, they will only laugh."

We both sat there with our six-shooters in our hands until day began to break. Young whispered, "Jim, are you sure you saw Indians? I almost think you were dreaming, for if they are so near, we would surely see something of them by this time. If you will, go make us a cup of coffee. I will stay here until daylight." I got down, but before I could think, I heard a commotion in the wagon, and upon glancing up saw Young jerking out his six-shooters, saying, "Damn it, they have gone!"

"Who have gone?" I asked.

"You bet you were right! There are Indians. I saw two peeping around the entrance at the west corner," he replied.

Well, Indians are not the most pleasant things to have around, but in my youthful eagerness for excitement I was somehow glad that he had seen them. I now thought that the entire party would be prevailed upon to keep a good guard at all times. He waked the men up, and when it was fully light, they went out over the mesa, looked all around, and came back, declaring that Young and I had Indians on the brain; that there were no Indians near, and that they would send the herd out to graze. I insisted upon a mounted guard accompanying the horses, and upon keeping a few horses saddled and ready in case of emergency, at least for a couple of hours. They laughed heartily at me and sent out the herd with one man, and he on foot.

"All right, boys," I said, "it will be just as Captain Ewell predicted; we will return to Fort Buchanan on foot."

Someone spoke up, saying, "If you are so sure of Indian disturbances, why do you not keep your animals up?"

"Well," I said, "let the tail go with the hide." Then, in no very good humor, I went into the room we were using for a kitchen and began helping to get breakfast.

When breakfast was ready, someone went out and called Thatcher, who had the herd on the edge of the tableland. As Thatcher walked in to breakfast, I looked around and saw that all were present, and I asked him why he did not stay with the herd until he was relieved. Several spoke up and said there was no more danger than if we were in the center of Fort Buchanan. I said, "All right, boys, talking to you here has no effect, and nothing will teach you a lesson except to lose your stock, and I think you may as well consider it gone."

Thatcher had a fine race horse in the herd, called Cole, and I finished my remarks by saying to him that he had thrown his leg over Cole's back for the last time.

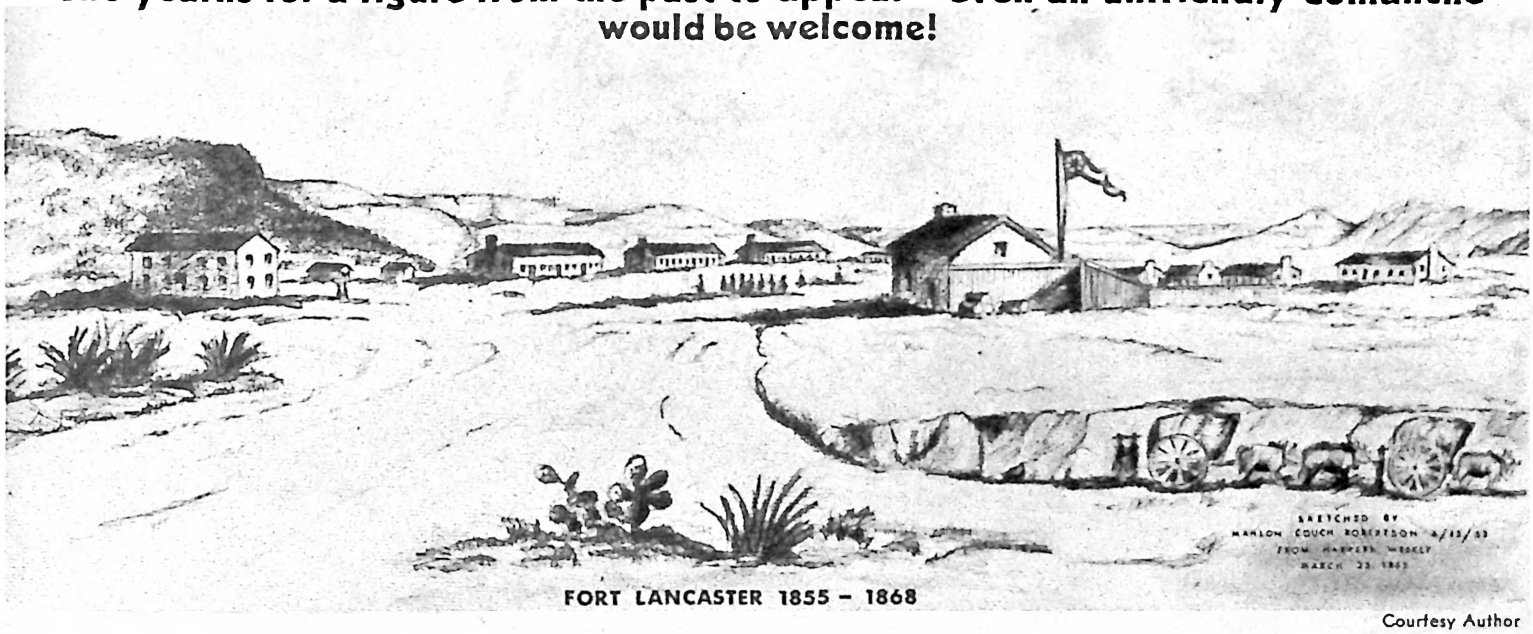
Thatcher jumped up, saying, "Damn it! I will go out to the stock and come back and finish my breakfast when some of you can come out to relieve me." One of the party, a man by the name of Wells, went with him but he was so confident that he did not even take his six-shooter with him.

THEY HAD NOT been gone more than five minutes when all of us were brought to our feet very suddenly by hearing the formidable war cry of Cochise's warriors. I knew it was too late to attempt the rescue, for the Indians would not have given the yell until they had the herd started. We grabbed our guns, and hurrying out saw the herd was over a quarter of a mile away and in a regular stampede, with about fifteen Indians whooping them up.

Just on top of the tableland stood Thatcher and Wells, and about one hundred yards beyond them were several Apaches who fled upon our approach. Thatcher stated that he and Wells were going to the steep part of the tableland, just as they heard the yell; and although Wells had no gun, and Thatcher only a six-shooter, they hurried with all speed to gain the mesa. Having gained the top, they saw the herd being driven rapidly away. Several of the Indians saw them and turned back to attack them. Thatcher opened fire upon them with his six-shooter, and Wells had sufficient presence of mind to move as if he were trying to pull his six-shooter. The Indians whirled and followed their companions.

(Continued on page 40)

It's lonelier than a graveyard, quieter than a graveyard. In its desolate ruins one yearns for a figure from the past to appear—even an unfriendly Comanche would be welcome!



FORT LANCASTER 1855 – 1868

Courtesy Author

Fort Lancaster— Lower Road to the WEST

By JOHN WALLACE

ROUGHLY twenty-six miles from present-day Ozona, Texas, one hot, late afternoon, Big Foot Wallace, pursued by a party of Comanche warriors, recklessly plunged his stage, wheels unlashed, off the edge of a steep mesa. Soaring down a precarious grade through narrow passages blasted out of rock, he raced along the rutted trail into the safety of Fort Lancaster below.

William Alexander Anderson Wallace was a frontiersman and Texas Ranger and, in the 1850s, a mail carrier and leader of wagontrains over the long Chihuahua Trail linking San Antonio with El Paso and San Diego.

The particular magnetism that the Fort Lancaster ruins exert on a passing traveler who chances to notice them today cannot be explained away simply. The brusque virginity of the remote land in which the fort reposes has been violated only by the narrow highway winding through the basin. Ranches in the area being large, homes are scarce and none can be seen from the ruins.

Located on the western fringe of Crockett County, an area larger than the State of Delaware, Fort Lancaster sits strategically poised with its back against a high mesa. From there it looks out over a broad, flat stretch of brown basin earth to the brilliant greens and golds of thirsty shrubs and salt cedar crowded along the banks of the Pecos River.

Deep ruts carved out long ago by stages, wagons, and prairie schooners grinding over the rock and beating against the sides of shallow, cramped passes as they descended are still evident in places along the trail which winds down from the mesa.

Within a few last gallops of the fort confines, the ruts curve as if on purpose around a lone, leaning tombstone bearing the crudely-fashioned name of an infant girl, "Little Margaret." Nearby, under a grove of pale green mesquites, stands a helter-skelter score of similar graves, with stones hacked hurriedly from rock. One is inscribed "J. H. Norris, A. W. P. Lane Ranger, Age 24 Years." These markers stand sentry over the remains of soldiers and their wives and children to whom Fort Lancaster at one time had been shelter.

The fort is a half mile above the junction of the Pecos River and Live Oak Creek, and practically indistinguishable when viewed from US Highway 290, meandering 150 yards away westward toward Sheffield and Fort Stockton.

A crude chimney stands above mounds of crumbled stone and broken stubs of soldiers' barracks and officers' quarters. Shallow remains of a narrow stable, a messhall, and other buildings huddle together amid a profusion of scraggly desert weed.

Fort Lancaster had a relatively brief life compared with other, more publicized military outposts which sprang up on the Texas frontier in the early 1800s. It was established in 1855, not quite two decades after Texas' independence from Mexico, and was abandoned less than six years later.

During its occupancy, Fort Lancaster was a junction of several renowned West Texas trails. Although Texas' agreement to protect Mexico from the state's Indians may have been a factor in the establishment of this outpost, as one Texas historian has observed, Fort Lancaster was established primarily to afford protection for the constant stream of pioneer traffic headed west along the dusty Chihuahua Trail. The stretch of this trail leading from San Antonio was known also as the Lower Road to the West.

A branch of the old Butterfield Stage mail route dropped south from Abilene through Fort Lancaster and west to Fort Stockton. When Lancaster was abandoned in 1861, the Butterfield route was

(Continued on page 44)

Wild Old Days!

SNAKES AND MORE SNAKES

By Josephine Broadbent

IF YOU like the South Texas Brush Country, its isolation is a challenge, and its loneliness brings you peace and contentment. If you don't like it, you leave. As a result, the natives are in tune with the land, and thus necessarily with the snakes which inhabit that land and which have long since claimed it as their own.

There are big snakes and little snakes, poisonous snakes and harmless snakes—you name it. Mostly, though, you meet rattlers. Inside the house you might find one in a cupboard or a bed or even a stove. Now, I am not afraid of snakes but neither do I want to chum with them. Once I found a snake in the oven. He slithered away from me that time. Later that same night I felt something wiggling in my bed, and knew what it was without asking the wiggler. With a shriek I landed in the middle of the floor. Was I embarrassed when it turned out to be a little old grass snake? No, I was not because, just as naturally for that country, it could have been a rattlesnake. This time I got him.

There will be rattlers in the chicken house. I saw a rattlesnake attack a large brood of baby chicks and silently kill most of them one after another before I could kill him. A large snake once swallowed a baby rabbit, right in front of us. I was too petrified to move but a woodcutter standing by, quick as a flash slashed the snake in two with his axe. The rabbit jumped out and ran away. I have been told this is not unusual.

Walking in the brush one day, I heard a squeaking sound and saw what appeared to be a snake with a frog's head. A grass snake had snapped at the back end of a little frog so the frog was in the snake's mouth squeaking for help, while the snake ran around frantically trying to undo its mistake. When I killed the snake the frog hopped happily away.

Snakes will hide out in many places. That is, they do not really hide out, but they just find the secret place that best suits them, and then they will work out from there. They will slither through a crack in the rocks and locate a comfortable place to recline where they can look out and watch the enemy, which cannot see them. Which will be the first to go?

They will hide under an overhanging shelf of rock and never let their presence be known until you sit down on the rock to rest. Usually you don't stay long. They will coil themselves around the root of a cactus so that you cannot get at them; and they will cuddle up under a sotol bush until you rarely can distinguish them.

I had always heard that a snake could not strike unless he was coiled, but this is not the case; don't let that story fool you. I have seen a snake three or more feet long wrap his tail once around the root of a bush and then strike his full length along a limb. Three feet does not seem a very long strike unless your face is just two feet eleven inches away.

It seems to me that snakes can strike from almost any position. Walking along a footpath one day I felt a jolt from my heels to my neck. I jumped to one side and then looked down. There, coiled at my feet on the side of the footpath was a tiny, tiny rattler. I killed him with a big rock. Then I sat down and took off my boot. His fangs had not penetrated the heavy boot, but there were two tiny holes where they had struck into the side of the heel.

IT IS not always easy to recognize snakes for what they are when you are not accustomed to them. Now, a water moccasin is a smart snake. He will stick straight up out of the water much of the time and looks just like a small sapling or a thick twig from a bush. He probably hopes he can catch you napping. Most of the ranch reservoirs have some brush in them so I did not notice the "sticks" particularly. I swam daily for several months in a dirt tank before I know that the "sticks" in the outer circle were snakes. They seemed harmless and we all had been enjoying the water together—one big happy family. Then one day a neighbor happened by and told me my swimming companions were water moccasins, very poisonous. I quietly but quickly faded out of the pool.

Once I tried to kill a rattler on a hilltop near our ranch house. My failure to do so with the first few blows gave him a chance to come after me. Some people say that a snake will not chase a person. You can believe that if you want to but me—I know better. I was no ghost playing hopscotch with that rattling "unghostly" sidewinder. Finally in desperation I jumped into the car and slammed the door, planning to get my pistol and shoot him. But dare I open a door or a window to take aim? Could he slither through a very small crack somewhere?

Suddenly I thought of something. Glory be, I thought, if I can pin him down, I can shoot him. So I started the motor and ran back and forth over and around him for what seemed an eternity until a rear wheel caught him. (If you think this was easy, just try it.) Then fear took over. St. Vitus had nothing on me. It took me five shots from a distance of a few feet to kill that varmint. You can see I had no courage at that moment—only desperation.

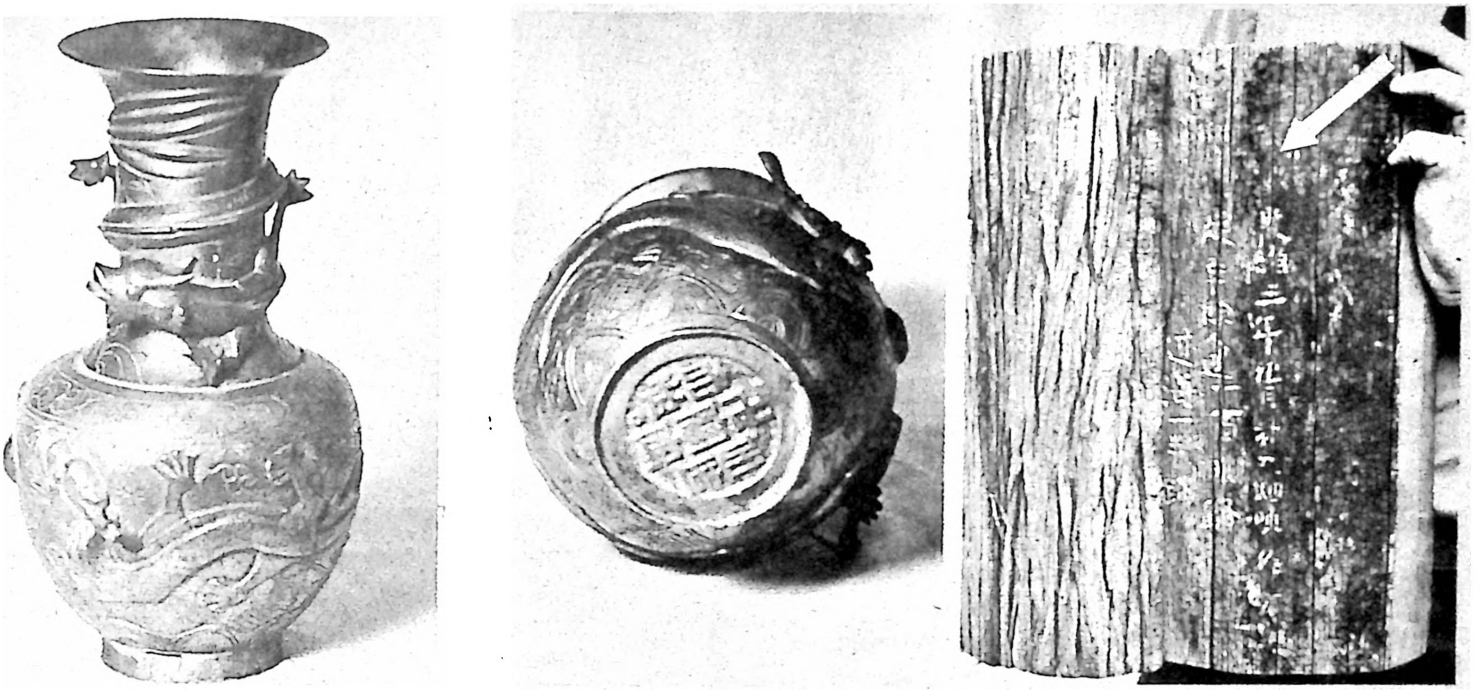
That seemed to me a narrow escape, but a few weeks later I had a potentially more narrow one. I sat on a rattler! If he had bitten me it would have been curtains because, I ask you, just how could you apply a tourniquet to that bite? And I was so comfortably unaware of any danger. Carrying only a light garden hoe, I had gone to the field to check the flow of water from the tank to the onion seed beds. These beds of finely mulched earth about four by six feet were separated from each other by ridges of dirt nine or ten inches high, which prevented the tiny onion seeds from washing away. The ridges were covered with a thick growth of hog weed.

The flow of water from the dirt tank was necessarily slow the first time out, so I sat down on one of the ridges to rest a bit and wait for the water. With the hoe in my hand I sat there for about ten minutes completely comfortable, enjoying the peace and idly philosophizing about nothing. When the water arrived I got up, and turned around automatically to brush off my dress. Then I saw why I had been so comfortable. I had been sitting on the hugest diamondback rattler I have ever seen! His coloring blended so perfectly with that of the weeds that I would never have seen him if I had not been standing over him. And even then it took the additional evidence of the hog weed crushed on his coils to make me believe my own eyes.

I didn't have time to think. I just knew he had to be killed and there was no help within miles; so I was it. It took me several minutes to find his enormous head and an eternity to get it out from under those immense coils. Then I started hammering away at his head with the only weapon I had, that little old garden hoe. Strangely he did not seem to have much fight in him. He probably was hibernating or trying to digest a large rabbit.

Thankful for his partial lethargy, regardless of the cause, I had almost killed him before he began to fight. When I hung him up on the fence so that it would rain (a Brush Country superstition) I had to double him over a four-strand barbed wire fence because of his great length. And even then he trailed on the ground. I was too exhausted to measure him before I left, and too jittery afterward.

Now, I loved that land, so usually felt in tune with its wild life, but who can ever establish a rapport with snakes? If you want to study or collect them you can probably find all you want in that country. If you are allergic to them, perhaps you had better not go in. As I said, snakes belong to the Brush Country and the Brush Country takes care of its own—not you.



Left, brass urn found in Orofino, Idaho. Notice the Chinese characters on the bottom (center). Right, a Chinese "Letter" carved on a tree in 1876.

HIEROGLYPHICS AND URNS

By Roscoe LeGresley

IN the summer of 1939, a Forest Service employee hiking along the North Fork, a wild and remote area near the Idaho-Montana line, paused in the shade of a cedar tree and noticed a piece of bark about a foot long and eight inches wide had been removed from the trunk. Something on the bare spot caught his eye and upon close examination he saw what appeared to be Chinese hieroglyphics carved there.

Cutting the piece out, he carried it to the Ranger Station where several more people examined it. A copy of the writing was sent to a Carl Coffman, an expert in identifying such things. According to him the writing refers to the reign of Emperor Kuang Shu which began in 1875. The carving was placed on the tree in 1876 and reads:

"The ninth day of the fifth month of the third year of the reign of Kuang Shu, Ksii (name of man who did the writing) has gone into the wilderness, 100 miles by water, to wait for someone. This lake or stream (North Fork) is half way."

What became of the man who wrote the message is a matter of conjecture. There were thousands of Chinese seeking gold in and around that country in the 1870's. Today this "letter" is on display in the foyer of the Clearwater Forest Service headquarters in Orofino, Idaho.

Another mystery is posed by a brass urn, apparently Chinese, found by an Orofino, Idaho, resident along Whiskey Creek several years ago after a flash flood had washed it out of gravel at the edge of town. It is of heavy, cast brass, stands about eighteen inches high, and is about six inches across at its base. The sides of the container are embellished with scrollwork and several serpents or dragons coil about it.

There are some barely legible Chinese characters on the bottom. The urn was taken to a group of Chinese in Lewiston, Idaho, by its finder, but they refused to translate the writing into English. They did, however, offer a fancy price for the piece.

What it was used or intended for can only be guessed. It seems to be the only urn of its kind in this part of the country.

THE 1888 BLIZZARD

Submitted by E. R. Alden

ALL DAY January 10, 1888 it snowed and the snow drifted badly. There was about twelve inches on the ground and some large drifts. The morning of the 11th was clear and the snow seemed to have settled some. We lived in the barren plains part of Dakota Territory which later became Faulk County, South Dakota. We had planned to drive down to the William Escott homestead (he was a brother-in-law) to spend a day or two. Our oldest son was seven and a half months old; Escott's eldest child was four months old.

We made ready and started to go the ten miles to their place. Traveling was slow but we all wore fur coats, even the baby, so we reached our destination in a very comfortable condition. Escott had his barn full of stock, so the men took our team about three quarters of a mile south to Mr. Catlin's who had plenty of room in his barn.

The sky was so full of stars the morning of the 12th, it seemed there wasn't room for another one, but before the sun came up it began to snow a little. As soon as we had eaten our breakfast my husband said he had better go down to Mr. Catlin's and take care of his horses. We knew these people well and, of course, they asked him in to visit awhile. They finally got into a game of cards and time passed. It began snowing harder and the wind came up, but no one thought too much of it. When the storm began to get quite a bit worse, Escott said he had better go down to Catlin's and take Ev, my husband, his overcoat.

About eleven a.m. the wind really began to blow. The men started home. There was a well broken road all the way, but the air was so full of snow they couldn't see three feet in front of their faces. They held hands and kept zigzagging back and forth as they could tell when they stepped off the hard packed trail. Every few feet they had to turn their backs to the wind and claw the snow off their faces.

Escott had been in Millard, our closest town, on the 11th and had bought a new hardwood two-by-four to make a reach for his hay wagon. He had stuck the piece of timber upright in a snowdrift about three feet from his kitchen. During the morning of the 12th we could catch a glimpse of it now and then, but by noon that day we couldn't see it at all. The two men, thinking they had gone far enough to be home, had turned their backs to the wind to catch their breath when they heard a cow bawl directly under their feet. Escott had a sidehill barn and the snow had drifted directly over it. They had walked right up on the barn without knowing it and would have wandered on by the house if the old cow hadn't been asking for a drink of water.

I had just opened the door and glanced out, although I knew I couldn't see far. (You know how it is in a case like this—one just has to take a look.) Before I got back to my chair the door opened and the men walked in. We helped them unbutton their wraps, and what a mess! Under my husband's overcoat was a long buffalo coat, with a red flannel lining and a leather belt buckled tightly around his waist. Inside the coat was a layer of snow which filled every bit of space

(Continued on page 66)

Arizona in the '50s

(Continued from page 36)

The men kept on up the mesa to where Thatcher and Wells were standing, and I returned to finish my breakfast. When the men came in they found me eating my breakfast as if nothing had happened. It was surely amusing to watch their faces. Now I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it, but I must say that I enjoyed the situation. I felt that I had the laugh on them and went on eating with a suppressed smile.

One of them looked at me and said, "Well, I'll be damned, there is the boss Indian fighter!" Another said, "Don't talk to me about your Indian fighter any more!"

They kept on in that strain until I was through with my breakfast. I got up, filled my pipe, and said, "Boys, what the devil are you talking about? There is not an Indian within a hundred miles of here. You know you have all been telling me that for the last three days, but I did not become convinced of it until this morning, and of course the Indians that Young and I saw passing the entrance were only a dream."

They did not have much appetite for breakfast, and immediately after it they went into an adjoining room to hold a council which I did not attend. But while they were deliberating about what was to be done, Young came and urged me to join them. I told him I would think about it. He said that someone would have to go to Fort Buchanan for assistance, and that it would take at least half of the party to make the trip, since the Indians were on all sides of us, and it would take the rest of us to stay and guard our camp.

I said, "It is only twenty-two miles to the fort, why not send one man and let the rest stay here until reinforcements arrive?"

He replied, "Tevis, you are a fool to talk that way, for no one man could run the gauntlet and elude those Indians. I doubt if half of the party could make the trip without most of them being killed, for one of the boys got up on one of the guard stations and saw Indians in three different directions."

"All right," I said; "you go back to the council, and I will come in presently." As soon as he left I picked up my shotgun and canteen and went out of the entrance, down across the Babocomari, and struck out for Fort Buchanan. I thought of Young's words about the foolhardiness of one man making the trip, and I concluded I would show them that it could be done.

It seems that my stock had risen somewhat in their minds, for I afterward learned that they expressed themselves as being sorry that they had not listened to me.

Shortly after I had gone, John Mack, of Missouri, came out, and when he failed to see me, he began calling. Not receiving any answer, he climbed up to the lookout and saw me on the other side of the Babocomari stream, over a half mile away on the road to Fort Buchanan. He rushed down into the room, saying, "Yes, damn it, while we are here talking and afraid to separate on account of the Indians, there is Tevis striking out alone for the fort, but he shall not go alone." He hastily gathered up his guns and ammunition and started to follow me.

It was very fortunate for me that he did, for just as I was crossing an arroyo called Little Hollow, which ran from the mountain on the southeast into the Babocomari, two miles from the old fort, I met the Indians, nine in number. I emptied both barrels among them and threw myself flat upon the ground. I don't think a soft-shell turtle ever lay flatter nor hugged the ground closer than I did. The Indians kept a continual stream of arrows passing over me. I lay there with my six-shooter pointed in their direction, firing only when I had a good shot.

PRESENTLY, arrows began to come from the left, then I knew I was in danger. I had just made up my mind to charge the Indians in the gulch, a six-shooter in each hand, when I heard the report of a gun behind me and a white man's yell. I jumped up in time to see John Mack coming, and at the same time an Indian fell. The warrior had taken a position on my left and would probably have wounded me, but John, hearing the firing, kept in the shelter of the bank of the stream until he got directly opposite the Indian, whom he shot just as he was pulling back the bowstring. We both charged, and out of the nine Indians we killed five.

We then had a clear road over the mountains for about ten miles, when we came across another band. This time we had a good position on high ground, where an attack could not be made without our seeing the enemy. The hill was clear of timber and rocks, and our shotguns would reach them at least as far as they could shoot their arrows, possibly a little farther. We skirmished with them for some time, and then decided that there would be less danger in proceeding on our way now than later, for it seemed that their number was increasing. Our water was getting low, and the day was hot. This made it most urgent for us to reach the fort as soon as possible. We had a continual skirmish from the time we left the hill until we reached the fort.

It would be too tedious to tell how we had to go out of our way to get onto advantageous ground, and how we suffered from thirst and weariness. At times we thought we could not hold out till we could reach the fort. However, a little after dark we reached Captain Ewell's quarters.

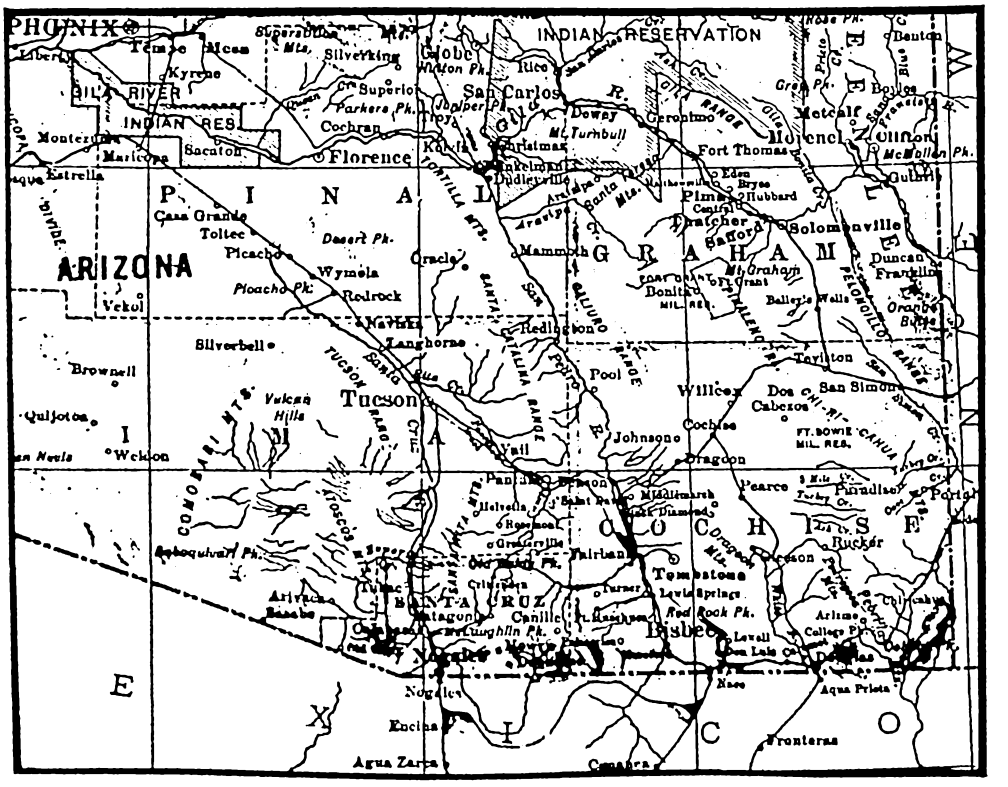
After quenching my thirst I threw myself down on a bench to rest. Soon the Captain came in, and I told him that the expedition had turned out just as he had said, and related to him the details. He said, "You are too tired to return tonight, but early in the morning we will take up the trail."

Just then old Nancy stuck her black face through the doorway, saying, "I reckon the poor, tired souls would like something to eat."

I surely did ample justice to Nancy's supper, and then lay down and slept soundly until morning. We were up on time, and Captain Ewell and I, with seventy-five dragoons and extra animals for the men, were on our way to Babocomari, which we reached before noon. We received a most hearty welcome from the men, and were soon on our way to the Rio San Pedro.

We camped there that night, and on the next day made camp at Ewell's Spring; and on the third day we entered Apache Pass, following the trail of our stock right into Cochise's camp, but we saw none of the stock around. Here we met the advance construction gang of the Overland Mail Route. The foreman said that it would be better for his company to pay for the stock than to start trouble.

Since the Captain inferred from his remarks that the men would be paid, he never mentioned stolen stock to Cochise. That evening he told me he would not fight them. I was not pleased with the results of our trip, and told him that, if we did not fight, I would stay there until I recovered my stock or was paid what they were worth. Captain Ewell remained two or three days before returning to the fort. He did his best to persuade me to return with him, but I was bent upon staying, so I went to Anthony Elder, who was to have charge of the station, and asked him for employment. He hired me, thus making the number of men, including myself, ten.



A STONE CORRAL was built with portholes in every stall. Inside, on the southwest corner, were built, in "L" shape, the kitchen and sleeping rooms. At the west end, on the inside of the corral, space about ten feet wide was apportioned for grain room and storeroom, and here were kept the firearms and ammunition.

The station was located about halfway through Apache Pass, as the road then lay, about six miles from where the road entered the pass from the San Simón Valley and emerged into the Sulphur Springs Valley en route to Dragoon. The road leading from the pass to the Sulphur Springs Valley was very rough, lying across the deep gulches. For the first mile and a half from the station, the road was a very dangerous, narrow defile through the canyon, which was covered with a thick growth of walnut, ash, mulberry, and wild-cherry trees. It passed between two large rock points which stood up and almost hung over the road. The water had cut and worn its course through the canyon, leaving the rock standing bare on either side. At this turn, White's train of emigrants were massacred while en route to California. Cochise's father, who at that time was chief of all the Apache tribes, stood on top of the rock on the east side of the road, giving commands for the horrible murder.

East of the station about one-quarter mile was the spring where we got our water by carrying it daily on a burro in two ten-gallon kegs. Beyond the spring about three hundred yards was a little strip of tableland where Fort Bowie now stands. Behind the tableland very abruptly arose a large spur of the Chiricahua Range, running south for a mile and a half, then dividing, one spur making a circle around to the west. Just west, where the trail passed over the range, arose the high peak then called Cow Peak, but now called Helen's Dome. From the road, the mountain range becomes higher and higher, until Dos Cabezas (Two Heads) is reached, from the tops of which can be seen valleys nearly one hundred miles away. Travelers going west can see the Dos Cabezas peaks from Fort Cummings, now called Cook's Springs. From Dos Cabezas peaks the slope is gradual for fifteen miles to where the Chiricahua Range ends in a plain. Then the country becomes rolling tableland reaching out for twenty miles to the foothills of the Graham Range.

About two hundred yards in the rear of the station is a small mountain which extends to Cochise's Canyon, now called Goodwin Canyon; and opposite the mouth of Cochise's Canyon was the point where the stage road emerged from the canyon going east from the station. Frequently, Indians would leave the station at the same time the east-bound stage would leave, and they would go down the west canyon and beat the coach to the mouth of the pass. In this canyon, Cochise camped with his tribe, numbering seven hundred warriers, and old Jack, the second chief, with over five hundred warriors, made his camp in the rincon in front of the station, or southeast between the station and Cow Peak.

Old Jack had about two hundred young warriors who would run off to the Sierra Madres every winter and stay through the cold season, returning to Apache Pass in the spring, bringing all their stolen stock and captives with them. On their return, there was always sure to be a fight between part of old Jack's and Esconolea's tribes, because of an old tribal feud. Esconolea was the third

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, Library, University of Oklahoma

Arizona pioneer, General Ewell, in a Confederate uniform.

chief of Cochise's tribe, and his band numbered over three hundred. Esconolea's brother was the medicine chief of the whole tribe, and his word was law with them.

With all my hatred for the Indians, I had no other feeling but that of affection for Esconolea, and never have I met a man in all my life who deserved affection from me so fully as he.

I HAD BEEN employed at the station about two weeks when I decided to start early on a Sunday morning and climb Cow Peak, so as to see the surrounding country. After climbing about sixty feet up a crevice very much as one would climb out of a well, with hands and feet pressing against the walls, I reached the top and saw that it was flat surface for about half an acre, and what resembled a cow when viewed from the station was only a lone live-oak tree.

By sitting down under the tree I could see the distant Gila River as it wound around the valley on the north, and on the west was the San Pedro, making its way toward the Gila. As far as I could see there was the Sulphur Springs Valley stretching over toward Sonora. Toward the east lay the valley of the San Simón.

After I had rested and eaten my lunch, I gazed about until I was satisfied, and then I began to return to the station, which, from my vantage point, looked like a mere speck on the surface below. If my climb up there had been somewhat laborious, I found it even more so to get down. I reached the station about dark, thinking I had accomplished a great feat. In 1880, I made the same trip again and found it much easier. It seemed that the top edges had crumbled off, filling in the crevice. Even the live-oak tree had fallen and buried itself, helping to fill up the crevices and making it easy to reach the top.

One day the Santa Rita Silver Mining Company's officials stopped and remained overnight at the station, en route to Tubac. Most of them were Cincinnati capitalists, and they had a splendid outfit of machinery with which to work the mine, as well as a printing press and a year's supply of provisions. All was hauled by a train of over one hundred mules.

The next morning they made a short drive to the "Hole in the Rocks," just outside of the pass, where they camped, intending to make the trip to Dragoon Springs the next day. During the night Cochise made a raid through their camp and ran off every mule they had in their herd, driving them across the line into Old Mexico, passing close to Fronteras, and taking them into the Sierra Madres, where he kept them for a couple of months. Afterwards he drove them into Apache Pass.

The morning after the raid, the officials of the mining outfit came to the station, asking for animals with which to follow the Indians. Anthony Elder gave them all the animals he could spare, also going along with them. They followed the trail across the Mexican line, but could go no farther unless they turned over their arms to the customs guards. This they would not do; so they turned back, coming by way of Santa Barbara, where they camped overnight at the head of the San Simón Valley.

On their way back they found three skeletons. A doctor who was in the party said they were those of American women.

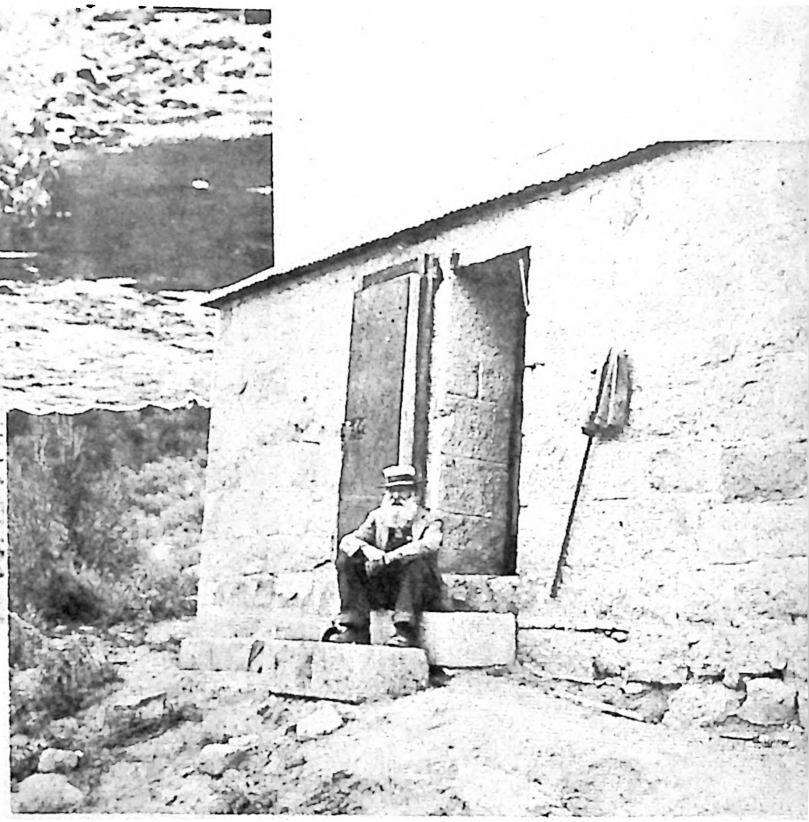
They reached the station ten days afterward and had to send to Tucson for freighters to come and move them to Tubac.

Anthony Elder came back, tired out and in a pretty bad humor. He picked up the blacksnake whip and began laying it on the Indians, right and left. The entrance to the station was crowded with bucks, squaws, and children in great numbers, which made it difficult to enter. I expected trouble to begin at once. The Indians gave a yell that brought warriors from behind every rock and tree on that side of the mountain, it seemed to me, but, fortunately for us, most of them belonged to Esconolea's tribe; for Cochise had gone to Mexico with the stolen stock. Old Esconolea came down from camp, and the affair was settled by Elder handing over ten sacks of corn to appease the wrath of those offended. When McNeece, the division road agent, came along, Esconolea told him it would be best to send Elder to some other place before Cochise came back. Elder was given charge of the Overland supply train; and although I was young and apparently new in the place, I was given charge of the station.

THE WINTER of 1857 was a severe one, and in December it snowed in the pass steadily for two nights and a day. The ground was covered with over three feet of snow. If it was a hardship for us at the station, it proved a greater one for the Indian women and children. The warriors were all over in Sonora, where they always went every new moon. The third day after the snow set in, a little captive Mexican girl knocked at the station door; and, upon opening it, I found her standing there shivering, with her moccasins in her hand. I bade her come near the fire, and while standing there she saw the corn box full of corn, and she went toward it, saying *"Shenoggoongay slonk,"* or "I am hungry"; and she began to eat the raw corn. The oven was put over the fire and filled with corn, so she could parch it and eat. While eating, she made me understand that the women and children were starving. I gave her two sacks of corn; and, putting them on our water burro, I told her to take

(Continued on page 48)

The HERMIT of Ruby City



Jack O'Brien pans for gold on Jordan Creek, former townsite of Ruby City. In the background, part of an old water flume once used for placer mining. Right, Jack O'Brien's home and the last building remaining in Ruby City, Idaho.

Meet Jack O'Brien of the poke around-scratch around set!

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

THE OLD MAN shaded his eyes and stepped toward us from the doorway of a thick-walled, stone building.

"Yep, this is Ruby City, population one—that's me, and this powder house is the last thing standing. Silver City—just around the bend up the gulch—is the ghost town you're looking for. You'll find cottontail and coyote tracks in Silver's streets but nary a soul lives there!"

And that's how we met Jack O'Brien, a weatherbeaten old prospector who had been in the Silver City, Idaho, mining district "off and on for nigh onto seventy years," we were told.

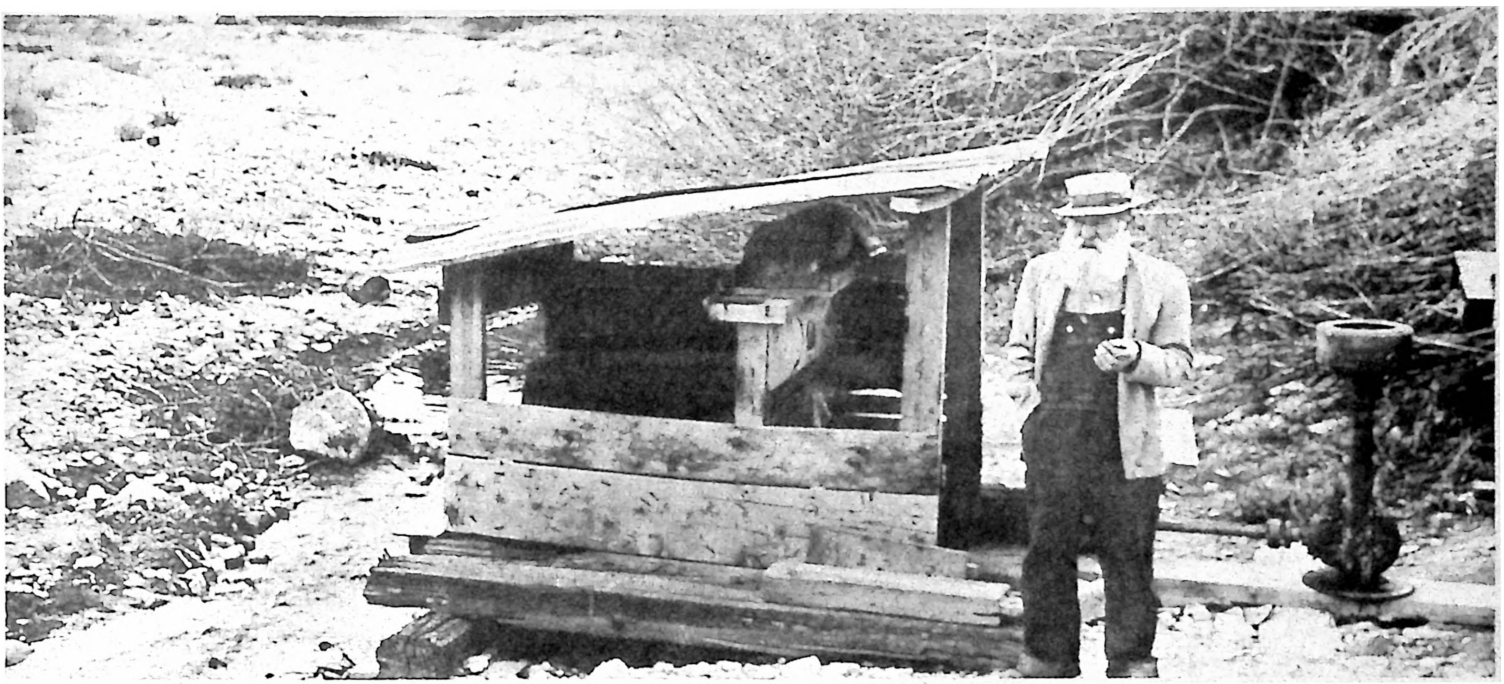
"My daughter thinks I'm crazy as a loon," the friendly old prospector said. "But there's trout in Jordan Creek, rabbits, deer and grouse in the bush and it don't take much of a grubstake to keep me going!"

We couldn't quarrel with that brand of philosophy so my wife and I accepted the old man's invitation to "rest a spell." It was midsummer, 1942, and we were about sixty miles southwest of Boise, across the Snake River and into the Owyhee Mountains.

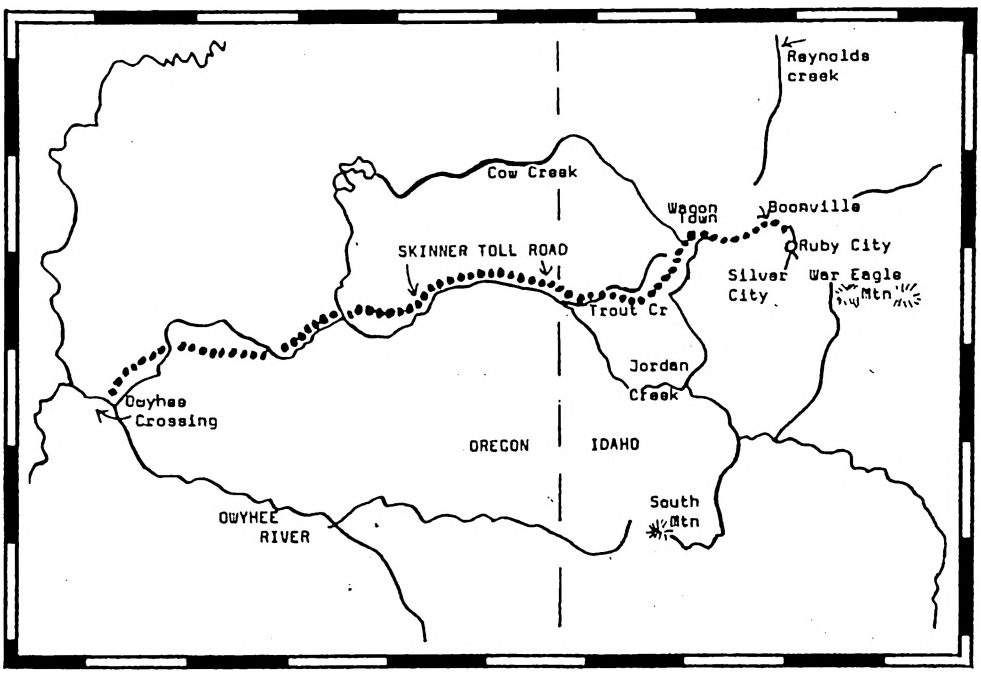
O'BRIEN'S uncle had worked on the the Skinner Toll Road in 1866. The early placer diggings were exhausted by that time, but the discovery of rich lodes of gold and silver in the Florida and War Eagle Mountains resulted in huge investments of capital in hard-rock mining.

Prior to the building of the Silas Skinner Toll Road, the only route into the Silver City area was from Boise. The wagon road crossed thirty miles of arid land between the Boise and Snake Rivers. Then, after crossing the Snake, the road left the valley at the Carson ranch (near the present site of Murphy) and headed up Reynold's Creek. The last fourteen miles were steep and rugged and totally unfit for freighting, either up- or downgrade, hence the necessity for another route.

"I'm a placer miner," O'Brien told us. "When I got here only a few Chinks were panning for gold. All the rest were hard-rocking. Wages around eight dollars for hand drillers—less for muckers, and top dollar for experienced powder men. I had a good partner and we drove a lot of powder holes in mighty hard rock! After six weeks I had a stake and



O'Brien and the water pump he rigged from the rear axle and gears of an old car.



Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Map showing the two routes into the Silver City district. One extremely rugged wagon road comes in from the north, following Reynolds Creek. The other, known as the Skinner Toll Road, follows Jordan Creek up from Owyhee Crossing.

left.

"Don't know why I kept coming back," he said. "Been to the Okanogan, Barkerville in B.C., and even spent two years in the Klondike. But here I am. A couple young squirts from a mining school are downstream a few miles, working on a new-fangled machine for gold-saving right now. So—I'm not the only 'nut' in these parts!"

Over the years, the Reynolds Creek road had been improved but we found it plenty tedious for a passenger car in 1942.

"You can go back down Jordan Creek to where it joins the Owyhee River near the Idaho-Oregon line. This ain't far from a good new highway back to Boise. Some of this is along the old Skinner Toll Road but only a goat could stay on parts of it now."

We took a lot of pictures and notes around Silver City and the deserted mines before driving on down the valley, past Dewey (originally named Boonville), past Wagontown (De Lamar on today's maps), through Jordan Valley and on to the Idaho-Oregon-Nevada highway, as Jack O'Brien had suggested.

Some historians claim that Ruby City had attained a population of 800 before it was swallowed up by Silver City in the early years of mining there. Proximity to the War Eagle and other mines favored Silver City and it became the county seat of Owyhee County. Sporadic booms in mining ventures kept Silver City alive, but in 1935 the county seat was moved to Murphy and the place quickly became the ghost town it is today.

Why did Jack O'Brien choose to live in the old powder house at Ruby City instead of in the more habitable mine shanties standing vacant in Silver City, or in Dewey, each of which was easily reached? The answer, like the song says, is "written in the wind!"

AND WHAT happened to the old hermit of Ruby City? We left Boise in 1942 and lost contact with Jack O'Brien. He would be well past a hundred years of age if living. One thing is most likely—he would keep on dreaming of still greater discoveries in the Owyhees. Such yields as $13,000,000, mostly silver, from the Dewey mine (Boonville vicinity), a $70,000 per week production from the Oro Fino and Poorman properties, a six-day work on one vein that yielded a half million dollars; such as these could still have been equalled, and even bettered, in the opinion of the old prospector.

Albert D. Richardson, an eastern newspaper correspondent quoted a '49er, who on reaching Jordan Creek on May 18, 1863 noted: "One of our inquisitive spirits scooped up a shovel-ful of gravel and 'panning it out' found near a hundred 'colors.' Picks and shovels moved the slumbering rocks, gravel and soil. When near bedrock, was seen in pleasing quantities the idol of avarice, the master of men, and the seductive and winning creature of women—GOLD!"

It was the reading of such accounts, along with reports of fabulous yields from the stamp mills, which, no doubt, lured Jack O'Brien to the Owyhees. And it was the magic wand of memories that drew him back to spend his last days there.

Did Edison Get "Turned On" in Wyoming?

(Continued from page 23)

this country I'm going to shoot straight," he declared.

Before the day of the eclipse some of Draper's party and other astronomers in Rawlins obtained an engine and car and went to Separation, thirteen miles westward, to visit the U.S. Government astronomers who had set up their instruments on the apex of the Continental Divide. Marshall Fox and Edison took their Winchesters along. They had been told by John J. Clarke, telegraph operator at Separation, that there were plenty of jackrabbits in the area. Locally they were called "narrow-gauge mules" because of their long ears.

After hunting for a time Edison returned to the depot with only one sparrow hawk. Just then he glimpsed a jack rabbit in the greasewood and fired at him. Three shots later he realized that the rabbit was stuffed and had been "planted." The joke was on him.

He asked the men at the station to keep still as he wanted "to get Newcomb." Professor Newcomb was the foremost astronomer of his time and conducted observations at the U. S. Naval Observatory. The sedate professor and one or two others were hoaxed, much to Edison's delight. One Rawlins man said that Edison was "chock full of fun and good nature."

DURING the solar eclipse Edison tried out his testimeter on the corona but found that the instrument was entirely too sensitive. He got no results and explained that the corona of the sun was ten times the index capacity of the testimeter.

The Wyoming newspaper editors seemed to vie in running paragraphs about Edison. The *Laramie Sentinel* objected to the fact that one editor referred to him as "Professor." One wrote, "It is said that Edison is about to throw on the market a new corkscrew crimper that will twist the hair of trusting women forty different directions at the same time."

Another editor commented, "Edison is accused of being the father of Invention. We have no desire to open up a fresh scandal but if Edison is the father of Invention it is the duty of Necessity to show her Marriage License if she has one."

Edison took the jibes in stride and seemed to enjoy his vacation thoroughly, though he still spent many hours in the kitchen-laboratory concentrating on the incandescent lamp. For several months in 1877 he had done considerable experimenting with carbonized cotton thread, with tissue paper rolled in lampblack and tar, and with refractory metals. The light experiments had been put aside, however, for promotion of his phonograph which took precedence.

Although for years many persons had been experimenting with incandescent lamps, scientists world-wide vowed it would be impossible to subdivide electric current. That pronouncement was just the stimulus Edison needed. He said that he knew he could do it—and would. He was determined to prove that an indefinite number of lights could be burned on the same current. The success of the incandescence would depend upon the proper filament.

George S. Bryan, a writer, states that the idea of using bamboo as a filament came to Edison when he examined the binding on a palm leaf fan in 1879, but Wyoming pioneers insisted that the idea of using bamboo for filament came to Edison in August, 1878, when he was fishing at Battle Lake.

After the eclipse of the sun on July 29, Edison and a number of others went on a hunting and fishing trip. Some scientists, a few railway officials, Major T. T. Thornburgh, 4th Infantry, and several soldiers were in the party. (At that time Thornburgh was in command of Fort Steele near Rawlins. A little more than a year later in September, 1879, Major Thornburgh and thirteen of his troopers were slaughtered by Ute Indians on Milk River, while they were endeavoring to go to the relief of Indian Agent Nathan C. Meeker. The site of the so-called "Thornburgh Massacre" was about 150 miles from Rawlins.)

THROUGH Nute Craig, Edison employed one of the best-known guides in the West to lead the party. He was Tom Sun, one-time employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. Sun was six feet tall, with a dark complexion. His long, black hair fell to his shoulders. He provided all necessary camping equipment and wagons and was familiar with the best hunting and fishing in the country. Sun broke trail for the party through real wilderness. There was one small trading post but no towns between Rawlins and Battle Lake.

The party had been gone from Rawlins several days when Craig received a cablegram forwarded by Mr. Griffin, Edison's manager at his laboratory in New Jersey. Griffin asked that the message be delivered to Edison regardless of cost.

According to Craig's reminiscences in a little book called *Thrills*, the cablegram read, "What royalty will you take on your telephone for England, Germany and France?"

When the party started on the hunt, Edison's orders had been that any messages should be held in Rawlins.

Since this cablegram had come from England and looked extremely important, Craig sent Sam Morgan, Tom Sun's hunting partner, on horseback to find the inventor. All he could tell Morgan was that the party "had gone south."

When Morgan came back to Rawlins a few days later he had Edison's answer for Griffin. It read, "Am too busy. Will answer later."

Craig asked Morgan if he had difficulty in finding the party, to which the answer was, "No. It was easy. I can track Edison anywhere by the tobacco juice on the grass."

AS THE returning party's camp outfit was being unloaded on the depot platform Craig spotted a deer with a fine set of antlers.

"Who shot that?" he asked.

"I did," Edison replied promptly.

And Tom Sun confirmed it. Craig, however, was not convinced and later asked Tom just who had shot the deer. Sun assured him that Edison had killed the buck with one shot. Sure enough, there was just one hole—just back of the shoulder, a little below the center—a perfect bull's-eye.

As soon as the scientific equipment of the expedition was packed for shipping back East, Edison left Rawlins to spend the remainder of his vacation in Yosemite Valley, California. But his departure was not made in a special car. Instead, with a pillow, he took his perch on the cow-catcher of the engine and hung on to the angle brace.

Years later he told his two biographers, Martin and Dyer, that he had permission to ride cow catchers from Omaha to Sacramento (except through the snowsheds of the high Sierras) through his acquaintance with Jay Gould who then controlled the Union Pacific. He reportedly had one narrow escape when the engine hit an animal on the track. The animal, probably a badger, struck the engine with terrific force just below the headlight and then bounced off to the side. Edison was untouched.

After two months in the Wild West, Edison returned to Menlo Park and plunged into work again. In about a year, true to the resolve, he produced the first commercially practical incandescent lamp. How much a bamboo fishing rod had to do with his success is not of record, but it is a well established fact that he sent men abroad to search for the finest bamboo grown. One Japanese farmer carried on extensive experiments for him and shipped innumerable bales of the plant to Menlo Park.

For a number of years the filament in your grandfather's incandescent electric light bulb was made of bamboo, and for all we know the idea was born in a talk with the fish at Battle Lake, Wyoming.

Fort Lancaster

(Continued from page 37)

changed so that it veered sharply westward from Fort Concho to the northeast, and forded the Pecos at Horsehead Crossing.

ESTABLISHED originally as Camp Lancaster in accordance with Department of Texas Special Orders No. 79, dated July 20, 1855, construction and occupancy began one month and one day later, on August 21, by Company H of the 1st United States Infantry, commanded by Captain Stephen D. Carpenter. One year later to the day, the post was renamed Fort Lancaster.

Until 1859, it was garrisoned by Companies H and K, 1st US Infantry, but on April 12, 1859, Company H left the post, and thereafter the fort was manned by Company K alone.

A map dated November, 1860, which is preserved in the National Archives, indicates that the fort then comprised at least twenty-five buildings, arranged in

a rectangle enclosing a central parade ground. Soldiers' and officers' quarters, a guardhouse, bakery, hospital, commissary and adjutant's office, sutler's store and stage house, quartermaster's granary and storehouse, a smith's shop, a kitchen, and a carpenter's shop were flanked by a corral on the south side.

A letter dated at Fort Lancaster, May 27, 1857, and addressed from Second Lieutenant John T. Sherburne to Major D. H. Vintone, chief quartermaster for the Department of Texas in San Antonio, is rich in detail regarding aspects of life at the post. Sherburne proudly calls attention to the fact that kitchens were attached to four of the five officers' quarters, ". . . and privies to all." All buildings were constructed of either adobe or stone, some with roofs thatched and others shingled.

Officers' quarters were floored with lumber from San Antonio, and Sherburne indicates that work on the buildings was done "partly by men on extra duty and partly by fatigue parties." Concerning the availability of building materials, the lieutenant continues:

> **Lime stone to be had in abundance, roofing very scarce, none to be had nearer than Devil's River, not over 200 ft. of Lumber now at the Post, and scarcely any material for building purposes to be had without considerable trouble and difficulty. Adobies can be made at the Post by fatigue parties. Lime can be procured at the Post by burning it, but consumes a great deal of wood.**

Live Oak Creek furnished abundant water but fuel was scarce. Soldiers were prevented from cutting from the nearest grove of trees—about a half mile away—by the owner of the land. The lieutenant estimated that enough live oak and hackberry to last 5 to 10 years was available "6½ miles up Live Oak Creek, 5 to 8 miles down, and about 5 miles below on the other side of the Pecos, but to obtain the latter, the men were obliged to have a boat or bridge as the Bluff approaches near the River so as to render it impracticable to reach it by crossing at the Ford."

At the time of his writing, approximately 25,000 pounds of forage, costing "about $2.55½ per Bushel," and obtained from Fort Clark, 174 miles to the southeast, was on hand.

Sherburne commented that sixty tons of hay could be procured each autumn along the banks of the Pecos, "near enough to the Post so that the mowers could go and return from work each day." Beef was obtained by contract and cost approximately 13½ cents per pound. Commissary stores were received from San Antonio.

A WIFE of one soldier stationed at Fort Lancaster called the post the worst army camp she had ever seen. She complained that nothing except Indians, snakes, and other venomous reptiles inhabited the desolate country and that the houses in reality were shells which soaked up the dreadful heat of the summer sun.

Expressing no fear of starvation, however, the lady commented that turkeys, partridges, ducks, black bass, and immense herds of buffalo were available to those brave enough to face possible Indian attacks to secure them.

The first murder recorded in Crockett County, that of beef contractor Louis Vars, was committed in 1858 by two Fort Lancaster soldiers, Draper and Beardall, who assaulted Vars almost within sight of the fort as the contractor was beginning a return trip to San Antonio after delivering beeves to the post. And old-timers in Ozona at the turn of the century still told of Jack Cox, a stagecoach driver, who once had to outrun a Comanche war party to the fort with the wife and daughter of a soldier stationed there as his passengers.

When Fort Lancaster was abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War, Texas Rangers took over its defense for a short time but most travelers began using the "Upper Road," which ran from San Antonio to just south of Fort Concho and from there joined the newer Butterfield mail route. The latter had been rerouted north of Lancaster after 1861, thus rendering the fort useless. (It was reoccupied briefly by Federal forces in 1868.)

Until recently, visitors parked off the main highway, climbed an iron stile built across a barbed wire fence, and traversed the hundred or so yards on foot to the fort. Now, in connection with state plans to excavate the ruins and preserve the fort as an historic site, a narrow, dirt road has been opened from the highway. The few tombstones have been hauled to Ozona and stored for safekeeping during digging. A water well has been sunk, and a modest frame house has been placed on makeshift stone blocks north of the fort to provide a home for the caretaker. Land on which the fort sits—approximately forty acres—has been donated to Crockett County by heirs of its former owner.

Preliminary study has indicated that a small group of graves, farther west from the little cemetery just outside the fort confines, may be those of military officers and not Indian burial mounds as previously had been thought.

Despite the approach of restoration, a visitor standing in the ruins of Fort Lancaster is still alone. He is free to poke around in the chimney hearth to his heart's content; to wander up the trail and back again; to stroll through the remains of the cemetery, kicking aside an occasional tumbleweed; to contemplate a piece of broken glass or a hand-forged nail lying in the golden-white dirt under a forlorn mesquite.

In walls of rock here and there are hand-drilled holes, marking sections in which blasting powder was placed and detonated to allow safer passage along the Chihuahua Trail. On top of the mesa one commands an awesome view of sweeping Lancaster Pass and the Pecos valley, and an exhilarating experience awaits the visitor who elects to stumble on foot down the stagecoach ruts into first view of the staunch chimney and few remaining walls of the fort.

Doubtless, there are no buried chests of rich coin or Indian treasure inside the grounds of Fort Lancaster. Probably the better samples of broken pottery and glass, spent rifle shells, discarded horseshoes, and arrowheads already have been gleefully discovered, carted home, and thrown onto a corner shelf. But if one stands with his back to the east, away from the single highway—the only visible link with the twentieth century—he can look out over a barren, wild land and behold the same sight which Big Foot Wallace scanned so many times more than 100 years ago.

When the wind moves up from the Pecos, one can almost hear the shrill laughter of soldiers' children swimming in the shallows. The sun setting slowly behind the distant ridge smiles across the blackened chimney with the same rich colors and shadows; a comic roadrunner scurries hither and thither among low, stiff greasewood; and echoing out of the blind recesses of the canyon flow the determined hammer strokes of a father's mallet, pounding the name of his daughter into stone.

Sand Dunes of Gold

(Continued from page 19)

Those who are familiar with the Oregon coast know how quickly a sandy beach can become a gravel bed, and vice versa, at the whim of the moody ocean. The miners at Randolph felt that the rich black sands would last forever but the winter storms of 1854 not only took them, but most of the mining equipment and some of the houses as well. At about the same time, "Coarse Gold" Johnson announced a strike near the headwaters of the Coquille River and more than half of Randolph's population left their storm-battered town and followed Johnson back to his diggins'. This was the beginning of the end for Randolph's mining boom. Although miners continued to extract gold and sell claims as late as the early 1870s, the black sands remaining were only about an inch deep and far from the high-grade they had been in the past.

Most men will agree that Nature likes to play hide-and-seek with the prospectors who search for her gold. Storms and shifting tides, such as brought an end to Randolph's bonanza, have been reported to have deposited the rich sands in other areas along the beaches, only to sweep them back out again in time. Geologists believe that the gold and other precious minerals in the black sands originated in the Klamath Mountains in northern California, and that storms and erosion washed it down the rivers to the sea where it is swept in and out on the coastal beaches. Whatever the true source, it is a matter of record that in the years 1852-1862, the gold production of southwestern Oregon amounted to $31,200,000 in a total of 1,560,000 ounces (Troy).

Some confusion surrounds the exact location of Randolph, since the town has been recorded at four separate sites during its history. The first or original Randolph (1852-56) existed on the sandy bluffs above the mouth of Whiskey Run in Coos County. After the destructive winter of 1854, the population quickly

dwindled. The postmaster moved to the Fahy farm near the Coquille River and then again to Ballard's Ferry on the river, both of which account for the second and third sites of the town. The fourth and final settlement is located about three miles upriver from the mouth of the Coquille on the north bank across from a large island, where a few houses are all that remain today of Randolph, Oregon.

GOLD-BEARING sand exists not only on the present-day seashore, but is also present on the site of an ancient sea some forty miles east and inland on the upper Coquille River. An extremely large deposit of this gold-bearing sand was also found just a little over a mile from the present beach toward the interior. Here the depth of the gold-bearing sand varies from one to twelve feet in a deposit that is from three to five hundred feet wide. This, too, is located on what appears to be an ancient seashore, 180 feet above the level of the present beach. The deposit is covered with a shallow overburden of white sand which contains no mineralization whatever.

These are only two examples of such deposits which never have been explored after being reported by well-diggers in the Coos County area. The geology of the area indicates that it is highly possible many more of these deposits are to be found between the ocean and the Coast Range. One thing is certain; mining the black sands both at Whiskey Run and at later discoveries farther south along the beach have been profitably carried on from time to time during Oregon's history.

During the depression years of the 1930s, Carl Hopping of Bandon, Oregon worked the black sands on the beach just south of Cape Blanco. It is said that Hopping was very successful, but most of his records as to production were lost in a disastrous fire in 1936 in which the entire town of Bandon was burned to the ground. However, he did have records covering the period from January 4 to July 8, 1937, during which time he ran approximately 700 yards of sand. His mint receipts amounted to $1,650.32. The gold averaged about 860 in fineness.

The black sands are appearing once again on the beaches, occurring as far north as the mouth of the Columbia near Fort Stevens. Reports from the assay office indicate some samples contain a considerable amount of platinum as well as gold. A commercial mining operation is presently panning the black sands just a few miles north of Port Orford, and hydraulic mining is being carried out in deposits up the Sixes River.

Hundreds of machines have been invented and patented to recover gold from beach sands, but none of them seems to have much advantage over the original methods of the first miners with their pans and sluice boxes. Most of the people I have interviewed were convinced that successful panning of the beach sands required a copper-bottomed pan coated with mercury or quicksilver, but a miner experienced in the techniques of recovering "flour" gold by whatever method he may know best would certainly never starve to death on the Oregon beaches. Anyone who has done any walking along this shore knows of places where he's seen pockets of the strange black sand appear and disappear. And most old-timers and a lot of modern-day geologists hold the opinion that where there's black sand, there's gold.

Knights of the Wagon Yard

(Continued from page 25)

wagons and a horsewhipping for themselves, because of complaints of crooked deals and missing stock. If a horse disappeared from the range or corrals and there had been a jockey in the country, he got the blame—innocent or guilty.

Anyway, after several spit and whittle sessions in the wagon yard at Guthrie, Pa decided to not make the fall round that year of '98. We headed back to Stillwater. Pa said he was going to get back to Coffeyville and try to find work on a ranch somewhere, but he didn't sound very enthusiastic about it. Ma, and even us kids, knew he'd never stand for staying in one place very long.

When we reached Stillwater it was raining hard. It had rained on us most of the way. We pulled into the wagon yard and found several other horse jockeys there. Wagons, kids, wet bedding, wet overalls and calico dresses hung on fences or anywhere they could hang to dry out. Pots and pans and kettles were scattered all over the cooking shed. The womenfolks were all huddled in little clusters, most of them nursing babies, and Ma soon joined them. The kids were catching tadpoles out of the mudholes scattered around, and I joined in the fun.

Pa, as usual, squatted down with the other men and fell to whittling and spitting. Their faces were solemn and I sensed something amiss, but nothing ever bothers a five- or six-year-old long, I guess. I did give passing thought, though, to hearing them say that the dadburned cattlemen were trying to sew up the range and cut out horse jockeys.

"If they'd look around they'd probably find out the horses they claim they're losing are being taken by their own cowboys," one bearded old trader muttered.

A couple of good-looking horses had taken up with Pa's trade animals and followed us all the way from Guthrie to Stillwater. In those days horses often followed other horses like that, and the custom or law of the range was that you must "post" the strays—or advertise, as we'd say today. Anyway, Pa went and posted the strays at the post office. We waited around the required length of time and no one claimed them, so they rightfully belonged to Pa.

Ma was worried, but Pa said he had complied with the law and no one could say he hadn't. Ma said he ought not to have let them follow us. While we were waiting the required time to post the strays, Ma kept begging Pa to settle somewhere and get the bigger kids in school, but Pa was hell-bent on going back to Coffeyville.

The first night out of Stillwater we made a dry camp out on the prairie. After supper we all sat around the camp for a bit of rest from the jolting wagon. Ma had spread a couple of bright Indian blankets on the ground and we kids were sort of tumbling and rassling around like boys will, when all of a sudden there was the jingle of spurs, the clink of bridle bits, and the creak of good saddle leather. Almost at once five cattlemen rode into the firelight, all with six-guns slung low and saddle guns poking out of their leather. Pa spoke polite like and got to his feet. For a few seconds the five cattlemen just sat there saying nothing, then one asked coldly, "Where you heading and where did you get those blankets?"

Time has erased my pa's answers to the men's questions, but it will never erase the memory of the next morning when Pa pulled out at the crack of dawn, carefully loading the big Winchester he always carried in the wagon. After he'd loaded it, he stood it upright by the brake where he could reach it easy. He always wore a .45, so I never paid much attention to his spinning the cylinder to see that it was fully loaded and in good working order. The two horses he'd posted were gone.

I know now that the day of the itinerant horse jockeys in the Indian Territory were fast coming to an end. I don't think Pa ever stole anything in his life, but all horse traders had come under suspicion and cattlemen losing stock were not to be messed with.

All that day Ma and Pa argued and Ma cried some, but towards camp time Ma told us we were going up in the Osage Nation near a place called Skiatook. "There's a school there," she said with simple pride.

The historic old Hillside Mission, just a few miles from Skiatook, was the first classroom my brother and sister had ever been inside of. There was mostly Indian kids there—from little bitty fellers to almost grown men and women.

We stayed all winter, and in the spring moved on down to "Tulsey Town" where a man by the name of Daugherty was busy buying and selling walnut logs. Pa got a job hauling them.

Our first home in Tulsa was right about where Archer and Cincinnati Streets cross today. There was a great big peach orchard all over the hillside to the north and no houses hardly at all. It must have been a quarter of a mile to our closest neighbor. Everybody had a big garden and corn patch and chickens and pigs and a cow.

Sometimes the old cows went down on the Arkansas River during the hot summers and we boys would go down, listen for their bells, and then drive them home for milking. Their stomachs were so full of grass they never paid any attention at all when we drove them down the main street. All over the little town it was a common sight to see kids driving in the cows and women feeding chickens and calling their families to supper. Coal oil lamps were lighting up the kitchens before we got home. Times have sure changed.

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Clark

Need information about date and place of death of my great-great-grandparents, Justin S. and Mary J. (Miller) Clark. With son, Justin Sparrow Clark, they had a candy store in Fort Worth, Texas after 1882. Justin Sr. reported to have died in Creston, Iowa in 1890; no record available. Mary J. may have died in Fort Worth after 1890. Justin Jr. lived in Dallas from about 1907 until death in 1927, aged 77. He had known sons, Wallace L. and Justin. Connected with Brown Cracker Co. in Dallas.—Mrs. Madge Hubbard, 4337 15th Ave. N. E., Seattle, Washington 98105.

Hayhurst-Elliston

I am looking for a TRUE magazine of the 1930s with the story of the Hayhurst outlaws who raided in the Indian Territory. I am also looking for the father of Martimer Elliston, born in Kentucky, 1830, died in Birdville, Texas, 1879, married Sarah Ann Eliot.—Mrs. C. E. Elliston, Rt. #5, Box 16, Coalgate, Oklahoma 74538.

The Kidder Family

Our local historical society needs an assist and perhaps your LOST, STRAYED and found corral might have some such.

Lt. Lyman S. Kidder was transferred from the 2nd U. S. Cavalry at Fort Laramie, Wyoming to Fort Sedgwick, Colorado, and there given an assignment to deliver orders to General George A. Custer who was with six troops of the 7th Cavalry, scouting the Republican River valley for hostile Indian tribes June-July 1867.

Lt. Kidder had a ten-man escort with a Sioux scout, Red Bead. Kidder's group was jumped by Pawnee Killer, driven into a coulee in northwest Kansas and there the entire group was killed and horribly mutilated. All were scalped except Red Bead. George Bent, who seemed to have been with the Indians, said Red Bead begged for mercy "but was viciously killed, as were the others."

Judge Kidder claimed his son's body and took him to Vermillion, South Dakota Territory for burial. Seemingly the Kidders were of some influence. The father was one of the organizers of the state college there, and a judge. Later, Lt. Kidder's body was removed to St. Paul and buried there near his father. Nothing is ever said of any other Kidders, or if a mother survived. It is assumed she died much earlier. We have attempted through various channels to learn something of the family, or any kin, but have failed.

Our historical society has under way a memorial marker for this brave band of troopers, sponsored by local citizens, the Kansas Society, the Highway Department and the Kuhrt family upon whose land the massacre occurred. We are not soliciting funds. We are attempting to find any Kidders who may be connected, or may know of the family, or others with information, as we wish to honor them at the time of the dedication.—E. S. Sutton, Director, Dundy Historical Society, Benkelman, Nebraska 69021.

Louise Tafoya Barnes

I wonder if any of your readers can help locate the sister of Tony Tafoya. Her name is Louise T. Barnes—married to Jim Barnes. They had one daughter, Winifred Baker, and a son, Chester Barnes. Her last known address would either be Lawrence, Kansas or Dodge City. She would now be sixty-nine years old.

Mr. Tafoya was well known throughout Kansas around 1920-24 as a bronc rider and trick roper. He went by the name of Tony Redbird. He wonders if any of the old-time rodeo performers around Etna, Belvedere, Medicine Lodge, Sun City, Coldwater (to mention only a few of the many towns in Kansas where he once performed) would remember him. He would love to hear from them also. Mr. Tafoya is now sixty-five years old and still very good with his trick rope.

He would appreciate anyone knowing the whereabouts of his sister. He would like to take a trip to see her if she can be located. Please write—Mr. Tony Tafoya, P. O. Box 263, Susanville, California 96130.

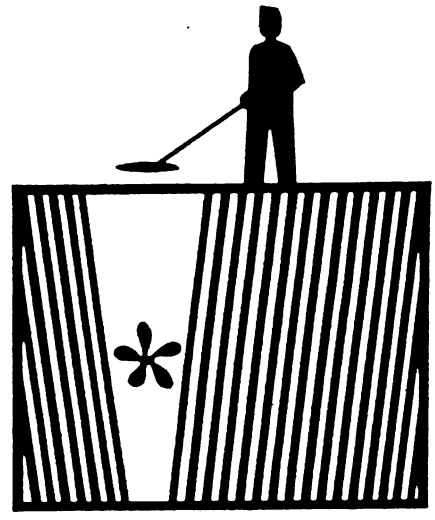
Hartfield

Will someone help me find descendants in Texas, or elsewhere, of Benj. H. G. Hartfield and wife, Louisiana (English) Hartfield. Moved from Arkansas to East Texas in 1845, to California about 1850, where Benj. H. G. died in 1854. Family returned few years later to Texas and settled in McLennan County and Housfon County. Sons and daughters were: Joseph Asa, Mary, Benjamin, Sarah (died young), Araminta, Alvacinda, Mary Ann, Sarah Oregon (my grandmother), Louisa Gregory, Benjamin Howard, Daniel Fletcher, Robert Murphy, and William Moore. Also need information on a Hartfield cousin, Ann H. P. Lawson, of east Texas, died 1862. —Mrs. George L. Singleton, 816 S. E. Chadwick, Roseburg, Oregon 97470.

McGinn

My mother died in Billings, Montana in 1909. We children were scattered and all are dead but me and one brother I've never been able to locate. He is

(Continued on page 72)



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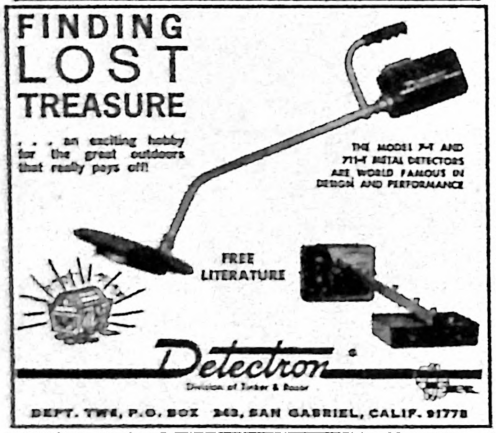

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Point of Rocks

(Continued from page 33)

was built of ten strands of barbed wire with posts one rod apart, beginning at a point ten miles south and seven miles east of Elkhart, Kansas, and extending many miles westward. Its purpose was to separate the Point of Rocks cattle from those of the Empire Land and Cattle Company. These herds grazed a territory which reached south into Texas and west to within forty miles of New Mexico.

In 1902 Wood Walsh camp up from Fort Spunky, Texas and went to work for the Two Circle as a line rider. After Boice liquidated, Wood moved downriver and established his own spread on the "81." In 1906 the Two Circle cattle were removed from that part of the ranch which was located in Oklahoma, as homesteaders were rapidly settling the area. Three wells which the owners of the large Point of Rocks Ranch had dug and operated furnished water for the new settlers.

These three wells were named East Goff, West Goff and Round Top. Valued employees of the Beaty Brothers and Boice Cattle Company included Ed Dean, company accountant; Curt Rickart, wagon boss; Alexander E. Addington, who had charge of the large horse herd for many years; and James Evans, who was company blacksmith. Line riders included Wood Walsh, J. L. Rowan, Lant Horton, Guy Tipton and Charles Orth.

In 1910-11 the Santa Fe Land Improvement Company purchased about 500 quarters of land in southwest Kansas. Some of the Point of Rocks Ranch was included in the purchase. From this time on, change of ownership was rapid and usually a direct result of personal misfortune.

Perry Brite, who leased some of the land about 1910, did not remain very long after the flood. The King Brothers of Garden City and Hutchinson, Kansas, with Chet McCoy as manager, stocked the ranch for a short period, and H. M. Stonebreaker later had a lease but the severe winter of 1919 destroyed fifty-one percent of his cattle and he gave up.

In September, 1928 Foster Elliott, who had been operating ranch properties in Baca and Las Animas Counties in Colorado and Cimarron County in Oklahoma, took over Point of Rocks Ranch and controlled the land from the "81" west to the Hargiss Ranch, which was twelve miles into Colorado. His herd numbered nearly 2,000 head. But Elliot closed out the property in 1933. At that time, the once-lush grassland was a Dust Bowl desert.

Other operators, including E. L. Addington, now of Elkhart, Kansas, George W. Mills, now of Walsh, Colorado, and the Fullerton-Circle Corporation, used the ranch or parts of it at other times. Thousands of acres of this historic range are now part of a government reseeding project and the area once more is splendid pasture land where hundreds of cattle fatten each summer.

As my wife, daughter and I left Wood Walsh's rambling two-story ranch house and headed home across the Colorado line, I remarked that the road now is a far cry from the one we used for wagons years ago. Then you had to use a wheel lock or a post to get down the hill and you uncoupled your trail wagon to get back up. As we turned west due north of the old Point, my wife exclaimed about the beautiful western sunset. I hardly heard her.

My mind was on the old covered freight wagons hurrying to reach Middle Spring and set up camp before darkness closed in on them. In the blue haze of the river area, I could almost see an old buffalo bull walk back up the gully from his evening drink. The last rays of the sun seemed to be gleaming on the bare back of an Indian crouched between the soapweed and a clump of sagebrush, patiently hoping the old bull would come out on the trail close enough for him to slide an arrow between its ribs. Impulsively I began to describe what might have transpired before our eyes a hundred years ago.

Our daughter looked up anxiously. "Daddy!" she exclaimed, "I don't see a thing!"—and, of course, you don't until you are older.

Arizona in the '50s

(Continued from page 41)

them to camp. She was of Esconolea's tribe, and their camp was about half a mile from the station.

It took the little girl nearly two hours to reach there, for the burro had to go through the snow so deep that the only way he could travel was to rise on his back legs and pitch forward as far as he could, then, drawing his rear legs forward to jump again in order to get ahead. And, burro-style, he took plenty of time for each effort. We thought, of course, that as soon as she left the station, the Indians would offer to help her; but she made the trip alone and landed the burro with the corn in camp all safe. When the warriors returned from Sonora, Esconolea was much pleased to learn that I had given his women and children corn during the cold weather, and he let me know in many ways how grateful he was.

Shortly after this, a returning party of emigrants passed the station going east. They had with them a race horse which they called "California Poll." She was very thin, and they said she would never be able to make the trip to Texas; but they believed that if she were left behind she could rest up and perhaps recover. They said that, if I would give them one hundred dollars, I could have her, pressing the bargain with the statement that an offer of eight hundred dollars had previously been made to them for her. I bought her, although I never believed she was the valuable animal they claimed she was. After she had been a month in the corral under good care, I took her out one day for exercise and found in her all the good qualities which her previous owner had claimed for her. I prized her highly and never allowed any of the men to handle her, or even feed her. She became a great pet and would follow me as would a dog. Whenever I left the station she was my companion, whether I walked or rode.

At one time in the spring, I was out reconnoitering and rode up the trail that crossed the divide east of Cow Peak, leading into Sulphur Springs Valley. Just as I reached the top of the divide I saw a

number of Indian women and children running up the trail from the valley, and beyond them it seemed to me one or two hundred warriors were stretched out in line on the north side of the ridge which ran down from Cow Peak into the valley. On the south side of the ridge, about a half-mile from where the first band was stationed, I saw what seemed to be an equal number of warriors. All of them had strips of red blankets or flannel tied around their foreheads. As they came close to the ridge and entered the gulch, I noticed that they were joined by another band. Immediately they made a flank movement and ascended the low ridge. I had, in the meantime, ridden over on top of the ridge, sitting there on my horse, not over a quarter of a mile from the line of the warriors who were lying on the north side of the ridge. Soon, the band on the north began moving toward the top of the ridge, and a tremendous war whoop reverberated through the mountains. The next moment a battle began. The party with the red headbands greatly outnumbered the other party, and the fight did not seem fair. My sympathy was at once with the weaker side; and spurring my horse, I dashed down the ridge, through the crowd who wore the red strips, firing my six-shooters and making my way to the other side, which I had determined to help. I was surprised to find myself with old Esconolea and his warriors. The battle was soon over, and after the other party left, the women and children began to come back. The squaws came up to my horse, patted her and put their arms about her neck and examined her to see if she had been hurt. They made many signs and exclamations which convinced me that they were pleased because I had come. Old Esconolea came up and put his arms around me, giving me a good old Mexican hug, "*Ushah slonk,*" or "Very good." He looked to see if I had been injured, and then left me, going with the women among the wounded, and accompanied by the medicine man.

THOSE WOUNDED by lances were treated by the medicine man, who blew some powdered root or herb into the wounds. Those wounded by arrows were treated differently. If the arrow was buried beyond the head, with no bone in the way, it was pushed clear through, and a squaw would suck the wound, spitting out the blood, until the medicine man told her to stop; then powder was blown into the wound. In some cases he cut out the arrow from the flesh where it was imbedded. It surely was painful, but each man stoically withheld any sign or murmur of pain. Even the most seriously wounded had to ride a horse home to the ranchería in Apache Pass. The dead bodies were propped up on horses and carried up the mountain-side, where they were put into the crevices of rocks and were covered with stones. Just as soon as the victorious party had cared for their dead and wounded, a signal was given to the retreating party to come back. By the time Esconolea's party had reached the dividing ridge, the other band was at the field of battle, working with their own wounded and dead.

That evening Esconolea told me that the party he had been fighting were old Jack's young warriors, who had just returned from Sonora and had camped at the "*Cloo-gah-ga-ho-tah-le,*" or "Plenty of Wood, Water, and Fish," which was a little stream running out from the Chiricahua Range and across the Sulphur

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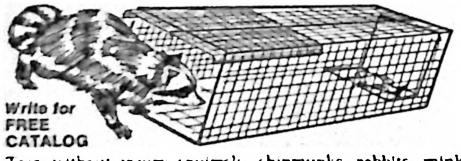

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Springs Valley. I had never seen any fish in the stream, but Esconolea said there once had been plenty of fish there.

That night Chief Jack came to the station and asked me why I had helped Esconolea in the fight against his warriors. I told him I did not know who either party was, until I found myself with Esconolea, but that I had helped the weaker side, as that was the American's way.

"Then," said he, "if there had been more warriors on Esconolea's side than on mine, would you have helped me?"

I answered, "I surely would." So he seemed satisfied. He told me he was going to the Steins Peak Range to camp with all his band and stay a couple of moons, and that he would be leaving in an hour. He said he was sorry that a part of his tribe was always wanting to fight Esconolea's warriors, and that he hoped this would be the last time. He left me, after assuring me that he would always be my friend. It was three or four months afterwards when I saw him again.

They had been camped at Steins Peak while the squaws had gathered and cured tobacco weed. Old Jack moved his tribe southeast to Laguna de Gúzman (Lake of Guzman), about fifty miles south of where the old mail route crosses Rio Mimbres. I have always believed that this river rises again in this lake, because it disappears at a place below the Overland crossing and does not rise anywhere else, that I know of.

After old Jack's departure from Apache Pass, old Esconolea rarely ever left me during the day, except when out on a Sonora campaign, and he always seemed anxious to teach me many things. Every day he would give me a lesson in the Apache language, and he told me to write it down in some book. He always expected me to have learned my lesson by the next day, when he would return from his ranchería. He said to keep away from my men and speak as little English as possible, for the more I spoke the Indian language, the more quickly I could learn it. He promised that, when I had acquired a good knowledge of his language, he would tell me the history of his country as his father had told him.

The Overland stages passed the station twice a week, meeting there, and on those two days I always remained close by. On other days, when Esconolea was there, I would go with him into the mountains, or to the San Simón or Sulpher Springs Valley. On these trips he would teach me to read Indian signs and signals, which, in after times, proved of great advantage to me in my campaigns against them.

ONE DAY four of the stage mules got away from the herder, and the next morning Esconolea and I took the trail and followed them down through the Chiricahua Range and across the head of the San Simón, and over beyond where Lightendorff is now situated. Around a spring we saw fresh grass pulled up and laid around the mule tracks, which told us that the mules were found and were being taken back to Steins Peak Range and then on the mail route to Apache Pass station.

A party of our Apache Pass Indians were returning from a campaign in Chihuahua, when they saw the animals and recognized them, hence the information we read in the signs. They expected that Esconolea would be out after the stock. This trip taught me a good lesson in trailing, although I thought I was already a professional. Where the trail led across a smooth, rock surface I would lose it. Old Esconolea would scold and point out to me, probably showing me a loose pebble thrown out of place by the stock as they passed over it. He took the lead and rode at a pretty good gait, although I rarely ever could see any sign until the trail led to the valley, when I saw that he was on it.

We camped overnight where the stock was found, and the next day we came to the San Simón ciénaga and camped there. I thought we would have to go down the San Simón Valley to get to the station; but Esconolea led off for the Chiricahua Range, and we entered a canyon now called White Tail Canyon, and he told me we would be in Apache Pass before sundown, a distance of twenty-two miles. After proceeding up the canyon for some distance, we left it and turned up the west side of the mountain to the top; thence we went down into a box canyon that he called "Cajón de López," or "López' Box." The canyon lay east and west, and we entered it at the east and followed it until we came to running water, which finally sank into the earth. The canyon was covered from one end to the other with a growth of large pine timber. It seemed, as I remember it, from one to four hundred yards wide. We went up the canyon to where it divided into two forks, and we took the right-hand fork. There Esconolea stopped and said that here they got *pelotas de oro* (small gold nuggets) and told me how they got them; but as I had never worked in a placer mine I did not understand his description nor pay any attention to it. He said that most of the gold was found below and under the rocks in the gulch. The balls I had seen in the possession of the Indians at the station I had always thought were of copper brought in from the Santa Rita del Cobre, west of the Mimbres River. I thought that Esconolea's Indians had gotten them from Mangas Colorado's tribe, as they frequently went there to trade. The Apaches had a few old Mexican muskets and used the balls with thick or thin buckskin packing, as the case might require, for ammunition. Cajón de López was called sacred ground and usually was accessible only to the chiefs and medicine men, but on certain occasions the tribes were permitted to enter. During my travels with Esconolea, I went through Cajón de López on three different occasions, but after a lapse of twenty years I undertook to hunt it up by myself. Despite my wanderings thereabouts, spending weeks going over mountains and through canyons, I have never been able to locate it, nor even find any place resembling Cajón de López.

Dr. Steck was appointed U. S. government agent for the Chiricahua tribes. (Dr. Mitchell Steck was Indian Agent for all of the Apaches from 1855 to 1860.) He wrote me that he was coming with fifteen wagonloads of presents which the govenment had ordered him to bring to Cochise's tribe. He asked me to tell them that he would be there at a stated time.

When I told the Indians of the fifteen wagons loaded with presents for them, Cochise cut fifteen notches in a small piece of soapweed, or amole, and with a buckskin string tied it around his neck and kept it there until Dr. Steck arrived at the pass.

When Dr. Steck came, instead of having fifteen wagons, he had only three. Cochise came to me holding the soap-

weed in his hand, pointing to the notches, and then pointing to the three wagons. He asked me what it all meant. I said I did not know, but probably it was all right, and for him to have his people ready in the morning to receive their gifts.

That evening, while the Doctor and I were talking, I thoughtlessly took from my pocket several of the gold balls and was juggling them. He asked me what they were, and I told him just what the Indians called them, but that I was satisfied they were made of copper. He looked at them and said, "Yes, they are copper, but my friends would like them so much, and I wish you would get some for me."

MORNING CAME and so did the Indians, about four thousand in all. They formed in a circle in front of the station, as I now remember it, in about this order: First, Cochise, old Jack, Esconolea, and the medicine men; in the next row, warriors; in the third row, young boys under the warrior age; in the fourth row, the chiefs' families; and in the back, the families of the warriors.

The Doctor had brought a suit of clothes, resembling a British uniform, a single blanket, hatchet, and knife for each chief; and for the warriors he brought much less; for the women, very little; and to many he brought nothing.

By the time everything was distributed, Cochise was much enraged, and he asked me to give him a sack of corn. I said he might have one, so he ordered his squaw to the corral for it. She brought it, and he emptied it out on his blanket and divided it into two piles. Pointing to both piles, he said, "This represents the money appropriated for our gifts." Then he pointed to one of the piles, saying, "That for the agent, and this for the Indian." Then he took a handful of corn from the pile and threw it to one side, saying, "This is some of our goods given to people when he camps on his way to us." Then Cochise threw aside another handful or two of the corn, saying, "These are trading posts he is selling our goods to." He kept on, until he had very little corn left; then he said, "This little bit is the three wagons he has brought here."

All this time the Doctor was looking on; and finally when Cochise had finished, he asked me what he had been trying to say, and I told him. "Oh, but you must tell him he is wrong," said he.

"I cannot," I replied. When he asked why, I added, "I think Cochise has figured it out about right."

Then the Doctor tried to talk in Spanish to Cochise; but in those days Cochise could not understand Spanish very well, and finally he threw the British uniform and blanket right into Dr. Steck's face, and said for me to tell him that he would give him just one hour to get hitched up and out of the pass.

It took Dr. Steck about twenty-two minutes to obey Cochise's orders, but in his desperate haste he took time to tell me he had left a sack of lead bullets in my room, and that I was to give the Indians ten of them for every native copper one, for he wanted them as keepsakes for his Eastern friends, since they prized little things from the Indians very highly.

I gave him what I had, and also some more, which I asked Esconolea to give me for him.

The sack of lead was left, and Dr. Steck got out and began his drive of

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twenty-two miles to San Simón. He did not stop there, but kept on to Steins Peak Station, forty miles distant, and I guess he is going yet.

I have already mentioned the White massacre. One day I asked Esconolea about those three skeletons found by the Santa Rita party, and he said that a few years before this, a large immigrant train had passed en route for California from Texas, in charge of a man named White. When they entered the pass, coming near the spring for water, Cochise's father placed his warriors in ambush on both sides of the canyon near the big rocks. He stood on top of the east side and gave the signal to his warriors. The warriors closed in upon them, killing every man and all the women but five, who, with a large number of children, were taken prisoners. Cochise's father immediately broke camp and moved into the Dragoon Mountains, taking the prisoners with him. After a few days he found he was pursued by the United States troops; and, turning over the young prisoners to his son, Cochise, he ordered him to go into the Coyotero country to Francisco's tribe. He took the women and the rest of the tribe across the Sulphur Springs Valley into the Chiricahuas, somewhere near where Camp Rucker is now located. (Campground of Apaches named for Lieutenant Rucker. It is in the Chiricahua Mountains, forty miles from Dragoon Station.)

Leaving his tribe, he took the five women prisoners and a small band into Fronteras, where he had hoped to sell the women as slaves to the Mexicans. Two of the number were young married women, and the other three were young girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

AT THIS TIME the Apaches were at peace with the Mexicans, but they made regular campaigns against the Navajo Indians, until at one time the Mexicans invited Cochise's father and some of his noted warriors to a feast in Sonora, and, by treachery, got him and his warriors drunk and killed them. They sent one squaw back to tell the Indians that this was the way they would serve all of them after this. Cochise then took his father's place. They discontinued their depredations against the northern Indians and made regular raids into Mexico, doing all the mischief they could.

But to return to the fate of the women captives: The Indians held the price of ransom so high for the young girls that they could not get it, and they only managed to dispose of the two married women. They then left for home, bringing the three young girls back as far as Santa Barbara. There they killed them and their skeletons were the ones found by the Santa Rita party. The captured children who were taken north were scattered among the different tribes. A few of them were brought back to Apache Pass, and these were only distinguished from the Indians by their features, as their traits and habits were purely Indian; and, if there were any difference, the whites were worse.

The oldest one told me he had a faint recollection of once living a different kind of life with another kind of people, but he had no desire to change his present mode of life. He would stand and listen to the American talking and would repeat the words, always, it seemed, half-remembering them, especially the profane language. He became as proficient in swearing as any American at the pass.

I was much exercised over these captives—children grown to men and women by this time. Captain Ewell sent me word to try to recover them, and any other captives held by any of the tribes, and that the Government would pay me for them.

I started with Esconolea for that purpose and visited all the different tribes, and finally traced them from the Chiricahuas to the Coyoteras and to Mangas Colorado's Copper Mine Indians, then to Elias' tribe of Mimbres Indians, then to the Mescaleros, and finally to the Comanches. Two of the captive boys were brought into the agency at Fort Belknap, Texas, and were sent to their relatives in that state. They afterwards ran away, back to the Comanches. Many others did the same. I felt badly that, after all my grief, traveling, and bargaining for them, they should go back to the Indians. The Mexican captives whom I turned over to Captain Ewell were passed on to the Mexican authorities. The American captives were kept at Fort Buchanan until a wagon train could take them to their homes in the fall, but before the train left they had all gone back to the Indians. I made a trip to Fronteras, Sonora, after the two women who were sold there. I heard that one had died, broken-hearted, and that the other one was alive in Fronteras. I found her coming from the acequia with an *olla* filled with water. I spoke to her in English, but she did not understand; so I tried Spanish, to which she replied. She was a pitiable sight. She wore a dress made of some cheap, thin stuff, reaching to her knees, and nothing much else; she was bareheaded and barefooted, living as one of the poorest peons in the town, with a sheepherder. She said she was purchased by a Mexican merchant first, and when he tired of her, he sold her to someone else at half price, until finally, after being sold to many different ones, she was as I saw her, about as low as one could possibly ever be. I said, "I will go and buy you and send you to Fort Belknap, and the government will send you home."

She said, "No! No! All my people are dead by now, and the best part of my life has been thrown away; and even if I were to go back, I would suffer by being shunned because of my past life." I believe she said she was raised near Lockhart, Texas.

She asked me if I knew what had become of the three girls who were brought to Fronteras when she was brought there. I told her, and she cried out, "Thank God! They were delivered from such misery so soon. Oh, how we suffered during our captivity! No human being would believe what we had to endure while in the hands of those twenty or thirty warriors!"

I remained in Fronteras until the next day, thinking I would be able to persuade her to go, but I found it useless. As I was ready to start, I offered her money, but she refused, saying it would do her no good. I took her to the store, though, and bought her some clothes and told her that, if she ever decided to leave, she could send word either to Captain Ewell or myself at Apache Pass. When I bade her goodbye, she sat down and cried like a child.

Two miles this side of Fronteras, Esconolea met me, and I told him that the poor woman would not come. He offered to go and steal her for me. I said no, that she really did not want to leave now, because she might not find any of her people again.

As we were riding along, I told Esconolea just about what I thought of taking captives. I said I never cared what became of the Mexican men, as I did not hold much love for them dead or alive, but that it was wrong to take the women and children as prisoners. It was about the most inhuman thing one could do. He said he would never take one again, and I never did hear of him doing so, as long as I stayed there.

ANOTHER CUSTOM they abandoned was that of killing all the stock belonging to a warrior who died, and of leaving it at his burial place with all of his arms or implements of war. I told Esconolea that it was better to leave stock and everything else of value to his family. "Oh, no!" said he, "when he lands on the Happy Hunting Grounds he will have his stock and war implements to begin warfare." However, he finally consented that the stock should be divided among his family, and only half should be sacrificed. In course of time, I noticed that old Esconolea, in dealing with this kind of case, was mostly in favor of leaving more stock to the dead Indian's family.

When I first went among the Indians, the only apparel worn by both bucks and squaws were breechcloths and moccasins. Exposed parts of their bodies were coated with white clay. so that flies would have no effect upon them. In the cold weather they would add a blanket to their wardrobe. In wet weather they would, generally, stay in the wigwams, doing very little traveling. because when their moccasins got wet they shrank. In going through snow or crossing water, they would carry their moccasins.

For several years I have been urging the government to wage a vigorous campaign against them in the rainy season, knowing full well the difficulties they labor under at such a time. Some of the Indian fighters thought otherwise, saying that the Indians could get water everywhere, and to wait until the rainy season was over. Indians always get water, even if it is guarded. They are clever in such things. They will take buckskin, blanket, or any cloth and muffle their horses hoofs, and pass by troops who are not over one hundred yards distant; and if the time chosen is dark, they will not be discovered.

After Esconolea and I returned to the pass, there were two incidents of interest which took place, one a wedding in high life, and the other a funeral.

The funeral occurred first. The dead warrior was the oldest in the tribe and was said to have been a slave to the Jesuits. He was over 250 years old, according to the Apache way of counting years, which is about six months in a year. He must have been 125 years old, as we count time. He was a much-respected old fellow of the tribe, and they gave him a first class funeral. The Indians made a covering from buckskin, decorated it with bells beaten from gold and silver, placed it on a prancing horse, and put the dead warrior in the saddle. He was propped up, with reins in his hands, and bow and quiver hung across his shoulders, which gave him the appearance of a live warrior just going on a campaign. The funeral procession started with a warrior on horseback, followed by the corpse, and behind this came a number of squaws driving the stock he had owned. The squaws kept up a miserable howl. tearing the hair from their heads by the handful as they went along. Other warriors brought up the rear. They did not seem to be lamenting very much, and when they arrived at the burial place, it seemed more like a Fourth of July frolic than a funeral. They began killing the stock. The dead warrior was burned in a sitting position, with his bow and arrows and plenty of provisions to last him on his journey. There were mescal, acorns, mesquite panola, and jerked horse meat. As soon as he was burned and buried under rocks they all left for camp, and a half-hour later one could not have guessed that they had just returned from such a scene. When an Indian dies, he is never remembered nor his name ever mentioned in the tribe.

Now for the wedding. Esconolea told me that Cochise's brother-in-law was going to be married, and it would be a grand affair, and very different from an ordinary wedding. There would be a big feast, with plenty of tizwin (Indian whiskey). Two weeks afterward, Esconolea came to take me to the wedding ground. I was very much surprised. They had chosen and prepared a plot of ground about twelve feet square, and at each corner had planted a pole. The enclosure was roofed over with grass, pine, and juniper boughs, in a very artistic manner. The poles were about ten feet high and were glazed over with some kind of clay which gave them a high polish, and on them were drawn every climbing animal and reptile that inhabited that country. The floor of the enclosure was a sight, for painted on it were pictures of animals that looked as natural as life to me, because the colors were perfect.

Esconolea saw my surprise and asked if I thought it was good. I said, "Yes, who is the artist. and where did the colors come from?"

Then he told me that the squaws were sent to different parts of the country to get the different kinds of soil and minerals which they cleaned and prepared for the men to decorate with. He said that the artists were many, for perhaps some man could draw and color a horse well, and another could do much better at drawing and coloring a Gila monster; but that each did that which he could do the best for the occasion.

THE NEXT EVENING the wedding preparations were finished and the tizwin ready. Cochise's brother-in-law brought in the last horses to make the final payment for his squaw. After turning over the horses to the girl's father, he started for the wedding grounds, followed by the bride. The couple was placed in the center of the artistic enclosure. The warriors began a march, going through numerous gesticulations, keeping time to what they call music. The squaws, singing a doleful chant, were beating upon drums made of dressed skins stretched over bent poles. The ceremony was finished by the medicine man, and immediately after, they all got drunk on tizwin.

This drink was made of corn soaked for a day or so. A hole was dug in the center of the wigwam and lined with grass, and the soaked corn was put in, and during the day it was sprinkled with warm water. At night a dressed horsehide was spread over it, and someone slept on it to keep it warm. After several days it would sprout an inch or so, and the squaws would grind it on the metate, boil it slightly, stirring in a few handfuls of flour and some *peloncia* (Mexican sugar). It was then set aside to cool and ferment. When it had risen and fallen

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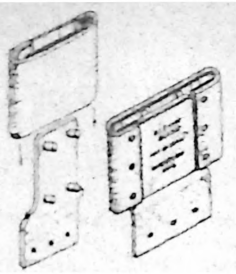

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like liquid yeast, it was ready to drink and tasted like baker's yeast. Only an Indian knows how to enjoy it, as he fasts twenty-four hours previous to a tizwin feast. At this wedding-feast there were ollas filled with tizwin, as well as cow-horn cups which held about a gill.

Around the ollas sat the Indians in rows, according to rank. For once, they allowed a squaw—the bride—to precede them in drinking. After the bride and groom had their fill, then came the chiefs, followed by warriors and younger men; then, finally, the squaws. By the time the tizwin was gone, many were drunk, and a drunken Indian is mean. I always feared them when in that condition. They invited me to all their tizwin feasts, and I must confess that it was a perfect hell to me when they were drunk.

But the terrors of such occasions were destined gradually to disappear. Upon old Chief Jack's return from Laguna de Gúzman, he camped over on the Sulphur Springs side of the Chiricahuas, to the west of the Overland road, about fifteen miles from the station at Apache Pass and up the canyon where the trail crosses the mountain and leads from Dos Cabezas to what is now Teviston or Bowie Station. As soon as he made camp, he began preparations for a tizwin feast.

One night, about twelve o'clock, old Jack came to the station, calling me. I knew he was drunk, so did not answer. He became angry and hurled his lance at the block fitted in the porthole just over my bed. The button fastening the block had been left turned, and the force of the lance hurled the block on me. What I said I still remember as best not to repeat. Old Jack broke into a loud laugh. I demanded to know what he wanted at that hour, and his answer was that they were holding a grand feast at his camp, and his warriors wanted me to show my good will by coming over. I said no. At that, he turned on me and said I was afraid, that I was a coward. Then I got angry and said I would go and prove that I was not afraid. I saddled my horse, and we rode out the pass over the trail to the ranchería.

Neither of us spoke at first, but old Jack broke the silence by saying how glad he was that I was going, for it would prove that I was not unfriendly, as his mean warriors had not forgiven me for helping Esconolea to whip them. They wanted me to drink and smoke with them and be their friend, too. I told him that he and his warriors were damn fools, and that I was a bigger one for coming with him. The more I thought about it, the sorrier I was that I was going. At last we reached the mouth of the ciénaga and followed the trail into the Indian camp.

It seemed as though all pandemonium had turned loose. I could see drunken forms around the fires, while others were darting to and fro on horseback. A tremendous yell was given when Jack and I galloped into camp and stopped our horses near the tizwin ollas. The warriors gathered about us, causing me to fear that my time to die had come. Old Jack told them how he had gotten me to come, and that I was going to drink tizwin and smoke with them and prove my friendship.

Previous to this time, I didn't think I had drunk a quart of tizwin, for I really did not like it. I did not relish drinking yeast. I saw there was no way out but to drink it. Old Jack took the horn cup and told me to sit beside him. He dipped cup after cup, giving them to me. I drank till I could drink no more, and all the while the warriors were standing close by, grunting their satisfaction. I took my tobacco sack and a newspaper and passed them around for cigarettes, while I smoked my pipe. Before long, I felt the tizwin taking effect, and I began drinking more. At daybreak I was as mean as any of the group. I mounted my horse and started for the pass, but they urged me to stay and tried to block my way. With my six-shooters I cleared the way and struck out for the station. It seemed that I never could sober up from this, my first tizwin drunk; it took two days. After that, as long as I was with the Apaches, when they got on their "tizwin hurrahs" I helped them and found it a good antidote for fear. I always believed it was the means of saving my life. They never knew how scared I was, and I learned to think it best to let them think I wasn't. *(To be concluded in the August, 1968 issue).*

The Apemen of Mt. St. Helens

(Continued from page 31)

There was one report that long, strange-looking footprints had been seen by miners on the south side of Mt. St. Helens. Some of the tracks were near a certain canyon; the miners said the huge tracks in the sand hinted at the presence of monsters, probably apes. Of course all of us boys were interested in the tales.

The next word came from five miners who were prospecting a claim about eight miles from Spirit Lake to the southeast. They were Marion Smith, his son Roy Smith, Fred Beck, Gabe Lefever and John Peterson.

Late on the afternoon of July 10, Roy Smith, on his way back to their cabin, was startled by something in a thicket. He pulled out his revolver and fired; the monster or whatever it was fled. According to Roy, it left tracks over thirteen inches long. His partners were not too impressed.

Night came on. The cabin held all but Gabe Lefever, when without warning some rocks and pebbles came down the slope from above. A huge stone crashed through the roof and injured Fred Beck.

The group in the cabin came out and looked up the slope of the mountain. On the brink of the cliff above there was a score of beasts, some seven feet tall. Some were crouched; some walked upright. Then the monsters disappeared into the forest.

I saw people come to the lake looking for the apes. Hiking was the only way in. The YMCA camp library was closed several days before we boys departed. One of my pals sat by the door of the meeting hall reading *Tarzan of the Apes.*

YEARS LATER, a news reporter for the Portland *Oregonian*, L. H. Gregory, commented on his part in the posse which was formed to investigate the "mountain demons."

He said he went to the lake with now retired U. S. Forest Service Supervisor Harry White, Hillsboro, Oregon. With them were Deputy Sheriff Clarence Dunbar and his son Charles of Kelso, Washington.

Posseman Gregory said that miner

Marion Smith had run from Spirit Lake "every step of forty miles" to tell people in Kelso about creatures that had uttered shrill, ape-like screams and had bounced rocks off the roof of his cabin in the lonely wilds.

Gregory said that the area became alive with "posses," including several Portland policemen on vacation, all armed to the teeth. Gregory said he was in the only official posse; the others were really on the hunt as individuals.

Gregory and his party searched and climbed into and out of deep glacial canyons, crossed the slopes of Mt. St. Helens and tramped adjoining hills—but no apes!

Several years ago, retired Forest Service Supervisor Harry White recalled in a letter to the *Oregonian* (June 20, 1965): "Sitting here in the security of retirement, I can laugh at the ape stories, but in 1924 it wasn't exactly a laughing matter for Ranger Jim Huffman and me. I was pinch-hitting in the forest supervisor's job and when the ape furor started, was fully engaged at a 2,000-acre fire in the Twin Buttes area.

"Ranger Jim was all alone right in the middle of the mess, and he was concerned . . . 'Why, Harry,' he said to me on the fire camp telephone, 'the woods is full of people. They're armed with rifles and shotguns and pistols, and they're shooting at anything that moves. I'm afraid that somebody is going to get hurt!'"

Apparently nobody got shot although the Northwest newspapers and others played up the story at great length. One news report said that a ranger discovered that the large tracks, heretofore considered the footprints of the beasts, were the exact size and contour of an outstretched human hand.

Someone else learned, according to a news release, that a YMCA group had been camped not 500 feet from the miners' cabin on the night of the attack, yet not one of the boys had seen an ape or monster. No wonder!

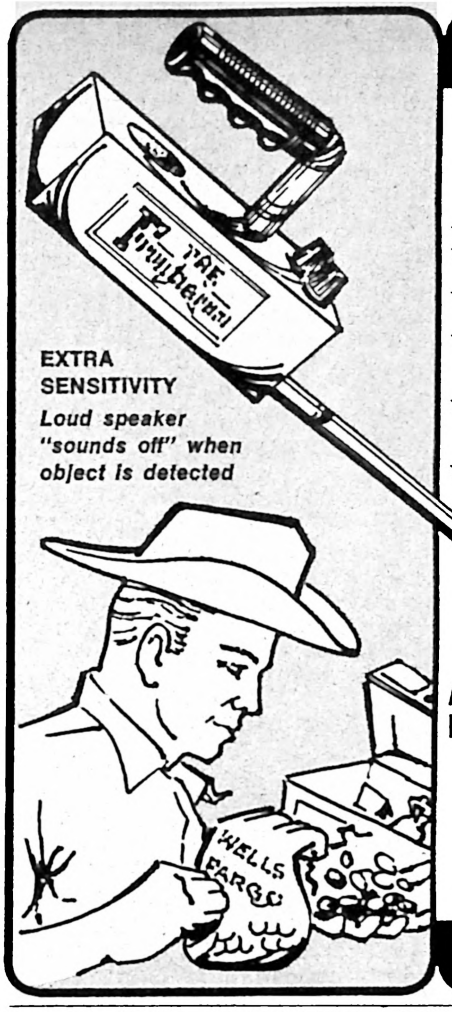
One reporter revealed that it was fairly well known that the miners were in the habit of holding spiritualist sessions in the cabin. Its location against a rocky gorge made it reasonable to assume that a slide had someway taken place during the night, and the occupants were "ready for suggestion."

Each year sees its quote of "ULO" (Unidentified Lumbering Objects). The *Seattle Times* on July 12, 1964, reported that a couple, fishing on the Lewis River south of Mt. St. Helens, saw a huge figure "bigger than any human" amble off into the bush.

Three persons in a car on a lonely mountain road stated they saw one of the creatures when it flashed across the headlight beams of their car near the Ape Canyon area.

The Clallam Indian Tribe proposed that the monsters were the ferocious Selahtik Indians, a band of renegades, giant-like in appearance, who lived like wild animals in the secluded caves of the High Cascades.

The story of the apemen, in the Cascade towns of Washington, remains a favorite conversation piece. To some it



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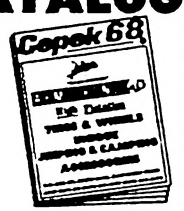

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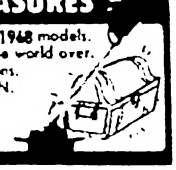

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just might have a slight basis in truth. A tourist stopped sometime back in the little logging town of Cougar, not far from Ape Canyon. The man had breakfast at the only cafe in town. He asked if the folks in the town had seen any apes around.

The waitress replied curtly: "Yeah, there's one right across the street. He owns the gas station."

It's Death to Bonnie and Clyde

(Continued from page 17)

drunk, catapulted over an embankment some seven miles north of Wellington, Texas, painfully injuring the Barrows and seriously burning Bonnie with battery acid. Farmer Steve Pritchard witnessed the accident and rushed over to assist the victims. The Barrows covered him with their BARs and forced him to carry Bonnie to his house, treat her burns and put her to bed. Buck went back to the car to see what could be salvaged. A member of the Pritchard household slipped away and telephoned the police. Pritchard's daughter-in-law knocked on the front door and Clyde fired at the sound, almost shooting the poor girl's hand off.

At the sound of the shot Bonnie awakened and ran out into the front yard, followed by Clyde after he made the Pritchards extinguish all lights and lie down on the floor. When Sheriff George Corry and Marshal Paul Hardy arrived, the Barrows disarmed and handcuffed them with their own cuffs. The gang shot up the Pritchard car, took the sheriff's car, and kidnapped him and the marshal. They got rid of the cops early the next morning by tying them to trees outside Erick, Oklahoma. Sheriff Corry worked himself free and sounded the alarm. Posses took up the trail but could not close with the will-o'-the-wisp Barrow Gang.

Actually they holed up in the mountains of northeastern Oklahoma to nurse their hurts but Bonnie and Clyde failed to respond satisfactorily to their own crude first aid so they slipped into Vinita, Oklahoma and took possession of a big house owned by a wealthy woman known to be absent on her Texas ranch. They spirited a registered nurse out of Miami, Oklahoma and compelled her to treat them until their recovery was assured.

About a week later the gang was casing the town of Van Buren, Arkansas when Marshal Henry Humphrey sought to halt them for questioning. The Barrows blasted him out and leapfrogged to the Midwest. They hid out in an isolated tourist court near Platte City, Missouri. Police were tipped to their whereabouts and surrounded the court at dawn on July 19. A pitched battle followed in which the gang again shot its way to freedom, wounding three cops in the getaway; but the incredible Barrow luck began to fail somewhat as Buck took a rifle ball through the temple.

THE GANG fled to Iowa, picked up a confederate named Jack Sherman and hid out in the dense woods of Dexfield Park near Dexter to give Buck an opportunity to recover. Here some twenty policemen descended on the Barrow camp and a fierce firefight developed in which the fading Buck was hit three more times while Bonnie was wounded in the head and right hand. With the mortally wounded Buck providing covering fire, Bonnie and Clyde and Sherman waded a creek to the rear and escaped through a cornfield. Blanche elected to stay with her dying husband, thereby accepting capture and subsequent imprisonment.

The fleeing trio appeared at the nearby farm of Valley Fellers, helped themselves to food, medicines and bandages, took the Fellers' automobile and lit out for Polk City some thirty-eight miles distant. Here they stuck up a filling station, stole the attendant's car and doubled back forty miles to Guthrie Center. A network of more than 200 police in airplanes, armored vehicles, motorcycles and police cars—all in direct communication by radio—surrounded the outlaws, yet unbelievably they slipped through the police cordon and escaped.

A few days later Clyde, cleverly disguised as an old lady in a sunbonnet, daringly attended Buck's funeral in the French cemetery in Dallas where Clyde would eventually be interred. The Barrow family wisely made arrangements with the undertaker at this time for that eventuality. For, wrote Bonnie:

We don't think we're too tough or desperate.
We know the law always wins.
We've been shot at before
And we do not ignore
That death is the wages of sin.

The night of November 23, Sheriff Smoot Schmid of Dallas County received a tip that Bonnie and Clyde would enter The Bog via the Eagle Ford road to visit Clyde's mother. Accordingly an ambush was prepared for the pair but the undaunted hoodlums shot their way through the trap and escaped, although Bonnie was wounded in the left knee and Clyde in both legs.

The new year had rolled around before they were sufficiently recovered to resume their careers, and again they found themselves short of funds. While Clyde was a fearless gunman, he seems to have lacked the imagination for truly successful bank robbery. He decided the time had come to liberate his accomplished former pal, Raymond Hamilton, at that time assigned to the Eastham prison farm in Houston County.

The contact was developed in the person of one Hames Mullin, up for release from Eastham. Clyde supplied Mullin with two .45-calibre automatic pistols which he concealed in a tire tube beneath a small bridge near the entrance to the prison farm. Arrangements were made with a trusty to smuggle these arms in to Raymond in the lockup. The next morning Raymond smuggled them out to the Trinity River bottom where his crew was cutting timber. The guns

were hidden under a brushpile.

The prison break was to be attempted the first morning dense fog prevailed—a common occurrence in January in that area. January 16 was such a day. The guards had hustled the convicts into the bottom around 7:00 a. m. and were just ordering them to work when Bonnie, seated at the wheel of a black V-8 Ford with motor running and concealed in the fog billowing over the road bordering the farm, honked the horn three times—the signal for action. Raymond and pal Joe Palmer leaped to the brushpile and seized the pistols. Palmer shot guard Olan Bozeman off his horse and fatally wounded guard Major Crowson.

At that moment the tall grass concealing a drainage ditch along the road parted, and Clyde with Floyd Hamilton, older brother of Raymond, rose to their feet. Clyde sprayed the area with machine-gun fire while Floyd signalled with his pistol for the other convicts to break for freedom. Henry Methvin and W. H. Bybee followed Raymond and Palmer across the ditch and to the getaway car which Bonnie honked continually to direct the escapees through the fog. In spite of a quick concentration of all available police forces the convicts got away clean.

THE BREAK attracted national attention and centered much public wrath on police authorities. Lee Simmons, manager of the Texas prison system, despaired of recapturing Raymond and apprehending Clyde through routine police procedures. Accordingly he created a special temporary post, the purpose of which was "to get Clyde Barrow." The position carried wide and unusual police powers with permission for the holder to leave the state at any time duty required.

There was one man in Texas ideally suited for the job—the fabulous ex-Ranger captain, Frank Hamer. Hamer was a big brilliant police officer devoid of fear—the fastest gun in the West. Though wounded some 23 times, he had come out on top in more than 200 gun duels with outlaws unwise enough to shoot it out, and at least 53 of these lawbreakers paid with their lives for this indiscretion. In nearly four decades of manhunting he had never failed to land his quarry. He was presently serving as security officer for the Houston Port Commission but was prevailed upon to accept this new post as a public duty. He was sworn in February 10, 1934.

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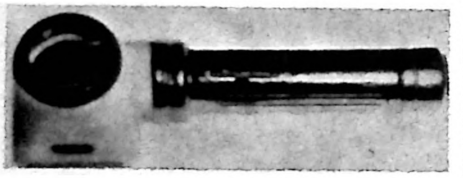

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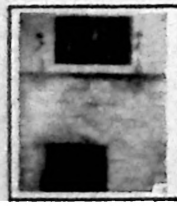

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ment to the Barrow hunt felt confident that Clyde and Bonnie were overmatched at last. But as he said, "It looks like a long, long trail."

Captain Hamer proceeded to Dallas which was the principal haunt of the Barrow gang. He compared notes with the FBI office there and conferred at length with Sheriff R. A. "Smoot" Schmid of Dallas County who placed at his disposal the services of deputies Bob Alcorn and Ted Hinton. These two were personally acquainted with Clyde and Bonnie and had practically made a career of pursuing them. The trio systematically charted the gang's hideouts, the location of local relatives and friends, the travel routes commonly used by the hoodlums.

Unobtrusively, Captain Hamer poked about alone in The Bog. He met and cultivated a barber who was a Parker in-law. The man's shop was a gathering spot for the denizens of The Bog. The chief topic of excited conversation was always the Barrow Gang and their latest doings.

"Ain't that Clyde a bird?" said a loafer. "Always rolling his own cigarettes outa Bull Durham and him loaded with dough."

"Yeah," replied a companion, "but the way that Bonnie and Raymond Hamilton soak up whiskey, maybe old Clyde's gotta cut some corners."

Such casual bits of information were carefully recorded in the keen Hamer mind. One day he was getting a shave when a flashy young tough entered the shop for a hot bath—a service offered by some barber shops in those days. The lawman searched his photographic memory and located a dim image of the youth in some obscure connection with the Barrow Gang. Another youth of the same ilk entered and engaged in a whispered conversation with the first one. Captain Hamer overheard "Owl Cafe at nine tonight."

Playing a hunch, he strolled into the cafe, a greasy spoon on the Eagle Ford road, at that hour. The place was so ill-lighted that he had to sit down and order a cup of coffee before he could case the joint. He noted what he believed to be a back dining room and sidled nonchalantly toward its door. Hamer quickly pushed it open and, drawing his .45 Colt, stepped inside. Through a back window he caught a glimpse of a black Ford sedan throwing up a cloud of dust as it raced away into the night. The dining table supported three half-empty plates of food, an empty whiskey bottle, two drinking glasses of which one was stained with lipstick, and an ashtray in which burned a freshly rolled Bull Durham cigarette.

The chagrined manhunter holstered his pistol and strolled back into the main cafe. In a far corner, he noted the bath-seeking youth of the afternoon warily eyeing him from behind a beer bottle.

"So! Somebody tipped 'em I'm after 'em," said Captain Hamer to himself. "Well, my throat's not made outa cast iron and so I don't believe I'll be going back to The Bog for any more shaves."

THE BLACK LAKE country of Louisiana was next on Captain Hamer's agenda. He established liaison with peace officers in the area, especially in Natchitoches and Bienville Parishes. So many rewards were already posted for Clyde and Bonnie that cataloguing them was difficult. Hamer hastened to make clear his non-interest in rewards so as to head off professional jealousy. The lawmen pooled their information and concluded that the Barrow Gang was working a "milk route" extending from Dallas through North Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri, to a hideout in Joplin. Then the outlaws would angle through Arkansas and Louisiana to a hideout around Black Lake and finally circle back to a hideout in Dallas. From the edge of this route they would occasionally dart into other states, once even venturing as far as Wyoming.

The gang was not permitting any grass to grow under its feet while Captain Hamer made book on the leaders. They made a rich haul by sticking up the Henry and Sons bank in Lancaster outside Dallas and escaped to Terre Haute, Indiana—at that time a haven for well-heeled outlaws bent on having a ball. When a quarrel developed over division of the loot, Raymond Hamilton pulled out. Thereafter, with his red-haired girl, pretty Mary O'Dare, he operated apart from the Barrow Gang.

Came Easter Sunday, April 1. Captain Hamer, from his home in Austin, politely called the attention of Dallas police to the date in view of the fact that among Clyde's virtues was devotion to and thoughtfulness of his mother. Perhaps he would pay her an Easter visit. For various reasons, no police investigation was made.

Clyde did indeed slip into The Bog and spent several hours visiting his mother. In mid-morning, he picked up Bonnie at a hideout and drove northwest some 15 miles on U. S. Highway 114 and parked about 100 yards up a sideroad near Grapevine. Police records indicate a belief that the pair waited there for Raymond Hamilton. The underworld agrees they were waiting for him all right, but for purposes of hijacking him. He had robbed the State National Bank of West, Texas the day before and was now engaged in his usual game of tag over the highways with the cops.

Farmer William Schieffer, busily hauling rocks to his nearby home, noted the couple nipping from a big bottle, spreading a picnic lunch at noon, and occasionally strolling arm-in-arm down the sideroad to peer up and down Highway 114. Considering the notoriety of the Barrow bunch and their oft-published photographs, Schieffer's lack of suspicion may approach some kind of record.

IN EARLY AFTERNOON, two young highway patrolmen, E. B. Wheeler and H. D. Murphy, came along, noted the parked black Ford sedan, wheeled their motorcycles and entered the sideroad to investigate. Clyde was in the back seat enjoying a drunken nap so only Bonnie was visible. The cops carelessly came alongside the car abreast and unprepared

for action. Bonnie promptly upended them with blasts of buckshot from her pistol-gripped sawed-off 20-gauge shotgun. Wheeler continued to moan and twist on the ground so Bonnie reached into the back seat for her Browning automatic rifle and fired a burst into his chest.

"He bounced just like a rubber ball," she often boasted to her pals with something like psychopathic glee.

The outlaws roared away toward Grapevine in the usual cloud of dust. These wanton murders aroused the whole nation. A conference of federal, state and local officers was held in Dallas to plan a "to the death" search for Clyde and Bonnie. All available forces of the FBI were ordered concentrated in the hunt. Chief L. G. Phares of the Texas Highway Patrol mobilized his entire department into a pursuit army with one task—to get Clyde and Bonnie dead or alive but "preferably dead." The sheriffs of the state pledged themselves to all-out effort in the greatest manhunt ever undertaken in the Southwest.

Public contributions in excess of $5,000 poured into the coffers of the highway patrol, partly for rewards for the outlaws and partly for a special fund to be used in tracking them down. Governor Ferguson offered an additional $1,000 reward for the murderers. Altogether, more than one-third of the peace officers of the state participated in the manhunt, contributing at least 10,000 days of work and traveling nearly a million miles, the total cost being fantastic.

Captain Hamer doubted that this hullabaloo would accomplish the desired end, but he made available to peace officers the information he had so painstakingly pieced together concerning the Barrow Gang and helped round up their relatives and friends. Their homes were searched and the gang's arsenal replacements seized along with spare tires, stored gasoline and oil, license plates and all the other paraphernalia needed in their operations. Yet sure enough, no trace was found of the phantom murderers and they sifted through massed police ranks.

Five days later, Clyde and Bonnie picked up Henry Methvin and proceeded to Commerce, Oklahoma to stick up a bank. They got so liquored up they got stuck in a ditch on a muddy sideroad outside the town, and the job was postponed until the next day. At gunpoint, they forced passing motorists to assist in extricating their car. One hardy soul continued on into Commerce to report the situation to police. Constable Cal Campbell and Police Chief Percy Boyd investigated, emerging from their car with drawn pistols. The outlaws cut loose at them through their windshield with their BAR's, killing Campbell and upending Boyd with a shot in the head. They kidnapped Boyd, later releasing him about midnight near Fort Scott, Kansas.

Apparently they had two principal objectives in kidnapping Boyd: Clyde wanted to tell the world through Boyd that he was not guilty of the Grapevine murders which were putting so much heat on him. Of course, he forgot to mention Bonnie's contribution. Secondly, Bonnie wanted to inform her public that she *did not* smoke cigars. A photograph showing her puffing on a big cigar had recently been seized by police in a Barrow hideout and published by the press. The reaction by Bonnie's fans had been very unfavorable. (Nevertheless she *did* dote on cigars, according to her associates.)

Boyd described Methvin as remorseful concerning the murder of Campbell, but Clyde and Bonnie joshed the youth unmercifully with brutal jokes related to the killing. The gang played fox-and-hounds with federal, state and local police—even the U. S. cavalry from Coffeyville, Kansas joined in the hunt—all along the Missouri-Kansas-Oklahoma border area. They switched automobiles at Topeka and filtered wraith-like through lawmen to a hideout in Dallas.

In the next couple of weeks, they were several times positively identified by filling station operators and cafe people who notified the police. The Barrow Gang habitually fired upon the curious and asked questions neither before nor after. Somehow the cops seemed always to arrive too late for an arrest. Finally, the gang faded back into its Louisiana sanctuary.

CAPTAIN HAMER stuck doggedly to the lonely, nerve-racking pursuit. He received a reliable tip that the gang was hiding out in a wood camp near Rocky Mount Church in Bienville Parish. He forwarded this information to the proper police officers. By the time an investigation was made, the quarry had fled.

Meanwhile, Raymond Hamilton, who was having a ball in New Orleans with his girl friend, sobered up long enough to learn that he was suspected of operating with Clyde and Bonnie in their recent series of revolting murders. He dispatched a letter to his Dallas attorney which contained proof that he could not have been involved.

This letter prompted a reply from Clyde who directed his missive to the Dallas County assistant district attorney. Clyde claimed that Raymond did so commit the Grapevine murders and asserted that he, Clyde, was too smart to pull such a blunder or ever be apprehended by cops. Prior to Clyde's journey into journalism, the Barrow Gang was accused of robbing a bank in Kansas on April 19 and of flubbing a bank job in Texas the next day.

The seeming immunity to arrest of these thugs so outraged the man-in-the-street that public confidence in the police ebbed to a new low. Cries for Chief Phares' scalp grew in number. His mammoth manhunt having failed, he sent for Captain Hamer and suggested that he accept a commission on the highway patrol, thereby further extending his authority and making department facilities available to him. Phares also offered him his pick of department personnel. Captain Hamer accepted the commission and chose as an assistant Manny Gault,

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ex-Ranger pal on many a manhunt.

Hamer, Phares, Lee Simmons, Gault, Alcorn and Hinton held a secret meeting in the Driskill Hotel in Austin to devise plans for speeding up the Barrow hunt. Suggestions offered amounted to more of the same that had characterized the other police powwows. Captain Hamer buttonholed Simmons when the others had gone.

"Lee," said Hamer, "I assume that we shall catch Clyde and Bonnie sooner or later with our present procedures. But indications point to a helluva lot later than sooner. The time has come to try something new."

"What do you have in mind, Frank?"

"As you well know, most resourceful criminals are captured through the aid of informers. Mostly women squealers, of course. But this Barrow keeps his woman with him. So we've got to look elsewhere for a fingerman."

"Do you have a candidate?"

"I think so. I have just completed a re-check of prison files. I came across a pitiful letter from old man Irvin Methvin of Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana, asking what he could do to get his boy, Henry, out of trouble. Now if you will approach the governor and get her consent to a pardon for Henry in exchange for his cooperating with us, I believe we can do some business with the Methvins."

This suggestion was carried out. The arrangements were kept a close secret among the four persons concerned. Captain Hamer moved his headquarters to a hotel in Shreveport, Louisiana. He quickly completed arrangements with Irwin Methvin to put Clyde and Bonnie on the spot in Natchitoches Parish. Just as the trap was about to be sprung, the FBI—with which Hamer had been cooperating wholeheartedly—burst into the act with screaming headlines announcing that they had the Barrow gang trapped in northeastern Louisiana and would shortly bring them to taw.

Only by a hair's breadth was the situation finally saved through another police blunder. A salesman and his red-haired woman answering the description of Clyde and Bonnie had a brush with cops in San Antonio so the FBI shifted its efforts and headlines to that area. Thus Hamer could go back to the tough business of reconstructing his trap, as he discovered that the Barrow gang had not as yet fled Louisiana. It was now necessary to move the Methvin family to Bienville Parish after which Hamer returned to his home in Austin to help allay any suspicions that the gang might have developed.

POLICE PRESSURE on Bonnie and Clyde had become so intense they now had to camp out in the woods, eating out of cans—one of them always awake and on guard—then racing to another hideout for a repeat. Bonnie's people were imploring her to come home and surrender to authorities. Joe Palmer, before he went to the electric chair for the murder of guard Crowson, asserted that he was often with the Barrow Gang during this period and heard Clyde entreat Bonnie to permit him to give up provided the cops would free her. She expressed her sentiments in one of her ballads which she regularly and brassily mailed to the press:

The road gets dimmer and dimmer.
Sometimes we can hardly see.
Still it's fight man to man
And do all we can,
For we know we can never be free.

On the morning of May 22, Irwin Methvin telephoned Hamer to state that Bonnie and Clyde were due at the Methvin shack the next day to plot a holdup of the National Bank of Arcadia, Louisiana. After requesting Mrs. Hamer to contact deputies Hinton and Alcorn in Dallas and instruct them to meet him at his Shreveport hotel, Captain Hamer picked up Manny Gault and raced there. That night he called Mrs. Hamer to say guardedly, "The old hen's a-settin' and she'll hatch in the morning at 9:30."

The four Texas lawmen proceeded to Arcadia, Louisiana, where they picked up Sheriff Jordan and a deputy. The lawmen drove out on the Jamestown-Sailes road a couple of miles from the Methvin place and took up a station at the top of a small hill, hiding their cars in the woods. When morning came, they cut down numerous small jack pines and stuck them in the soft sand, forming a blind on the northwest side of the road—the driver's side for anybody proceeding toward the Methvin home.

With the toe of his shoe, Captain Hamer drew a line across the road, which was hardly more than a sandy lane, and calmly remarked: "Men, this is the 103rd day I have been on this trail. That trail will end on this line in a couple of hours. People will die. Maybe them, maybe us. Maybe both. If anybody present feels like this is an unlucky day for him, please feel free to go back to the cars. Nobody will mind and nobody will tell."

Nobody moved.

"Frank," said Manny Gault, "just one thing I'd like to know. What makes you think Bonnie and Clyde will stop at that line?"

"A little bird told me," replied Hamer smilingly.

At that moment, an old pickup Ford truck rattled down the lane in the direction from which the outlaw vehicle was expected. It halted at Hamer's line. Irwin Methvin got out, jacked up and removed the left rear wheel and pretended to repair the tire.

"I see now who your little bird is," said Gault.

Methvin had told Hamer that Bonnie and Clyde would be driving a light tan Ford sedan—having unwittingly shifted from their favorite black for their last ride—bearing Arkansas license plate 15368. At 9:13 a.m., such a vehicle appeared in the piney woods around a curve about a quarter-mile away.

"Here they come!" said Alcorn, peering through powerful field glasses.

"Seventeen minutes early," mumbled Captain Hamer as he looked at his watch.

The lawmen slipped the safety catches on their automatic weapons. "Don't shoot, men, unless you hear me fire or they shoot at me," ordered Captain Hamer. "Let's give them a chance to be taken alive."

Clyde recognized old man Methvin and his truck and the oncoming car began to slow down, finally halting on Hamer's line. Clyde was neatly dressed in a summer suit while Bonnie wore a red cotton dress and a red-and-white hat. She was munching a sandwich.

"What's the matter, got a flat?" Clyde called to Methvin in a voice rendered twangy by an old nose wound.

Before Methvin could answer, the ominous fatal command, "Stick'em up!" rang out in the morning air. The outlaws whirled around like the hunted animals they were and faced Hamer's automatic Remington rifle, Bonnie slyly continued to nibble her sandwich held in her left hand while she tried to sneak her sawed-off shotgun into firing position with her right. Just as its black muzzle showed in the car window, Hamer opened fire. The other lawmen joined in and 167 bullet holes were subsequently counted in the death car, several dozen slugs passing through the body of each hoodlum.

Clyde had shifted into low gear and his foot slipped off the clutch pedal so the vehicle lurched forward. Alcorn grabbed up a BAR brought along to knock out the outlaws' car motor if necessary, and he opened up with it. The bullets richocheted in the woods through which a logging truck occupied by a white driver and two Negro loggers was passing.

The death car veered to the left and ploughed into an embankment. Pistol in hand, Captain Hamer leaped to the driver's side but Clyde was slumped against the door already dead, his sawed-off shotgun gripped in his hands. Bonnie, with her head nearly shot off, died draped over her shotgun. Hamer's first reaction was one of pity for her, he said, but an image of poor Wheeler rose before his eyes and a nasal voice seemed to boast, "He bounced just like a rubber ball."

Later a bullet was discovered to have penetrated 96 pages of a blood-soaked love story magazine Bonnie had in the car, coming to rest against an advertisement in which, boldly standing out in giant white letters against a black background, appeared the word LAW.

As Bonnie wrote:

From heartbreaks some people have suffered,
From weariness some people have died,
But take it all in all
Your troubles are small
'Till you get like Bonnie and Clyde.

Independence Day Murder

(Continued from page 27)

and told how he had crept upon Johnny as he slept and struck him from behind. Hopt claimed that Emmerson had taken part in the killing also and had been a partner in the planning of it. The prisoner was kept in the city jail at Cheyenne to await his return to Utah for trial, and Marshal Carr was paid the $1,000 reward by Sheriff Turner.

HOPT was transferred to the Salt Lake City jail in December, 1880. An attorney was appointed and managed to delay the trial until February 18, 1881.

In the meantime Emmerson read a newspaper account of Hopt's capture and his connection with the murder as told by Hopt. Emmerson sent a telegram to Sheriff Allison denying any part in the murder and offering to surrender if he were promised safety. On August 7, 1880 Emmerson was returned to Utah from Carbon, Wyoming by Park City Constables Moore and Thomas. He was still wearing Turner's boots at the time of his surrender. Witnesses in Park City who had seen Hopt on the night of the murder recalled that Emmerson had passed out early in the night and could not have been with Hopt when the killing took place. When Emmerson appeared for trial at the May, 1881 term of the Salt Lake Territorial Court he was found not guilty of being Hopt's accomplice in the murder but was immediately rearrested and held on a charge of aiding Hopt steal and sell Turner's property.

Because Emmerson had aided officers in the prosecution of Hopt, Sheriff Turner declined to press theft charges against him and he was released from custody. Apparently Jack Emmerson had gotten his fill of both prison life behind bars and publicity, for he soon dropped from sight and was never seen in Park City again.

Hopt was found guilty of murder, and though his lawyers tried every known legal strategem to free him, for over six years he lived in the lonely world of death row, watching other men being presented with Utah's choice of hangman's noose or firing squad.

On August 11, 1887, Hopt sat blindfolded and alone in the morning sun, tied to a chair in the yard of the Utah Territorial Prison. At a signal six rifles echoed as one and Fred Hopt paid the price for killing his boyhood friend.

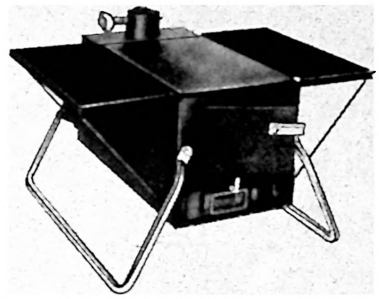
Get Up and Go!

(Continued from page 3)

a skip from Red River). It stated that, "A peculiar and interesting thing was seen on Main Street early this morning. This was the driving of a large flock of turkeys along the street. The flock numbered 101 turkey hens and gobblers and they were driven by three men. They had come a distance of sixty-five miles in three days, having started from a point a few miles west of Coalgate, Indian Territory. The turkeys marched like veterans and did not give the drivers any more trouble than the same number of geese. The turkeys were sold here."

Now, what I'm interested in is who persuaded those three men to haze those bird-critters all the way to Texas when Thanksgiving and Christmas were already over? See you later—Hosstail.

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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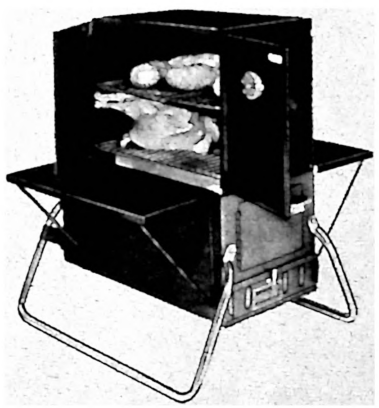

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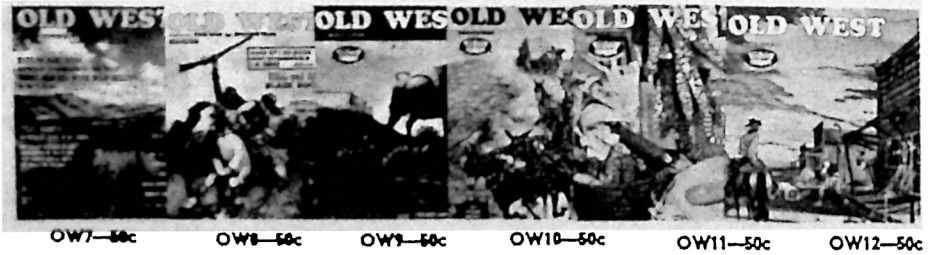

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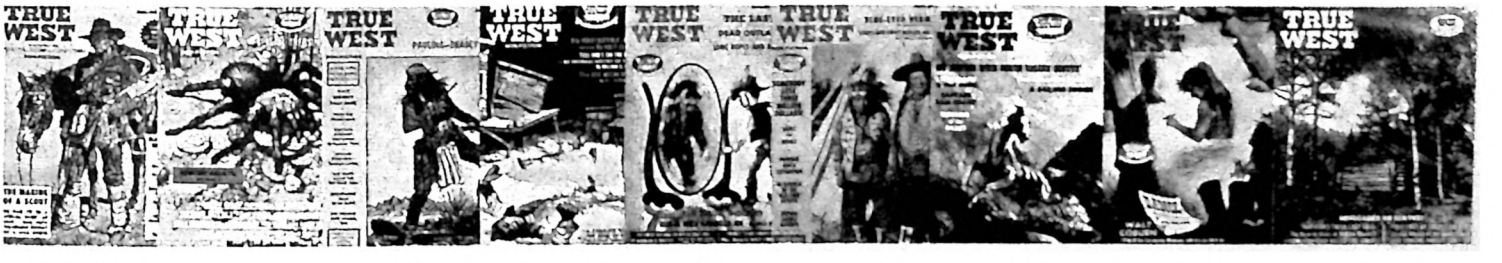

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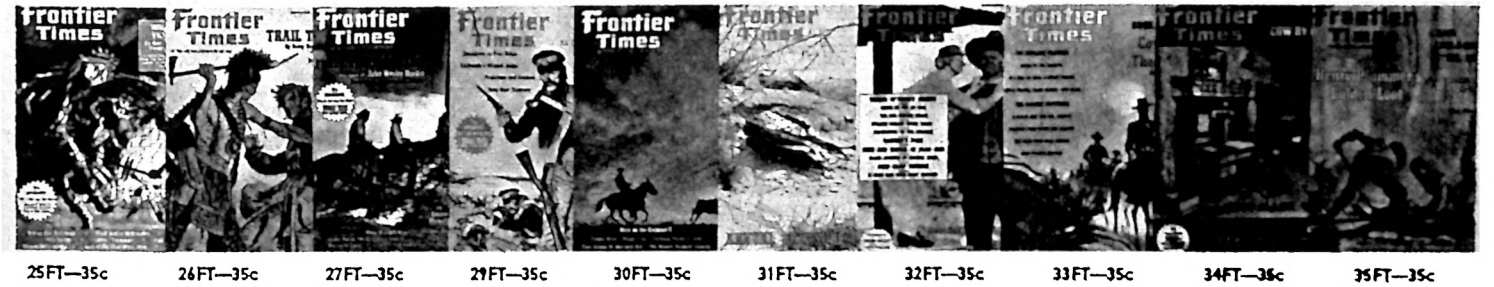

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

PRAIRIE BOY

The Buffalo Wallow—A Prairie Boyhood (Bison Books, $1.60) by Charles Tenny Jackson was reproduced from the first edition published in 1952, by Bobbs-Merrill. Charles Tenny Jackson, writer of boys' stories, writes about his boyhood with warmth and nostalgia. Humor and romance are woven throughout the story. Glimpses of conditions, crises and events which made pioneer life a unique experience enhance his recollections. He is a good story teller. A bargain.

FOUR CORNERS COUNTRY

To the Foot of the Rainbow (Rio Grande Press, Glorieta, New Mexico, 87535, $7.00) is a fine reprint of Clyde M. Kluckhohn's classic account of a 2,500 mile horseback trip in the beautiful "Four Corners Country" in 1925. His book about the trip was first issued in 1927 and in recent years it has become increasingly more difficult (and costly) to acquire a copy. The publishers have added an informative introduction with much on the scholarly and adventurous author and a much needed index. This reviewer misses something in the reprint—the photos taken by Kluckhohn and his companions and used to illustrate the first edition. The best solution would seem to be a copy of the first because it is a first and has the illustrations, and a working copy of the reprint with the introduction and index. However, we suspect that most readers will have to settle for the reprint—and that is far better than doing without.

THE PUEBLO

Some of the Indians of the Southwest—the Hopi, Zuni, and Pueblo—lived in adobe houses surrounded by adobe walls. They grew crops of corn, squash, and beans as the mainstay of their diet. They lived in the high valley of the Rio Grande—"the red man's paradise." In addition these peaceful Indians developed artistic crafts and handiworks, the fruits of which were much sought by the hunting and fighting tribes of the north and of the high plains. Baskets, pottery, turquoise jewelry, and woolen blankets from the mountain goat were esteemed and found their way through mysterious trade channels across the nation. *Indian Cultures of the Southwest* (Naylor $3.95) by Louis Thomas Jones tells the story of the peaceful Pueblo Indians. Many of these people live much as their fathers did, pursuing their agricultural and handicraft heritage. Only now their goods are sold to the tourist. Jones' book, his third about Indians, is a work of love and tells about the day to day life of the Pueblo—his religion, customs, and aspirations. This brief narrative (77 pp.) is an excellent introduction to the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Firearms, Traps and Tools of the Mountain Men (Knopf, $12.50) by Carl P. Russell is a "guide in picture and text" to the equipment of the trappers who opened the Old West from the 1820s to the 1840s. The author has searched out detailed information about the weapons, traps and tools vital to the business and survival of the mountain men. Journals, diaries, letters, business records, inventories, invoices, and manufacturers' catalogs were researched. All known surviving artifacts were studied and sketched for the reader. Carl P. Russell devoted a lifetime to conservation, archaeology, and Western history. He was a longtime employee of the National Park Service, retiring in 1967. Earlier writings included *One Hundred Years in Yosemite* and *Guns on the Early Frontiers. Firearms, Traps, and Tools of the Mountain Men* was published after Russell's untimely death in June, 1967, This handsome book will fill a unique place in Western history. Recommended.

COWTOWN GUNMEN

Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowtowns, 1867-1886 (Bison Books, $1.95) was written by Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell. This edition was reproduced from the edition published in 1963 by the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas, under the title, *Why the West was Wild: A Contemporary Look at the Antics of Some Highly Publicized Kansas Cowtown Personalities.* The railhead towns in Kansas were the trail's end for hundreds of cowboys who nursed millions of half-wild longhorns through a thousand miles of hostile wilderness. Cowboys, cattle buyers, gamblers, outlaws, and lawmen were a large part of the citizenry. Such circumstances and people produced colorful personalities. The authors seek to establish the true character of such notables as William Frederick Cody, Wyatt Earp, James Butler Hickok, William B. Masterson, Luke L. Short, William Mathew Tilghman, Jr., and a

host of others. The resulting book is crammed with information from newspapers and other records about the men and events of the Kansas cowtowns as they were actually reported *at the time.* Recommended.

OBJECTIVE? CALIFORNIA!

Glenn W. Price's *Origins of the War with Mexico* (University of Texas Press, $5.00) is a carefully researched study that sheds some new light on the Polk-Stockton intrigue. That Commodore Robert Stockton was serving as a secret agent of the President when he arrived at Galveston, Republic of Texas, in May, 1845 has been hinted at before—the author finds the tie. His study includes detailed consideration of the characters and experiences of Stockton and his boss, President James K. Polk, and of Polk's previous attempts to get California from Mexico. The annexation of Texas was a certainty and practically everyone, including the Mexicans, knew it. The objective of the War with Mexico was not Texas but the wresting of California from Mexico. If the U. S. could not buy California (and offers were made), it could take, and it did. This is objective history and we think you will enjoy following and marking the old trail to war with the author. A bibliography and an index enhance the usefulness of the book by scholars and Mexican War buffs.

PICKET LINE OF CIVILIZATION

The sixth book in the American Forts Series as planned by Stewart W. Holbrook is *Forts of the Upper Missouri* (Prentice Hall, $7.95) by Robert G. Athearn. Athearn's books are too numerous to list. He is an editor of *Western History* magazine and an authority on the history of the Northern Plains and Rocky Mountains. The Missouri River was the major travel route to the Northwest, furnishing access by water for explorer, mountain man, settler and the military. The forts established along the Upper Missouri were first intended to develop contacts with the Indians and to foster trade with British companies. Later, the forts were maintained as garrison points for sufficient troops to subdue the hostile Indians and protect the growing hordes of white settlers. The violence and bloodshed surrounding the existence of the Missouri forts lasted only as long as the great Sioux Nation. The forts themselves were temporary, and were abandoned when "civilization" arrived. In just a few years all vestiges of these forts disappeared. This book is interesting reading and gives the forts of the Upper Missouri national importance as the "picket line of civilization." It is unfortunate that the end maps show Council Bluffs on the west side and Fort Leavenworth on the east side of the Missouri River. Recommended.

YELLOWSTONE IN 1874

The Great Divide (Bison Books, $2.65) by the Earl of Dunraven with an introduction by Marshall Sprague records the author's travels in the upper Yellowstone in the summer of 1874. The Bison Book edition is a reproduction of the 1876 edition published by Chatto & Windus, London. Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, the Earl of Dunraven, was a world traveler, adventurer, sportsman, and public servant. He thoroughly enjoyed the Western United States "and helped Americans to appraise their country at a time when they were too busy building a new world to think about it." In January, 1872, Congress passed a bill establishing Yellowstone National Park and setting aside the area with all its wonders for all nations and all peoples to enjoy. Two years later, the author with Texas Jack (Omohondro) as guide, completed a strenuous but colorful camping trip through Yellowstone. His account of the trip includes descriptions of the country, its wildlife, geysers, Indians, and events of the trip. His delightful essay on tourists in the preface is perhaps even more meaningful today than when it was written. *The Great Divide* contains not only an entertaining narrative of an adventure, it contains much data about the wonders of Yellowstone. Everyone who visits Yellowstone and loves it, but complains about crowds and inconveniences should read this book. They will appreciate Yellowstone Park even more.

CALIFORNIA PIONEER

Empire Builder Sam Brannan (Julian Messner, $3.50) by Bob and Jan Young is a highly romanticized biography. Brannan was the leader of a group of Mormons who sailed from New York around South America and landed at San Francisco in 1846. Brannan's group got to California still expecting the main body of Mormons traveling overland under Brigham Young to join them. Sam traveled by horseback from San Francisco to intercept Young on Green River to lead the Saints to California. Young decided to settle in the valley of the Great Salt Lake to keep his people from the control of the United States Government. Brannan, an opportunist first and a Mormon second, chose California. He became an outcast of the church but a figure of some prominence in early California development and politics. Brannan was a dreamer and a schemer who made several fortunes yet he died in poverty. His body lay in a public vault at Escondido for sixteen months before being claimed by a relative.

LIFE IN THE MINES

The Mining Frontier (University of Oklahoma, $4.95) collected and edited by Marvin Lewis is a colorful portrayal of conditions, events and human attitudes in the early western mining camps. It is derived from the contemporary writings of that special breed of writers—the mining camp journalists. This group operated by the same guide best expressed by J. Frank Dobie—"never let the truth get in the way of a good story." The "get rich fever" of the camps; the diverse humanity composed of men of many races, backgrounds and character values; the relative lack of social institutions and law and order; and primitive living conditions formed a perfect setting for writers. In addition, a vivid imagination

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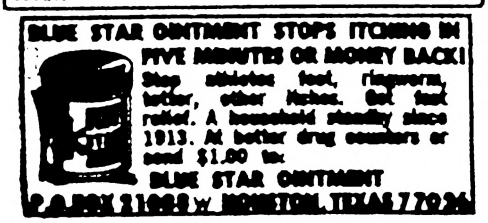
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was a necessary attribute for any writer who wanted to stay in the business. Thus, the reader was confronted with a mixture of hoax and truth. The truths were often stranger than fiction. The mining camp era forged or tempered such memorable writers as Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. Perhaps no other writings are as colorful as the accounts from the mining camps, and *The Mining Frontier* presents an entertaining mixture. Well done.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

between the overcoat and a heavy mackinaw coat he was wearing. It was packed so tight it came off in layers. There was even some snow inside his shirt.

It was this freakish condition which caused so many to freeze to death in the storm, and many died in our own community.

My father had gone to the barn to do the evening chores, and had to face the storm to get back to the house. His dog went with him and Father would have missed the house, had the dog not guided him back. About six miles west of Escott's lived a young married couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Hahm. They had been married about two months. Mr. Hahm went to the barn, taking a scoop shovel and a pail of feed for his hogs. He failed to return and as soon as the storm quieted down, his wife went to a near neighbor's for help. Dozens of men and boys searched but found no trace of Mr. Hahm. They searched for weeks after every blow but found nothing. The Northwestern Railroad ran west from Faulkton to Seneca. A man named Tuttle had a claim shack on the south side of the railroad about three miles from the Hahm home but lived on another place a few miles distant. Some time later as he was passing by, Tuttle noticed the roof was blown off his shack and snow had drifted completely over it. About the middle of April he returned to the shack to shovel the snow out and put the roof back on. There was quite a lot of snow in the cabin and when he had cleaned to a corner where there was a single bed, he saw a pair of felt boots. Some more shoveling uncovered Mr. Hahm who still had the scoop and pail with him.

Near neighbors of the Hahms was a family by the name of Rathkie. Mr. Rathkie's sister taught school, and their three children went to school with her. Sometime in the afternoon they started home. They became bewildered and cold. The teacher dug out a hole in a snowdrift and had the children lie down in it. She wrapped her coat around them as best she could and lay down beside them. The next day, which was bright and sunny, the boy awoke and crawled out of the drift. His home was less than a quarter-mile from where they had spent the night. He ran home and told his folks he couldn't wake his aunt or the other boys. He was badly frosted. The other three were all dead. These people lived less than five miles from Escott's place and my father's farm.

The reason so many were caught in the storm was because the morning of the twelfth was so bright and clear. Many people took advantage of the nice day to go to town for supplies and make other trips they had been putting off. The storm covered most of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska. Several hundred died in the three states.

Wyatt Earp's Letters to Bill Hart

(Continued from page 21)

2703 Telegraph Ave.
Oakland, Calif.

Mr. William S. Hart
Newhall, Calif.
My dear Mr. Hart:

Am inclosing a letter from Mr. Lake which is self explanatory. I was rather surprised Mr. Leussler told him he had spoken with me. If you will recall it was agreed that he was not to tell . . . we had met. I cannot understand that and so presuming your good nature for your valuable advice in this matter, will you kindly return the inclosed letter to me.

I tried to get in touch with Mr. Leussler three times, but was informed he was south and would not be back until the end of the week. I would like to get in touch with him as I cannot get any information from Mr. Lake.

I want to thank you Mr. Hart for all of your wonderful kindness to Mr. Earp and myself. And it shall be my great pleasure to follow Mr. Earp's wishes in having his book dedicated to you—a real friend.

Trusting you and your dear sister are in good health. I am with kindest regards.

Most sincerely yours,
Josephine Earp

Another letter from Mrs. Earp would come under the heading of "fan mail."

Dec. 18, 1923

My dear Mr. Hart:

Just a line to congratulate you upon your new picture "Wild Bill Hickok." I saw it twice with several friends and each time the house was packed. When you appeared upon the screen the applause was wonderful. Am happy to say that you have staged a remarkable "come back."

Trusting your future pictures will be as successful as your first.

With kindest regards
I am sincerely yours,
Mrs. Wyatt Earp

WILLIAM S. HART often contacted his friend during Wyatt's stay at the mines.

Oct. 21, 1925

Mr. Wyatt Earp
Vidal, Calif.
My dear friend Wyatt Earp:

I am mighty glad to hear from you. I am returning Mr. Sutton's letter which I presume you want to keep. Sutton has been a great admirer of my pictures for many years. I have many letters from him. His account of the opening of the Strip from the Oklahoma side is most interesting. The picture which I have

just finished, "Tumbleweeds," shows the action which takes place on the other side starting at Caldwell, Kansas.

Mr. Wilstach the man who is writing the Hickok articles wrote to me a couple of weeks ago for some information which, fortunately, I was able to give him. One of the things he wanted to know was the whereabouts of Bat Masterson when Hickok was killed. I was able to tell him Masterson told me personally he was in Denver at the time.

When you return please let me know and I sure would be glad to see you and Mrs. Earp.

Always your friend,
William S. Hart

It is interesting that Wyatt Earp wrote a script which he hoped could be adapted with Bill Hart in the starring role—one which would give the public a good image of himself.

Oakland, Calif.
July 3/25

Mr. William S. Hart
Hollywood, Calif.
My dear Mr. Hart:

I am inclosing two letters for your perusal. I thought you may be interested in reading the letters I received from Mr. Hays.

In reference to the letter from Mr. Hammond, you will notice that he says he will write to Scribner's and tell them the article published was not correct. I am tired of seeing so many articles published concerning me which are untrue.

I have just received word that the script which I am having written will be ready in a short time. As soon as I receive the same, I will immediately forward it to you as I am very anxious to get your judgment on it. I know there is no one better qualified to pass upon it than yourself. I am in hopes that the material in the script will be available for your use.

I am sure that if the story were exploited on the screen by you, it would do much towards setting me right before the public which has always been fed up with lies about me. It is just such articles as were published about me being in Dawson, when I have never been there, that have put me wrong before the public. I have been in Nome and several other places in Alaska, but never in Dawson.

I trust you are in good health, and [that] I may have the pleasure of hearing from you soon, with my very kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Wyatt S. Earp

WYATT EARP, it seems, never forgot a bad press release. It had been five years since he was insulted by the *Times* article but he finally caught up with the author.

Los Angeles, Calif.
Nov. 18, 1927

Mr. William S. Hart
8341 De Longpre Drive
Hollywood, Calif.

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Dear Mr. Hart:

A few weeks ago Mrs. Earp and I returned to Los Angeles after a long visit up north. I always like to get back to the sunshine again although I shall have to say that my health was much improved up around the bay this summer.

I know you will be interested to hear about my visit to Mr. J. M. Scanland. You may recollect he is the author of that tale which appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* several years ago, and about which you so vigorously protested.

After a search of more than two years, my friend finally located him and together we called at his residence on Berkeley Street. Mr. Scanland is an old man. He expressed regret over the incident and offered apologys and amends and gave me a type written retraction of the story he very willingly signed.

It does beat the band how the truth will be warped and mistated over a period of years.

Sincerely yours,
Wyatt Earp

This concluding letter is the last that Wyatt Earp wrote to his good friend, William S. Hart. Earp died six days later on January 13, 1929 at his home in Los Angeles near Crenshaw and Washington Boulevards.

4004 West 17th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Jan. 7, 1929

Mr. William S. Hart
Horse Shoe Ranch
Newhall, Calif.

My dear friend Bill Hart:

This morning's newspapers announces the passing of Tex Rickard. Poor Tex it seems sad that he should be cut down, or his years cut short; just at the time when life was at its full tide. Such is the fate that happens to many men when they are going strong. Jack Dempsey has lost his best friend. All of which reminds us that the world moves on, and age must make way for . . . youth.

Mingled with the Holiday cheer came the sad message that my brother Newton died. That was just a week before Christmas; he was buried on the twentieth at Sacramento. Ninety-one years—that is a wonderful age.

Your friend,
Wyatt S. Earp

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

and I asked the bosses, Jack Hardy and One-eyed Higgins, for a job and they both said that they were full handed. After supper, Bill Wilson, the range boss, called me over to where he was sitting in a camp chair, which was the only luxury in camp.

He asked me how I found camp and I told him that I trailed the caballada there. He asked me if I wanted a job and I said "yes" and he said I could go to work in the morning.

We were dipping cattle for scabies and the next day about noon the cattle sulled in the chute and would not go into the vat. Jack Hardy jumped in the chute to move them and a steer kicked him and broke his leg. They took him to the La Junta Hospital in one of the mess wagons and put Jess Corbin in charge of his crew. Jess was one of the finest men that I ever worked for. His brother Will also worked there. They were nephews of Kit Carson.

Joe Bush was also working there and Bill Wilson told me that he was the best hand with a day herd that he ever knew. Joe was about to be hanged by some Texas cowboys at Dodge City and the JJ cowboys took him away from them and he worked for the JJ outfit until it sold out.

Bill and Pacer Edelman were working there and said their father died in a JJ line camp so they may have been sons of the Ed Edelman mentioned in the story. They were top hands. I have never worked with better men or better cowboys.

The next year, 1913, I went to Arizona to work with the Hashknife outfit. This brings me to the second story, "Lyin' Frank" by Walt Coburn. Walt's folks had a big outfit on the Apache Reservation and I was breaking broncs across the river from them in 1917. Years later, I owned a cow outfit at Concho, Arizona, and one of my cowboys, Charley Jones, said that he had worked with Will James, the author and artist. He said Will was a pretty good bronc stomper but not much of a cowboy after wild cattle in a rough brushy country.

I was a tumbleweed cowboy in Arizona from 1913 until I got my own outfit on the Mexican border in 1920.

Times may have improved but the people sure have not.—Paul Adams, 6637 E. Cypress St., Scottsdale, Arizona 85257.

Navajo Life

Dear Pat:

I was born sixty-one years ago and lived the first thirty years of my life in the frontier town of Fort Collins, Colorado, which then was just developing out of the Wild West stage. So many of the people and incidents your magazines tell about, I was intimately acquainted with in my early life.

But my reason for writing this letter is to add a little to two stories you carried in your June, 1965, issue. I came to New Mexico in 1934 as a missionary among the Navajo Indians, and have traveled their large reservation from one end to the other many times during the past thirty-one years. My wife and I have come to be called "Shimah" and "Shi-Zhey" (my mother and my father) by many of the Navajo people. I was much interested in the article, "Mr. Arbuckle's Coffee." When we came here in 1934, that commodity was still on the shelves of practically all the trading posts on the reservation. And judging by my own experience, all the things that Maurice Kildare says about it and the Navajo Indians who used it are true. But there is one very important point that he left out—and that is the health advantage of having coffee to drink.

Out here in the Navajo Indian country, before the Government undertook to drill wells, the problem of drinking water was an acute one most of the time. Originally the Indians would build small earth dams across the upper ends of the washes at a point where the drainage would not be from more than five or ten

acres, and during the rainy season these "tanks" would fill with water. This water served for every purpose for which water was used, including drinking. Most of the reservation soil is either red or yellow adobe, which remains suspended almost indefinitely in water. These waterholes would remain the same color as the ground all around, and the sediment never would settle and leave the water clear, even if the horses and sheep had not continually kept it stirred up by wading in it. No attempt was ever made to keep the animals out of waterholes from which drinking water was taken, so it can be easily imagined what the condition of this water would be. Some of the Navajos helped the situation a little by running the water through a thick pad of wool, which filtered it somewhat, and perhaps removed at least part of the bacteria. But most of them just drank it right out of the hole.

We knew old Dr. Kennedy, who was at Ganado Mission Hospital from about 1905 or 1906 till a few years after we started in this country, and he told us one time that outbreaks of typhoid fever in the early days would wipe out whole communities of the Navajo Indians. Fortunately when the Navajo Indians started making coffee a regular part of their diet, it had the distinct advantage of requiring them to boil their water before they drank it. And when we came to this country, very few of the Navajo Indians drank water that was not made into coffee.

Nowadays, soda pop in all flavors, both canned and bottled, is available in all the trading posts on the reservation, and the Navajos take to it like a duck to water. I believe I would be safe in saying that probably three-quarters of the Navajos on the reservation seldom drink any water except in the form of coffee or soda pop.

Full use is made of their coffee. Most Indians still use the old coffee pot, like the one in the picture on page 18 of TRUE WEST. To start out, they put about a teacup full, or more, of ground coffee in the pot; then they fill it almost full of water and set it close to the fire or on the stove where it will gradually get hot and stay hot. As soon as the water gets about the right color they start drinking the coffee, and as fast as they drink it, they refill the pot, so it is always full. After a couple of days, and after probably four or five gallons of coffee have been produced, the grounds are so completely used up they do not color the water anymore; they are then thrown out, the pot is washed, and it starts all over again. As was intimated in the article, the Navajo Indians do not like the modern dripolator or perculator methods of making coffee; a stronger brew can be made in the old-fashioned coffee pot.

The other article that caught my attention in your June issue was a short one on page 53, entitled "Milestones in History" by E. L. Watson (Mrs. Editha Watson, to us). We have known Mrs. Watson for a good many years, and she now lives right here in our little town of Mentmore, just a little way from our Mission. I think she made an error when she said that the grave of Stephen Yazza was the last one in the old military cemetery. There have been other burials in the old cemetery there at Fort Defiance since that of Stephen Yazza—probably not more than a half dozen, though. I think the last burial in that cemetery was one at which I officiated, when we buried old Antonio Silversmith there on March 30, 1954. One of his daughters had been buried there many years before, and the family wanted the old father to lie beside his daughter, so special permission was granted by the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Navajo Tribal Committee in charge. So far as I know, no permanent marker was ever placed on Mr. Silversmith's grave; just a little piece of board about four inches wide was pushed into the ground at one end of the mound of earth, and this probably had disappeared by the time Mrs. Watson was there.

Antonio Silversmith was quite a colorful character. When he died he was about ninety years old, and for most of his life had been a medicine man and witch doctor. He was born in captivity at the Navajo camp near Fort Sumner, New Mexico, and his mother carried him on a cradle board on the "long walk" back to the reservation after the signing of the treaty of 1869. He could not speak a word of English, but some of his children were very well educated, and would interpret for us what he was saying. On several occasions we were privileged to sit by the fire in his hogan, and listen to his stories of things that happened many years ago.—Reverend George Congdon, Box 1284, Gallup, New Mexico.

Indians in England

Dear Sirs:

First of all I should like to thank all readers who replied to a letter of mine asking for Indian work or photographs for use with my handicapped Scout Troop. I was able to purchase some items and sent something in exchange for others. Now, if possible I should be grateful for some assistance of another nature. I intend writing an article on American Indians who have visited Great Britain. So far I have some material on Pocahontas, a Sioux who died here during Buffalo Bill's Wild West tour, and a Cheyenne who came over to England to live. If anyone can give me any information as to dates and places the Wild West Show visited, then I can "dig out" the old newspapers of the district.—John James, "Trevean," 42 Malabar Road, Highertown, Truro, Cornwall, England.

Trail Tragedy

Dear Sirs:

I was much interested in the story of the Ward Massacre in the December issue of TRUE WEST. I am the youngest daughter and only living child of Newton J. Ward, who was thirteen at the time of the massacre. He is the one referred to as "Newty." He was nine years old.

Newton and William Ward met about three months after the massacre at the home of their Uncle William Masterson in Eugene, Oregon, two sad and lonely boys. They kept in touch for a number of years but lost track of one another around 1873. When they met in Seattle in June, 1913, it was the first time they had seen each other for forty years. They never met one another again. William Ward died in Oakland, California, on July 1, 1925. Newton J. Ward died at Pateros, Washington, on September 3, 1925. I am enclosing a small picture of the Ward Massacre Monument. I am standing by it. It was taken in 1947. The picture of the monument you published was the wrong one.—Mrs. Clara Ward Malone, 2816 17th Avenue S., Seattle, Washington 98144.

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(Continued from page 47)

Francis Patric McGinn, last heard of in Albuquerque, New Mexico in 1913. Anyone knowing anything about him I would surely like to hear from. He was born November, 1896 in Wisconsin.—Cecilia (McGinn) Gilpin, 79 Cowlitz Villa, Kelso, Washington 98626.

Roxie Miller's Class of 1907

I would like to hear from any of the names below who remember me as their second grade teacher in Coalgate, Indian Territory in 1907. My aunt, Annie Judge, was principal. My name was Roxie Miller, from Kentucky. My pupils were Annie Haynes, Mary Puzzino, Annie Nicholson, Joe Petterino, Gilbert Patterson, Clara Burdine, Ida Gladwell, Neil Charon, George Myoskee, Charles Rice and Catherine Blarney.—Mrs. Roxie Baker, 2677 Edmondson Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209.

Fenstermaker

I would like to trace the family of William Fenstermaker (Fenstermacher) and his wife, Minnie MacDonald, who were living in Stoneboro, Mercer County, Pennsylvania in 1853 when my grandfather, William Robert Fenstermaker, was born. Also interested in the Nathaniel Barker family from Naples or Bath, Maine who lived there in 1844, and his father's family, Asa Barker. Does anyone have information on "Buck" Taylor who married Mary Hensen of Boles, Arkansas, and who died there about 1878?—Mrs. Ruth Camarillo, Box 13, Maxwell, California 95955.

Merle

I would appreciate any information that I can find that might help me find out about my grandmother's parents. Their last name was Merle. As a small child my grandmother was adopted by some people named Durvin. She had one brother who was older. No one seems to know his name or how much older he was than she. He died when she was still a girl. She can't remember her father at all and has very little remembrance of her mother, as she was just a baby when her brother left her with the family who adopted her.

My grandmother's name was Janetta Ophelia Merle at the time of her adoption. She was either adopted in Booneville, Arkansas, or in Little Rock, Arkansas.—Mrs. James R. Kelly, Rt. 1, Box 129, Riddle, Oregon 97469.

Lane

My great-grandfather Richard Lane ran away from his home at the age of twelve. His home was somewhere in Pennsylvania, possibly near Harrisburg. His father had migrated from Ireland or Scotland around 1800, married in this country, had two sons (one was Richard) and remarried after the death of his first wife. We are unable to trace the family because Richard Lane never contacted his family after he left home as a boy. He then lived in Zanesville, Ohio and later migrated to Iowa where his children were raised. Our family would love to solve this "mystery."—Mrs. Paul J. Hewitt, 2102 Broadmoor Drive, Palm Springs, California 92262.

Epperson

I am trying to locate any relatives of my great-great grandparents, Jahile and Matilda J. (Carnahan) Epperson (Eprason, Eperson, Eproson). Jahile was born in either Tennessee or Alabama in 1824; he was half Cherokee, half English. Matilda was born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1823. I believe her parents emigrated from Ireland between 1795-1820.

I would like to contact anyone who knows about their parents or brothers and sisters.—Mrs. Dan G. Lambert, 7086 Erie Court, Dublin, California 94566.

Mobley

Is there a possibility of anyone knowing anything of a Nancy Katherine Mobley or James Mobley of Ozark Mountains, Arkansas in the late 1870s and 1880s or since? Kate Stuart, Montana, Portland, Oregon; Katherine Williams, Oregon, Washington? Are they all the same woman? Please write of any information.—Nancy Williams, c/o N. J. Lopez, 1823 Pacific Avenue, Alameda, California 94501.

Davis

Does anyone know or remember Leroy Marion Davis or Marion Leroy Davis? He was called Roy by the family. He was born in southern Iowa, in Lucas County, I think. His brothers were Elmer (Bud), Don, Floyd, and Harry; sisters, Eva and Myrtle. Only Floyd is left and the wives of Don and Harry. He was a rodeo contestant and roped here at Sheridan. My dad was Elmer and the oldest. Anyone who can give me information please do. The last word came from Mineral Hills, Nevada.

The second person I would like to trace is my oldest brother, who usually signed his name J. P. Davis. His last address was in Salt Lake City. His wife's name was Lera and he had a son John and stepdaughters Lera, Grace and Muriel. He would be sixty-eight years old in 1968. He also had a daughter by a former marriage in Washington state named Dorothy Marie Davis.—Mrs. Leroy Mooney, General Delivery, Sheridan, Wyoming 82801.

Darnutzer

Can someone put me in contact with some of the descendants of the late Casper Darnutzer family? I'm sure there must be grandchildren of this family somewhere out west.

He was a brother of Margaret Darnutzer, my grandmother who came to America from Switzerland. They also had a sister Susana Hartman who lived and died at Alma, Wisconsin.

This family lived in Montana in 1935, perhaps Helena.—Mrs. Margaret Patterson, Holcombe, Wisconsin 54745.

Smith

I would like to locate friends or relatives of Alexander Hazlett Smith and his second wife and child. He purchased land in 1912 in Liverpool, Texas, Brazoria County. He lived in Missouri, Texas, and Colorado. Anything on his death, too, will be appreciated. He was a son of Jacob G. Smith Sr. and Catherine of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Sedalia, Missouri. Several children of his first marriage are still living.—LaVerne Smith McMullin, 6903 N. W. 43, Bethany, Oklahoma 73008.

Smith

Would any of your readers know about Alfred E. Smith during 1901. If he spent any time in Texas—maybe Houston?—Nancy Lopez, 1823 Pacific Avenue, Alameda, California 94501.

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—by Tom K. Ryan
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THE LADS NEED A BOOST IN MORALE!..
LET'S ALL GIVE A ROUSING CHEER FOR THAT LAST OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION! THAT OASIS IN THE WILDS! THAT SANCTUARY OF FREEDOM! THAT PEARL OF THE PRAIRIES!.... DEAR OLD FORT RIDICULOUS!
YES SIR!
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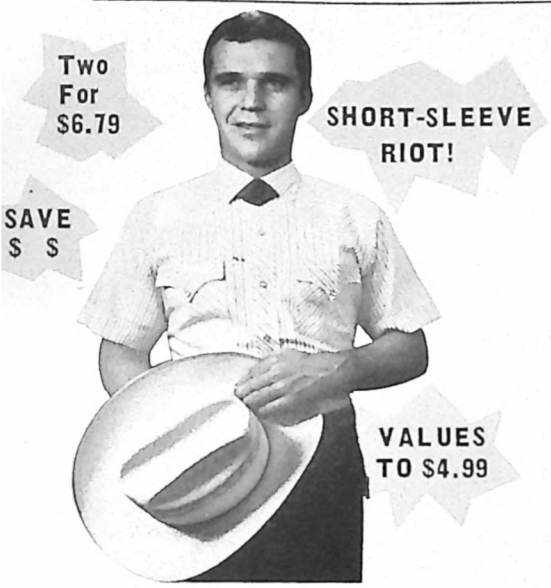
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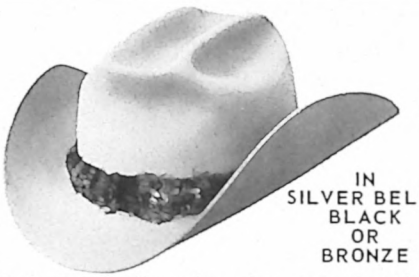
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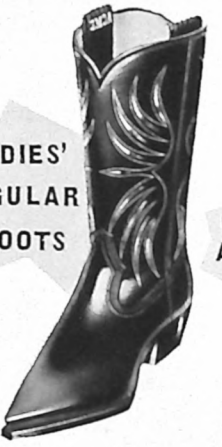
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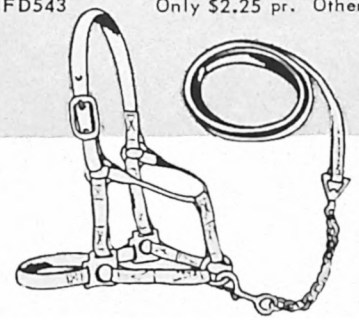

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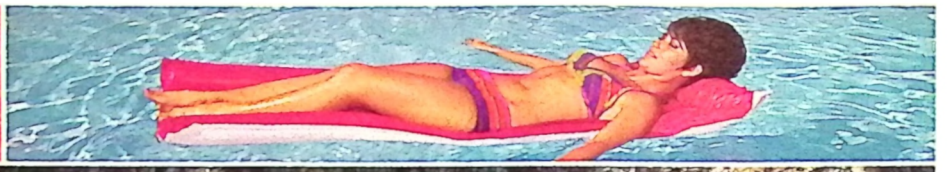

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